

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

# DEAD SELVES.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

Author of "The Princess Sonia," "The Violet," etc.

COMPLETE.

MARCH, 1897

## LIPPINCOTT'S

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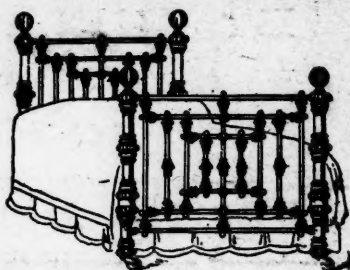
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# DEAD SELVES.

BY

JULIA MAGRUDER,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS SONIA," "THE VIOLET," ETC.

---

I hold it truth with him who sings,  
To one clear harp, in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

---

TENNYSON.

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# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1897.

## DEAD SELVES.

### I.

**W**HY not marry Mrs. Gwyn?

It was perhaps for the hundredth time that Duncan Fraser asked himself this question, and answered it. The first time, the answer had come prompt and final as a trip-hammer. Now, it was as prompt as ever, but not as final. He had not forgotten the reasons against this marriage,—these were not to be lost sight of for an instant,—but the reasons in its favor had gained immense weight with him between the first and the hundredth time of asking.

The chief of these latter reasons was that Mrs. Gwyn was very rich; not rich as some men count richness, but she was the possessor, by inheritance from her husband, of a colossal fortune, and it was nothing less than a colossal fortune which Fraser needed for the accomplishment of the end and ambition of his life,—a thing far dearer to him than love, or personal delight, or any other feeling which had ever animated him.

Besides being rich, Mrs. Gwyn was young, and she was very beautiful. The latter considerations, however, influenced Fraser but little. The money was the thing. He had years ago embarked upon a career of daring and original scientific investigation and experiment. Having a good fortune himself, he had spent it freely for the advancement of his ends, but after having built a magnificent laboratory and having scoured the earth for instruments and appliances for its equipment he was beginning to feel the pinch of want of money, and to face the intolerable possibility of having to call a halt upon himself just when he had gone far enough to make it imperative to go farther. He had great faith in himself, in his power to make money or to accomplish any other end to which he might set himself, but in this instance time was lacking. If he paused to turn aside and make the money that he needed, too much valuable time would be wasted, too precious an op-

portunity would be left to others. He wanted the money at once, and he wanted it as he had never wanted anything before.

Fraser was accustomed to dealing honestly with himself, and he did not deny that personal ambition entered somewhat into his schemes. He knew, however, that this was not the chief element. He had the keen scientific instinct of delight in science for its own sake, and he had also a devout longing to succeed, because such success would result in benefit to his fellow-men. He had a great deal of this feeling of abstract altruism, though he had few warm personal ties or affections; indeed, there was but one of these which was very marked in him, and that was for his mother, whom he respected as much as he loved. She, on her part, had concentrated her strong nature on this only child and loved him with intensity, though she did not hesitate upon occasion to criticise and even to reprimand him, as if he had been still a boy. No one felt more than she the powerful personal magnetism which all who came in contact with Fraser acknowledged in him. If he gave his friendship to few, there were many who offered him theirs, and even those who disliked or were jealous of him rarely withheld their tribute to the personality of the man. He was well known in New York as a serious worker in science, whose investigations were important and promised great results; but in the little town of Brockett, where he had built his laboratory, he was, of course, an even more conspicuous figure, and it was in this little town that Mrs. Gwyn resided, or rather in a sort of castle on the outskirts of it.

Why not marry Mrs. Gwyn?

The reasons against such a course had at first seemed to Fraser so supreme, so sufficient, so absolute, that a second's consideration had caused him to dismiss the idea from his mind with decision, with horror, with repulsion,—such repulsion as he had never known for a woman before. There was, indeed, a hideous fact about Mrs. Gwyn, which so eclipsed her beauty that that was worse than nothing to Fraser, and for a while it had eclipsed also the advantages of becoming the sharer of her fortune. It had been a total eclipse, but recently a line of light had seemed to penetrate the darkness almost without his being conscious of it. Her beauty, her youth, her charm, her self, were as dead to him as ever, but her money had become more important and, somehow, less impossible to him than it had seemed to be at first.

The ugly fact about Mrs. Gwyn was this. She had married a man imbecile in mind and contemptible in body, had been his wife for two years, and was the mother of his imbecile child.

No one knew exactly how it had come about. He had met and married her somewhere in the country and had brought her home to the palace which his father had built and left to him. There, for two years, she had lived, in lavish magnificence, as his wife, and there the child had been born.

No friend of the family had even seen this child, and it had been quickly sent off to an asylum, no one wondering at the fact that its beautiful mother wanted it out of her sight. It was bad enough for her to have to see its father growing mentally and physically weaker every day and spending most of his time in sleep; for even since



their marriage his degeneration had been rapid. His father having died suddenly without a will, he had been the only heir to that great fortune, having just mind enough to escape being judged *non compos*. It had been hoped, by those who took any interest in him, that his wife would prove intelligent enough and have sufficient control over him to prevent the waste of his fortune, and this hope had been realized, for Rhoda, in spite of her inexperience, proved herself admirably sensible and judicious, and so managed his affairs that, at his death, his magnificent fortune was left intact. It then became known that, by will, he had left her his sole heir.

When the grand funeral was over, and Rhoda, in her widow's weeds, had followed him to his grave and left him there,—a body, all that he had ever been!—the world had only good words to say of her. She had been a faithful wife to him, they said, and had made every effort to control him for his own good, if to elevate him was impossible. She had, moreover, never given any occasion for gossip as to her personal conduct, and, if she spent money lavishly and dressed magnificently, she had a right to receive the price for which she had sold herself. No one thought of considering it anything but a bargain. At least her name had never been coupled with that of any other man than her husband, and the world gave her due credit for that.

Fraser, however, hearing this tribute paid her from time to time, was conscious of a sharp mental sneer. Small credit to her for that, he thought, for where was there a man so low as to be willing to succeed Fred Gwyn in the favors of Rhoda his wife? The very suggestion of such a thing was abhorrent to him.

So when, in the sort of frenzy which at times beset him at the crucial need of money, he asked himself why he should not marry Mrs. Gwyn, this hideous fact in her past history had been the answer to the question.

---

## II.

The weather was perfect,—a warm noonday in early May, which gave the first foretaste of summer. Fraser, having occasion to go from Brockett to New York, had decided to take the boat instead of the train, on account of the rather oppressive heat, and Mrs. Gwyn, being in the same case, had, for the same reason, come to the same decision. Others, apparently, had not been so influenced, for the company on the boat was small, so that each passenger could be clearly seen and individualized by the others.

Fraser, however, who had taken a seat alone, on the shady side of the deck, was too self-absorbed to look about him much, and for some time after the boat had started he sat lost in moody and despondent thoughts, which now and then were pierced by exhilarating and exciting ones. The situation was this. He had reached in his work a point where he saw more brilliant possibilities looming up than he had ever seen before, but the enormous sum of money which it would require to follow out that line, and the wretchedly low ebb of his own

fortune, made him feel a sense of being crushed and stifled. He had reached, in possibility at least, a hitherto unimagined height, and he saw also the possibility of a fall such as he had never before had cause to fear. All that was required to keep him on that height and save him from that fall was money, and the poignant need of it stung his consciousness like a whip-lash.

He winced visibly, turning in his seat. As he did so, his eyes fell upon the face and figure of Mrs. Gwyn, sitting a little distance off.

Once more he asked himself that question, and at the same moment Mrs. Gwyn acknowledged his presence with a grave but friendly bow.

He hesitated one instant; then he got up and moved his seat to a place at her side.

"Good-morning," he said, raising his hat. As he did so, he remembered that he had once told himself that this was the only woman he had ever seen who made him feel an inward protest against this act of homage.

"Beautiful weather, is it not?" he said. "It makes one wonder why any one should prefer the train to this,—any one who is not pressed for time, at least."

"I had supposed that you were always of that number," said Mrs. Gwyn, in a low, rich voice. "You seem to me the busiest man I have ever known, and therefore the most fortunate."

He fancied a shade of wistfulness in her tones as she said this, but her voice was so low and even that it did not betray much feeling of any kind. An excellent voice indeed, Fraser reflected, and her manner, her appearance, and her dress agreed with it.

Her husband had been dead two years, and although she still wore black, it was not mourning. To-day, indeed, a decided change seemed to be visible in her dress, though there was no color about it, except a little bunch of cream-colored roses on her breast. Fraser could not tell what the indefinable change was, but her costume was certainly charming, and she looked distinctly girlish in a hat which shaded her face and a light transparent veil.

"The busiest man may be the least fortunate," he said, in answer to her last words, "if he finds himself thwarted in his objects by the impotence that comes from a lack of means to carry them out."

"What sort of means?" she said. "Influence, opportunity, money, or what?"

"Money," he said, brusquely. "Influence I do not want, and opportunity is upon me in a flood. It is money that I want."

"Then let me invest in your schemes," she said, and, although she spoke quietly, he could see the color deepening under her veil. "I have been to your laboratory often enough to give me a little insight into what you are trying to do, and I've been groping about rather helplessly of late, trying to find some way in which I could do something really availing with my money. Let me take a lot of stock in these schemes of yours."

Fraser smiled and shook his head, but there came a certain glow into his heart at the very thought of what was offered him.

"There is no stock to take," he said. "Stock companies clamor

for results, and any such condition would harass me beyond endurance, even if I could get any rational business-man to put up money on such wild dreams as mine,—for wild dreams, of course, they would appear to them."

"To you, however, they are solid and reasonable, and I am willing to take your judgment. Please let me give, lend, or invest what money you want for this purpose. You know how really inconveniently rich I am."

Again through those even tones there penetrated a certain feeling, and this time he construed it to mean a sort of protest or resentment.

"I tell you this," she went on, as if apologetically, "to show you that you need not hesitate to take me at my word. I used to think that I could spend any amount of money, and I suppose I've been extravagant enough; at least I've tried to be. But to spend more than a certain sum one must exercise both energy and inventiveness, and I have not a great deal of either, I imagine. My money is accumulating tremendously. Why should it? There is no one to use or enjoy it. That thought has troubled me seriously of late, and I wish you would relieve me of this burden by investing a lot of it in your work. Either it will do good or it will not. In the former case, all is right. In the latter, no harm is done, for I shall not miss it."

"But surely," said Fraser, looking at her wonderingly, "you can give it away."

"I do, some of it, but I have no interest in organized charities. I doubt if they do any good, and I am not even sure that I care much. I am not very large-hearted, I fancy."

"But there are personal cases. You must have relatives and friends."

"I have some relatives, and perhaps friends too, and I have been generous to them, or so they tell me; but one does not give souvenirs at the rate of tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands! At any rate, I have not felt like doing that. As I said, however, I don't think my heart is very big."

"I fear it would not be your heart that would be at fault if you followed your inclinations now," said Fraser, smiling. "Any judicious man would tell you that it was rank folly to invest in my schemes."

"I don't think I care for the opinion of judicious men. I do not aim at being wise. I like to indulge myself, and it isn't often that I find anything which I want so much to do as this. I am too ignorant to understand your ideas and efforts, of course; but in going with people over your laboratory, and in hearing you now and then explain a little, when there was some one who seemed capable of taking it in, I have been interested by the tremendousness of your undertakings. It has seemed to me that my mind had never stretched to so big a thought before. This attracts and interests me. I should like to have a part in a thing so big. It seems to give me a wider breathing-space. Indeed," she added, "so greatly should I like to have a share in this enterprise of yours that, if I could, I'd force you to let me have my way."

She smiled, as she said it, but he did not return her smile. He

was thinking intently. Between his slightly contracted lids his eyes shone. The next instant, however, he seemed to throw off some inward suggestion, with a hasty shrug, and said, as if mockingly,—

"What a fruitless and meaningless talk we are having! Of course you could not do a thing like this. There is absolutely no way. The result is, on the face of it, too uncertain (though I believe in it as I believe in nothing else) to allow of its being considered as an investment. No, you will find other and more amusing ways of spending your money. I have just heard of your purchase of a magnificent New York house, and I am told that you will occupy it next winter."

"That is a mistake. A fancy seized me when I heard that that house was in the market, and I telegraphed my agent to buy it. He has done so, but I shall not go to New York to live."

"Why not?"

"Because of a good reason which came to me as an after-thought. I bought that house (which, years ago, as a country girl, sight-seeing, I had gazed at, in gaping admiration, on the occasion of my only visit to New York, and I thought I would spend this summer in Europe, buying furniture for it. I had some pleasure in imagining the collection of these things and their arrangement in that house; but, I asked myself, what then? It is perfectly well known to you that I am entitled to no position in society except such as my money would give me. It is good enough for Brockett, but I do not fancy it for New York. The sort of position which I should occupy there it is not agreeable for me to think of."

"But you would soon make friends."

"I do not easily make friends, and, besides, I do not like to think of the sort of people who would flock about me when I opened my house there. With no social vouchers, I should seem a sort of adventuress. There is no woman whom I could summon to me as a friend, and no man as a protector. The idea is unpleasant to me. I prefer to stay in Brockett."

"Under other circumstances, however, you would like New York, would you not? Brockett is absurdly limited. You would enjoy the real world."

"Yes, I think I should. It must be interesting, because it is so big. That is why your scientific schemes have interested me. They are big."

At this moment a warning whistle blew, and people began to collect their belongings and to rise. Mrs. Gwyn's maid approached, carrying her mistress's bag and umbrella. Fraser remained at Mrs. Gwyn's side until they reached the wharf. She only spoke once, as they walked along, and that was when, touching the roses on her dress, and finding them limp and withered, she said, "How quickly flowers fade!" as if in impatient protest, and, unfastening them, she threw them from her.

"It is supposed to be an emblem of life," he answered, smiling. "Science is the thing that does not disappoint. If the end fails, the way, in itself, is compensation."

"I said you were the most fortunate person that I knew," she answered, as he helped her into the carriage.



"Not if the end fails. I may talk philosophically, but I must not fail in this thing."

He closed the door and raised his hat. Again that unpleasant consciousness connected with the act recurred to him. "How long are you to be in town?" he said, struggling to shake it off.

"Three days."

"May I call upon you?"

She bowed and gave the name of her hotel.

The next moment the carriage had started and she was borne away.

### III.

That afternoon Fraser spent in hard work which bore directly on his great scheme. Every moment its feasibility seemed greater, its success more assured, if only he might not be hampered by the lack of money.

When evening came, he felt himself exhilarated rather than exhausted, and after dressing and dining at his club he got into a cab and drove to Mrs. Gwyn's hotel.

The servant who took up his card brought word that Mrs. Gwyn would see him, and led the way immediately to her rooms.

When Fraser entered, closing the door, he found her seated in a large chair, near the centre of the small drawing-room, her hands lying idly in her lap. She was exquisitely dressed, in an informal costume of the most finished elegance. The gown was made long at the wrists, but it left a little of her rounded throat uncovered. It was of dense, dull white, with bows of wide black velvet, one of which was set upright, toward the back of her head, after the manner of an Alsatian peasant. She wore no jewels, except on her hands, but these were weighted with superb stones, that glittered with varied and brilliant colors. Fraser, looking keenly, saw among them the small wedding circlet, and felt a sense of shock. With such sentimentality as this, however, he had nothing to do at present.

In his evening dress his appearance, though not essentially handsome, was distinguished. In this quality Mrs. Gwyn's was fully a match for it; she had, besides, the advantage of remarkable beauty. He doubted, as he looked at her, whether she would not consider him presumptuous in the claim which he was about to make, but he was determined that that consideration should not prevent his laying the matter before her.

"I am fortunate to find you in," he said, seating himself directly in front of her.

"I am always in, during the evenings, when I come to New York. I know few people here,—none, in fact, that I care to look up. Business and shopping take me out in the day, but in the evenings I am usually quite alone."

"You should have remembered to supply yourself with books," he said, looking around and noticing that there were none about.

"I do not care for books. I rarely read one."

"You have been playing, perhaps," he said, seeing that the piano was open.

"No: I thought I would, but I changed my mind. I do not play much, and, besides, music makes me sad. I don't understand why it should, and that irritates me. No wonder I called you fortunate to have continual occupation which interests you."

"You would have the same," he said, "if you were in New York and in touch with the life here."

"Perhaps. But I have explained to you how I feel about that."

Fraser turned upon her a full, direct gaze, as he said,—

"I have heard it stated, Mrs. Gwyn, that you are an excellent woman of business, and it is as such that I am going to speak to you now and put before you a certain proposition. You must judge whether or not it would be worth your while to accept it."

He paused an instant, and then, sure that he had her strict attention, went on:

"You probably understand fully that the interest of my life is concentrated in my work and career as a scientist and electrician. So entirely does this occupy and satisfy me that I have not, since the time that I embarked in it, entertained the idea of marriage. If I do so now, it is, as you will quickly understand, for the purpose of furthering that work and career."

He paused, to see if she would show any surprise. Her face, however, remained calm, though interested.

"What I am going to suggest for your consideration," he went on, "may appear to you preposterous in the extreme, but there is no reason why I should not at least propose it. You have offered me the use of your fortune for the advancement of my work. I could not accept that offer unless I made you a return for it. You have told me that this work of mine interests you and that you would like to have a part in it. You have also said that you would like to live in New York, if you had the proper protection of a man and an established position in society. I can give you these things that you desire, and you, in return, can give me the use of a part of your fortune for my work. This is the idea that I wished to lay before you,—the arrangement which I should, if it meets with your approval, be glad to make. It is an offer of marriage, of course, but merely of the form of marriage, and we should each be as free in our own lives as now."

When he paused, the unresponsiveness in her face made her seem to him almost stupid. He was a good deal excited himself, for, far though any thought of love was from his consciousness, it was a significant and important question upon which he awaited her decision.

"I am not certain that I understand you perfectly," she said.

"I offer you the protection and the social advantages of my presence and my name," he answered. "You can easily satisfy yourself, if you are not already satisfied, that, as my wife, your position would be as good as any one's. You can furnish the house, take part in fashionable life, and, I think, find interest and enjoyment in it. The important point is whether you will consider this, and a partner-

ship in my career, as sufficient offset for the tremendous advantage I should gain by the use of your fortune in my work. This is the question awaiting your decision. I do not speak of love, for that, of course, is an element which does not come in on either side. In that sense, I am as much disinclined to marriage as I ever was."

"You have reasons of your own," she replied, "for your position as to marriage. I also have mine. I had made up my mind against it as definitely as you could have done; but such an arrangement as the one you propose shows me the matter in a new light. I consider the advantages quite as great to me as to you. I accept your offer."

"I feel exceedingly grateful to you for the confidence which your acceptance implies," he answered, gravely, "and with this perfect understanding between us, I think I can promise that you shall not have cause to regret your decision."

That was all. There were no protestations on either side, but the contract was made, the partnership established.

There seemed to be singularly little need for talk or explanations. The conditions were simple and were perfectly understood on both sides. It remained only to settle the details of time and place.

"You had thought of going abroad to furnish the house," he said, presently. "Why not carry out that plan? It will be necessary for me to go soon to Paris and Berlin. May we not have the marriage ceremony performed very soon and go together? I shall expect to have you always with me," he added, with a certain timidity of manner which she had not seen in him before. "That is my idea of the real protection which you desire. We need not interfere in the least with each other's habits, but it will be necessary for us to be together. Fortunately, you take an interest in my work, and I shall do my best to increase that interest, and to take you into it, as far as that is possible. We shall not bore each other, I think; and I trust we shall be the best of friends."

He offered his hand as he spoke, and she took it, in a cool clasp.

"That plan will suit me perfectly," she said. "I can accommodate myself to any date that you like."

"Have you no friend or trustee whom it will be necessary for you to consult? Of course it is understood that the conditions of our agreement are absolutely between ourselves; but you may wish to advise with some one before concluding it."

"No: there is no one to consult. There never was a woman more absolutely mistress of herself than I am."

"And so, believe me, you shall remain. I will not interfere with you nor inconvenience you in any way, but I shall always be at hand to serve you to the utmost of my power. It remains only for you to be good enough to name the day,—as early a one, I would beg, as you can conveniently have it."

"Let it be whatever day will best suit your plans,—to-morrow, next week, a month, a year hence; just as you please."

"Might I say two or three weeks from now? Not, however, if it would inconvenience or distress you in any way."

"That will suit me perfectly," she answered.

"Then, to be definite, may I fix it as the first of June?"

She bowed, in quiet acceptance.

"Thank you infinitely," he said. "I feel that your trust in me is very generous. It will be a tremendous incentive to me to be worthy of it."

"I have no fears," she answered, "and there is nothing for you to be grateful about. I shall be getting what I want, and if you in turn do the same, all is well. I shall feel a sense of satisfaction in my money which I have failed to get before."

She said this naturally and simply, without emphasis or any trace of strong feeling.

When Fraser had gone, she sat for some time without changing her position, or even, perceptibly, her expression. Then a subtle alteration, as of a passing cloud, crossed her face, and two tears overflowed her eyes and fell upon her lap. She looked at them in some surprise, for she had no definite consciousness of the feeling that had been their source. Why should she shed tears? She was better contented with the prospect now unrolled before her than she had been with any other on the horizon of her life. She was mercifully freed from what had once so burdened and oppressed her. She had now the chance which she had sometimes coveted of showing her beautiful person and her splendid toilets to the highest advantage and in a social position which could not be impeached. Besides this, the man who had always seemed to her the most impressive and important person she had ever seen was to be her companion every day of her life, and to take his position as her husband. What a wonderful feeling it would be, to appear in public with a husband of whom she could be proud! Then, too, she was to travel abroad, and to have such a part as she should prove able to take, in this man's career. How fortunate she was, and how inexplicable was the source of those two tears!

As for Fraser, he turned away from that interview feeling entirely content. He was a man quite able to dispense with the good opinion of the world, if necessary. He had had to make himself indifferent to that before going half so far in his present career, for he had had his share of condemnation and even ridicule to bear. It mattered little to him, however, whether the world believed in him or not, so long as he believed in himself; and the rule which he applied habitually in public matters he now applied specifically in this very private one. He knew that the world would suppose him to occupy a position which he would have scorned to take; but as long as he himself knew of the strict line drawn between that position and the reality, he was entirely contented.

---

#### IV.

Rhoda Gwyn had been called Rhoda Fraser for two years. She had established herself in New York and had become a distinguished figure in its society. The current of her life, on its surface at least, had flowed on with serenity and success. Nothing could have been more



harmonious than her life with Fraser. They had settled it between them how much of her fortune was to be at his disposal for his work, the only difficulty being that she wished him not to put this restriction on himself,—perhaps the only wish of hers with which he had refused to comply. He talked to her freely about his investigations and experiments, and she took a serious interest in them. The farther the way was opened up, however, the more tremendous did the labor and difficulties appear; more than once he had told her that, but for her daring and belief in him, in putting this great sum of money into his hands, he would have been compelled to give up all.

His evident confidence in her stimulated her to greater efforts to be of service to him. She began, surreptitiously, to read the scientific books and magazines which she saw him poring over, and soon came to take an intelligent interest in his work which often surprised him. She would put down the names of these books, order them for herself, and study them, with persevering patience, during her quiet hours. Of these there were many, for she was absolutely alone in the great magnificent house, and she was not a woman who easily made friends. She was generally liked and admired, and had a long visiting-list, to which she paid due regard, but an intimate of any kind she had never had in her life. Losing her parents early, and having no brothers or sisters, the claims of relationship had sat upon her very lightly, and, in spite of her two marriages, she had never come near to any human soul. As an offset to this fact, it was true that she had never in former days felt the need of such close relationship. If she felt it now, it was a consciousness which was just beginning to dawn upon her.

Rhoda's was one of the natures which develop slowly, depending for their development chiefly upon affection; and affection was a thing which Rhoda had never received in her life, and had not even given. Her childhood and girlhood had also been passed without intellectual stimulus, and, in spite of her beauty, talent for dress, and really distinguished manners, it might have been said with reason, and indeed it sometimes had been said, that Rhoda was dull.

The first stimulus that came to her mind was this interest in Fraser's scientific work, but the obstacles which lay in her way were great and many. In reading scientific books and magazines she would have to look out so many words in the dictionary that her brain would almost whirl; but somehow she made progress, and had taken her first step in the fascinating path of intellectual expansion. Her reward for these efforts was something that gave her a pleasure beyond her expecting or imagining.

Fraser, seeing her sympathetic attitude toward his work and remembering her large practical interest in its result, talked to her more and more freely about it, and one day suddenly proposed that she should go with him to Brockett and give him some aid in the laboratory.

Rhoda went, with a new and uncomprehended feeling in her heart, which was nearer akin to joy than anything she had known. That day was the first of many. Very often now she went with Fraser to the laboratory, and was able to give him some assistance occasionally, by looking up references and by delicate manipulations of weight and

measurement, at which her deft hands and long pointed fingers were very clever. People in society who knew of these expeditions of Rhoda's to her husband's workshop joked about them in a flattering sort of way, and said that Mr. and Mrs. Fraser were quite the ideal pair and cast in the shade the connubial relations of their neighbors. Such jests as these always stung Rhoda, when they occurred in the presence of Fraser. Otherwise she was indifferent to them.

On one occasion, as she was leaving the house to go with Fraser to Brockett, he said to her suddenly,—

"Why don't you bring a book, to read when I am busy without you?"

"I can get one there," she said.

"Only the books that relate to our business," he said,—he was fond of referring to it in this way. "Take a novel."

"I don't care for novels."

"But you never read them, according to what you have told me. Perhaps you could cultivate the habit."

He saw that she still looked disinclined.

"Let me choose one for you. What do you say to 'Middlemarch'?"

"I have never read it."

"Then read it you must! I expect to go on reading it over, as often as I have time, as long as I live."

He went to the library, brought his own copy of the book, and put it into his satchel, with some important letters and papers that related to his work.

When they arrived at Brockett, some men were waiting to see him, and so he left Rhoda in the little rubbishy sitting-room which had been the creation of his bachelor days and had never been disturbed since.

Rhoda was used to waiting here for hours. When Fraser did not want her, she would remain here patiently, and either read or think, never interrupting him, no matter how long he might be delayed. She had done more thinking than reading in this little, crowded room, with its litter of dusty instruments and disused papers and materials, and, if reading was a new mental exercise with her, thinking was almost as much so,—at least the sort of thinking which absorbed her now. She was like a person who had realized that he was cold, without realizing the possibility that he might be warm, or like a bird who, in the confines of his cage, realizes his captivity but does not realize the liberty that is beyond it. Surely the bird is happier so; and so was Rhoda happier, perhaps, when she felt that she was joyless but did not realize that she might have had joy.

That feeling had dawned imperceptibly upon her slow consciousness, and she was just beginning to feel the pain of it.

This morning—another bright May day, two years after that important trip from Brockett to New York—Rhoda sat amidst the litter of the shabby little office that opened into the great laboratory, and, with the book lying unnoticed on her lap, looked out of the open window.

There had been a recent rain, and the young green leaves overhead, as well as the young grass-blades underfoot, had been newly washed, and threw off the sunshine from their surfaces with a delicate glitter. There was a bush outside the window, in which a little catbird was building its nest, with many self-important twitterings and flirts. A honeysuckle-vine grew near, and a great thick-bodied bee, weighed down with honey and yet bent on getting more, flew in and out of the window with a droning buzz.

Rhoda, whose perceptions of every kind seemed to have undergone some inexplicable quickening recently, looked with interest at the bird and the bee, and fell to speculating on their habits, in a way that would once have been unnatural, if not impossible, to her. If they, in their turn, had had the same faculties of observation, they might also have been roused to interest by the figure sitting there so silent and motionless.

Rhoda was not yet twenty-five, and certainly her beauty had no more than reached its meridian. There was something exquisitely simple in the impression that she made, in spite of her costume, representative of the most finished modern French art, and showing in color a combination of white and green which was equally pure and restful. Her small bonnet, her gloves, her shoes, her parasol lying near, all these things betokened the woman of fashion; but the expression of her face was so far removed from such things that one might have supposed that she had been taken and dressed, as one might have dressed a doll.

This, however, was far from the case, for Rhoda gave extreme care and attention to the matter of her toilet. For this there were two reasons. One was a strong instinct which she had for it, and the other was the fact that Fraser liked to see her well dressed and on one or two occasions had praised her taste. Poor Rhoda! she was slow, even in interpreting herself to herself, and she hardly realized that it was in consequence of this that she had since chosen her costumes with greater care. Her figure was admirable, made on large lines and with noble curves. A magnificence controlled by simplicity was the style of dress which suited her best, but even in this unobtrusive street costume there was about her something regal. Her thick brown hair, brushed backward, waved just enough to make a little ridge below the edge of her bonnet, which was fastened by a small bow under her chin and trimmed with sprays of mignonette. Her large eyes, gray and candid, were at this moment wide and absent in their gaze, and the corners of her mouth had a certain droop. She had a peculiar quality of unconsciousness of self, and she sat there in a sort of dream in which the bird, the bee, the face of nature, and herself were all somehow blended. From this state of self-forgetfulness she was roused by a certain dimness in the eyes and a consciousness of falling tears. She had shed few tears in her life. Somehow her feelings had rarely expressed themselves in that way, and the sight of the two spots upon the green cover of her book roused her from her lethargy.

She sat upright, looked about her, brushed her eyes with her

handkerchief, and, changing her position, drew off her gray *Suède* glove and opened her book.

Her recent experiences had taught her the lesson of thoroughness, and she had no faculty for skimming the surfaces of things. With her, reading was studying, and so it was a concentrated mind which she now brought to bear upon the pages before her. She was bent on giving her whole attention to this book, though she did not perhaps consciously recall the fact of Fraser's high commendation of it. She opened at the *Prelude*, and read the first paragraph attentively, pausing to conjecture what "an epic life" might mean, and looking about for a dictionary, that she might hunt out the word "epos." There was none at hand, however, but she had guessed at something in that paragraph beyond its mere words, and she went back and read it over. Then she went eagerly on to the end.

When she had finished the two pages, she read them again, pausing thoughtfully on certain phrases, and then going on with an almost breathless interest. She did not understand it all. There was something in it deeper than the definitions and technicalities of science, but there were certain expressions in it which she could not let go. Over and over she read those words: "Perhaps only a life of mistakes, the offspring of a certain spiritual grandeur ill matched with the meanness of opportunity; perhaps a tragic failure which found no sacred poet and sank unwept into oblivion."

What did that mean? She understood the surface meaning of the words, of course, but she felt an inward significance that she longed to probe to the bottom. She finished the paragraph and felt thirsty for more. She read the last sentences over again, and then plunged eagerly into the story.

It was not so absorbingly interesting to her as the *Prelude* had been, but it fascinated her as no story ever had before, and there were sentences now and then which were like spiritual food and drink to her soul. Presently she found herself skipping, a thing she had never done in her reading before, but her ardent longing to follow Dorothea in her thoughts and feelings and experiences was an impulse which no book, heretofore, had ever given her.

After, perhaps, two hours the door opened and Fraser appeared. He stood still on the threshold, startled at Rhoda's appearance. Her eyes, usually so cool and clear, were suffused with feeling, and her cheeks with color. Her face was a picture so continually before him that he did not often take special notice of it, but now he saw it in a new light that brought out its latent beauties, only in this instance the light came from within.

"What is it, Rhoda?" he said. "What has happened to you?"

"This book," she said, "this wonderful book! Why have I never known that there were books like this in the world?"

"Why, indeed? Have you really never read George Eliot before?"

"Never a word. Well, I think I shall not say I don't like reading, after this."

She had recovered something of her usual manner as she said these words, and her face had also become more quiet and natural. Perhaps



he felt a pang of regret to see the departure of an influence which had been so beautifying, for he said,—

"Why don't you go on with your book? I am almost sorry that I interrupted you."

"I will finish it at home," she said, closing it and rising to her feet. "Can I do anything to help you now?"

"I did want you for a little while," he said, "but it seems a shame——"

"Oh, please let me come," she interrupted him. "The book will keep."

His eyes lingered on her, just a second, as he said,—

"You are very good, I think, to help me so willingly."

"Oh, it's my work as well as yours, you know," she answered.

"You promised me a part in it, so I am proud of every little trifling service I can render in its cause."

"You really do take a pride in it, don't you?" he said. "Why? For its own sake, and because you believe in it?"

"Of course. What other reason could there be?"

"Certainly," he said, in rather hasty agreement: "that is the strongest possible basis for such a feeling."

## V.

The next day Fraser went alone to Brockett. Soon after his departure Rhoda received a large parcel, addressed to her in his handwriting. It proved to be a complete edition of George Eliot, and in the front of the copy of "*Middlemarch*" were the pencilled words "For Rhoda." It was the first present Fraser had ever given her. There were no birthdays, anniversaries, or little celebrations between them.

It was pleasant to Rhoda to have this gift from him, and in itself it was a treasure of great price. She shut herself up alone in her beautiful apartments and read for hours at a time, following the histories of Dorothea, Maggie, Romola, Gwendolen, and the other passionate woman-problems of those pages. The literary art was very little to her, and much that was exquisite escaped her, but she got somehow a food which she craved, and which increased the appetite which it fed. By the light of these life-histories she began to read something of the mystery of her own heart. In spite of her solitary life, Rhoda was not introspective. There seemed to be a veil between her eyes and her soul, and she knew herself as little as she knew the real selves of others.

But now there was a change. The veil was there, but some new power had made her gaze more penetrating. She began to wrestle, for the first time, with the problem of herself.

She was oppressed by an awful loneliness. Even Saint Theresa had had her little brother's hand in hers in going forth to the life-battle, but she had nothing, no one. The last thing possible to her was to make any demand for companionship or sympathy upon Fraser; but she

wanted some one to speak to, some one who would care about what she did and what became of her. As she began to care more for the lots of others, she longed that others might come to care about her lot.

An idea occurred to her which soon grew into a determined purpose.

One evening it happened that they were dining alone. This did not occur often, for the dinner-hour was almost Fraser's only relaxation, and he liked then to go out, or have guests,—a want which Rhoda silently and skilfully supplied.

When the servants had left them to their coffee, Rhoda said, rather abruptly,—

"Would you have any objection to my asking your mother to come and stay with me?"

The question evidently surprised him, but after a second he said, quite naturally,—

"I think my mother is too old and too fixed in her habits of life to enjoy a visit to New York and the exactions of modern life. It is very kind of you, though, to have had the thought of her, and I appreciate it very much."

"I do not deserve any credit, I am afraid," said Rhoda. "It was purely on my own account that I wished it. I should like to have her with me for a while."

Fraser hesitated visibly. She could not fail to see a certain look of reluctance in his face.

"She was very kind to me the one time that I saw her," Rhoda said, "and I should like to see her again. If you think that it would trouble her too much to come to me, could not I go to her for a few days? She invited me most cordially. Have you any objection?"

"Certainly not. How could I have? But just at present I am afraid I could not get off to go with you. If you would not mind going alone——"

"Not at all. Indeed, I think I should prefer it. She adores you so that when you are about she has eyes for no one else."

She smiled as she said it, and her smile was for a moment reflected in his face.

"Yes," he said; "the biggest reason I have ever had for believing in myself is because my mother believes in me. I have always respected her opinion above any in the world, and she is certainly the only being in it of whom I am afraid. To this day, the thought of her disapproval is the most powerful check upon me that I ever have."

"You do not then object to my writing and proposing myself for a short visit?"

"Far from it. I'd be delighted. I am only sorry that I can't go with you."

This speech, which came so trippingly from his tongue, was one of those glib insincerities which most of us utter every day; for, as Fraser, a few moments later, withdrew to the smoking-room and sat there reflectively over his cigar, he was feeling a decided disinclination to the plan which he had just so cordially endorsed.

The reason of this, which was distinct and sufficient to his own consciousness, he would have been entirely unwilling for Rhoda to know. He had sometimes wondered that she had never seemed to show any surprise when, on each one of his occasional visits to his mother, since his marriage, he had made some pretext for going alone. The truth was, he felt so deep a regard for his mother's opinion, and so wholesome a fear of the penetratingness of her vision, that he was strongly opposed to the idea of subjecting the relations existing between Rhoda and himself to her scrutiny.

He knew that his mother held the old-fashioned and conservative views about marriage, and he felt that this discovery would be a blow to her, and a consciousness between his heart and hers which he shrank from. He did not even wholly fancy the idea of Rhoda's going alone, for he had found it necessary to keep himself continually on guard to elude the loving curiosity of his mother as to his marriage and its effect on him. She had told him more than once that he was too much absorbed in his work, and that she would like to see it relegated to its proper place and made the secondary object of his life, and had said that she feared he had married a woman who gave up to him too much, —a fault which his mother had never fallen into.

While he was engaged in his reflections, Rhoda had gone impulsively to the library and got out writing-things. She now appeared at the door of the smoking-room with a sealed and stamped letter in her hand.

"I have written to your mother," she said.

"You will be giving her a very great pleasure," he answered, as a servant appeared in answer to Rhoda's ring and she handed him the letter to be posted.

"My object, as I told you, is altogether selfish," Rhoda said.

Fraser had risen at her entrance, and they now stood, facing each other, both young, handsome, perfectly dressed, and in an environment which seemed made for two such beings to be happy in. Why could they not be so?

Rhoda never lingered in the smoking-room; indeed, she never went there except for some explicit purpose, and, that being in this instance accomplished, she turned away. He had an impulse to detain her, without knowing for what, but he said nothing, and the next moment he saw her passing up the wide staircase and disappearing in the direction of her own apartments.

Rhoda's present conduct rather made him wonder, for she did not usually act impulsively; he would have said that she was the reverse of an impulsive woman. But what, after all, did he know about her? She was always beautiful, well dressed, and conformable to his wishes and his taste, when in his presence; and when she was out of it he rarely thought of her. His work absorbed him and encroached more and more on all other interests. To tell the truth, he had resolutely schooled himself not to think of Rhoda, for with the thought of her would come that of two others,—the creature who had been her husband and the creature who was still her child.

Of these two beings his mother had heard but very little. She

lived quite out of the world, and it had been a softened account of Rhoda's first husband that had been given her, while as to the child she knew nothing. Its existence was alluded to by no one, and it was generally supposed to be dead. Rhoda never by any chance referred to it, and Fraser tried his best to put it out of his mind. But, living or dead, the child was a stubborn fact in his consciousness, and so was also its father.

The more Fraser became familiarized with Rhoda's beauty, refinement, and intelligence, the more horrible did those two facts become to him, and never had they seemed more so than to-night, when he found himself forced to contemplate the prospect of Rhoda and his mother together, and to contrast the ideal which his mother had had of the woman who was to be his wife, with the fact of the woman who now held that position in the world's eyes.

And yet surely no ideal of a fond mother's imagining could have been more lovely in appearance than was Rhoda, more gentle in nature, more generous in soul. He told himself all this repeatedly, but it only made that dark blot blacker. Now, as he fancied what would be his mother's opinion of a woman who could be capable of such a thing, he shrank within himself. Then there followed close the question, what would his mother think of a man who could take upon himself the vows and obligations of marriage with such a woman, scorning her in his soul, and wishing only to get possession of her money for the advancement of his career?

The thought of this was unendurable. He must shake it off somehow. He got up, and went off to the club, feeling some change of the current of his feelings to be a necessity.

Rhoda meantime was alone in her room, freed from the constriction of her smart dinner toilet, and dressed in a loose soft gown, over which her hair fell free. She was scanning eagerly the pages which described Romola's meeting with Savonarola on the day of her flight from Tito. She was utterly unconscious of herself and her own loveliness, as her fascinated gaze rested on the book in her hand. These were the words she read: "Man cannot choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow they bring. But you will go forth, and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty,—bitter herbs, and no bread with them."

The book fell from her hand. A thought had throbbed through her consciousness, which might be either a life-throe or a death-throe. She did not know what it was, for she had never felt the like before. One blessed quality it had, however: it was definite, tangible, distinct. So much that she felt about her was vague and formless that she seemed always groping through a maze; but here at least was something that she could grasp and hold.

She must stop and think, however. She must be sure, and, in this juncture which she felt to be in some way a crisis, she thought, with throbbing comfort, of the visit she was about to make, and of the woman, old and experienced and good, to whom she might now turn for help. It was the first time that she had had a foretaste of friendship, and it was infinitely sweet to her.

## VI.

Mrs. Fraser wrote promptly to express her delight at the prospect of the proposed visit. Fraser, who had dined out that evening, came in rather late, but Rhoda was so anxious to tell him of the letter and to arrange for her immediate departure that she waited up for him, and about eleven o'clock went down to seek him.

The hall was thickly carpeted, and her slippered feet were almost noiseless as she approached the library. At the door, however, she stopped suddenly, checked by the sight of Fraser lying on the lounge asleep.

She stood perfectly still for a few minutes, and then, moving with extreme caution, came nearer and sank noiselessly into a chair a few feet from him, while he slept on profoundly.

The face of the sleeping man was troubled and the brows were slightly contracted, as if with anxiety or pain. Rhoda, who had strong intuitions about him, had suspected that his work was not going well, but had not spoken of it. Generally he did not speak of difficulties to her until they were over. She knew this was to spare her annoyance, and if she would have preferred not to be so spared she never told him so.

She sat there now and looked at him with intensity and interest as if she had never seen him before. It was indeed true that she had never before seen him quite off guard, and had never studied and examined his face. Their eyes never rested on each other long, and never once during these two years of life together had they shown each other the full unguarded vision of a frank and open gaze.

Now, however, though his eyes were fast closed, she looked at him long and deliberately, with a gaze of intense scrutiny.

The face of the man stretched at length before her was strong and decided, the figure powerful, the hands firm and capable, and, though finely modelled, a little hardened by the use of acids and metals and extremes of heat and cold. Somehow, this made a strong appeal to her, and she looked at them long. There was something very noble-looking about this figure, lost in the repose of sleep, and something strongly impressive in the sad unconscious face.

For it was sad. Rhoda saw that more plainly than she saw anything else. Her gaze grew more and more intense, and in the earnestness of her scrutiny she bent toward him, and looked and looked, as if it were her last and only chance. Was it that thought which gave such meaning to her absorbed and burning gaze, or was it perhaps another?

Her hands were clasped together in her lap, with a pressure which crushed the rings into the flesh. Her breath came in such rapid pants that she had to part her lips that the sound of it might not arouse him. A look was on her face that, until this moment, it had never known. If the sleeping man had waked, would he have known her?

As little did she know herself. What was it that had entered into her, changing and dominating her? After those long moments of self-forgetfulness she became possessed of an acute self-consciousness.

Its effect was to fill her with alarm. She got up hastily and turned from the room. Across the great hall she sped, almost running, in her haste to be alone. The thought of meeting a servant filled her with terror. Like a creature hunted and followed, she ran to her own room, and, locking the door behind her, stood panting and trembling, as she looked nervously about her. Then, with an inarticulate cry, out of the ignorance and helplessness of a heart which knew not itself and had no power to help itself, she threw herself down upon the bed and sobbed.

Fraser, meanwhile, slept on unconscious. Profoundly weary in body and in mind, his sleep had been too heavy to feel any influence from that presence and that gaze. When he waked, at last, it was very late. He got up and went to bed, without so much as a thought of Rhoda as he passed her door.

But Rhoda heard every fall of that light footstep, and her heart beat in thick, fast throbs at the sound. He went into his room and closed the door. Being tired, sleep came to him very quickly.

Not so with Rhoda. She passed a sleepless night. A new companionship had come into her life, an insistent and disturbing one, but she did not ask its name. Analysis of motive and of emotion was unknown to her. She knew of this thing only that it was pain, and yet a pain which had some quality which was sweet. Pain she was accustomed to, of a dense, dead kind, to which her somewhat slow nature was well indurated, but this was a sort of pain that was new. It had a poignancy in it which tuned her nature to a higher key than it had ever reached before,—to a pitch, indeed, that almost made her feel that the tense cord would snap and life and feeling would go with it.

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## VII.

As the carriage which met Rhoda at the station was mounting the hill, toward the house in which Fraser had been born and where his mother still lived, she was not without some of the misgivings which had beset her husband at the thought of this visit. The horses were old and lazy, and so was the coachman: everything about her had an air that contrasted strongly with the exciting atmosphere of New York and the even more stimulating air which pervaded the laboratory at Brockett. On the porch, which was covered with vines and decorated with luxuriant blooming plants, stood Mrs. Fraser, waiting to welcome Rhoda, a smile on her fine old face, informing it with as mild and penetrating a radiance as that which the evening star imparts to a landscape.

She was small and thin, and was dressed in the plainest black, with a delicate white cap above her smoothly parted white hair, and a little half-transparent shawl around her shoulders, which did not conceal the fact that her figure was a good deal bent.

Her whole appearance was extremely delicate, the soft skin of her face being withered like a shrivelled rose-leaf, and her finely modelled



hands wrinkled and wasted. But in her eyes there shone the intelligence of perpetual youth, and the splendid brow above them had the visible stamp of nobility and intellectual power. Her nose was straight, strong, and decided, and her mouth, moulded by character rather than by heredity, was equally expressive of humor, resolution, and tenderness.

Rhoda, who was not a keen observer, and who had little faculty for making deductions, saw only this,—a strong resemblance to Duncan Fraser in a face which expressed a spontaneous affection for her. She had the sensations which might belong to a young bird brooding over its first nest and feeling against its breast the movements in the little eggs and the faint pricking of their shells. Something outside her was waking up her dormant self and giving her a strange new life of which she had never dreamed.

As she got out of the carriage and mounted the steps, she felt herself clasped in a pair of thin but tender arms and called "my daughter."

How strange it was! She had exactly the sensation which she had sometimes had in dreams.

"I am so sorry that Duncan could not come," the old lady said, keeping her hand as she led her through the wide porch and into the sweet old-fashioned house. "It would do him good to leave his laboratory for a little while. I'm afraid he works too hard."

"I fear he does," assented Rhoda, not meeting her companion's eye, but looking about to right and left. "What a beautiful, charming old house!"

"Very old-fashioned and plain, my dear, compared to the manner in which people live now. It's the best of places to me, for all the memories of my life are in it,—at least all my married life, and that is all a woman's real life. All that goes before is an anticipation, and all that comes after a reminiscence. I came here a happy bride, and here all my years of wifehood were passed. My husband died in this house, but he also lived in it, and that glorifies it to me. Three dear children died here too, but I had the joy of them for a little while, and I have the knowledge that I gave them life, not only for time but for eternity. Here, too, my Duncan was born, who was mine before he was yours, and who is no less mine now because he is yours also."

Again Rhoda turned away her eyes.

"I did not know you had had other children," she said, in an effort to change the subject.

"What! Is it possible Duncan never told you of his two sisters and his little brother?"

"Perhaps I have forgotten," said Rhoda, floundering mentally. She felt that this speech made her seem indifferent, if not rude, but she preferred that the blame should fall on her rather than on him.

The old lady did not answer. They had mounted the stairs, and she was leading the way into one of the large upper rooms.

"I have given you Duncan's room," she said, "because I thought you'd like that best. It has the old furniture which he used from the time that he was a boy, and I have, from time to time, hung photo-

graphs of him in this room. I have always wanted you to see them, my dear, but I could not make up my mind to let them leave their places as long as I lived. Soon they will all be his and yours. This is his first picture, taken at three months. How he laughs at it!"

Rhoda was compelled to look at it and to express interest. She had to follow the fond mother around the room and to look at her adored son in all his various positions and changes. There he was in his first short frock, with his hair done in what his mother called "a roach;" then on his Shetland pony, led by a groom; then in his first trousers; then an ungainly lad in knickerbockers; and so on, up to the time of his marriage.

How his mother glowed with interest, as she passed from one to another, recalling certain incidents connected with each! Rhoda listened with attention, asking questions and making comments, but it was as a stranger might have done who was interested more for the mother's sake than on account of the pictures themselves or the being whom they represented. She felt a consciousness of this, and feared that she was appearing very listless, but she had neither the insincerity nor the quickness of wit to play a part other than a passive one. Still she felt that this dear old lady would perhaps be wounded, and so she tried to stem the current of her reminiscences by an excuse.

"I am very tired," she said. "The journey was fatiguing, and I got up early——"

"Of course. How thoughtless of me! You will want to lie down. I will go away and let you rest."

It was strange to contrast the two women,—one old and bent and feeble in frame, and yet with the strong fire of fervid, glowing life in every lineament of her face; the other young, erect, superbly strong and healthy, but with an apathy and coldness in her expression which made her look far less akin to life.

"Don't go," she said, in answer to Mrs. Fraser's last words. "I only want to take off this stiff dress and lie down and rest. Let my maid come and make me comfortable, and then you stay and talk to me. Haven't I come all this way just to see you?"

The faint shadow of a smile crossed Rhoda's face as she spoke. Her wish to have Mrs. Fraser with her was sincere. She felt a strong inclination to reach out and cling to her, but she felt she must avoid that one topic for the present at least.

The journey, following her sleepless night, had made her tired in reality, and she did not feel her usual power of self-control.

"Suppose I go and order you a cup of tea, and then come and drink it with you here," said the old lady; "and meantime your maid can wait on you. She is unpacking your trunk now in the dressing-room. Shall I send her here?"

"Let me go myself," said Rhoda, "and we can send her to order the tea. You don't suppose I am going to allow you to wait on me like this?"

"Then you will be depriving me of one of my greatest pleasures. I have never been idle or inactive in my life, and it would make me wretched to be unemployed. I am occupied in some way all the time,

and it is a rare delight to me now to have some one near and dear to me to wait upon. For next to my Duncan comes my Duncan's wife."

She hurried away with a light and active step. It seemed to Rhoda that the radiance of her smile and gaze inhabited the room after she had left it. She must have been quite seventy, and yet about her there was an atmosphere of a youth more subtle than that of childhood.

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#### VIII.

When, a little later, Mrs. Fraser returned, followed by a servant with the tea-tray, the room had undergone a metamorphosis. Its prim stateliness was as if decorated by spots of soft color, from the various accessories to her mistress's toilet which Rhoda's maid had strewn about. Two or three gowns of different stuff and texture had been brought out for selection, and the rejected ones were thrown upon a chair, making a harmony of rose and cream. A coverlet, made of the changeable silk worn by the Tyrolean peasants for their gala-day aprons, was laid out on the lounge, with two or three small pillows covered with silk and lace. Several pairs of slender French *mules*, dainty enough for bon-bon boxes, were set out on the floor, and on the back of a chair was a downy shawl of woven silk, colored a pale lavender. Poor Rhoda, if she had mastered no other art in life, had learned that of being luxurious, aided by a maid who had studied it as a profession and had reduced it to a science.

As Mrs. Fraser returned to the room, the maid was engaged in the work of plaiting her lady's long hair, as the latter sat before her in a straight chair, clad in a gown that might have been made out of that May-day sky and trimmed with its fleecy clouds. Rhoda wore all these exquisite things as simply as a bird its feathers, and was quite without any consciousness of them now.

The old lady, however, whose susceptibilities for everything were keen, took in every detail with a rapid glance, and smiled. It was not the smile of age extenuating the frivolities of youth, but of frank enjoyment of such beautiful things.

"What a delicious smell!" she said, breathing in the violet-like odor of orris-root which the unpacking had disseminated through the room. "And, my dear, what charming things! You must allow an old woman, who does not often have such a chance, to admire them. Ah, how delightful all this must be to Duncan! He had always such a love for what was soft and fine and beautiful, until these scientific experiments, with all their dirty mess, got more attractive to him."

She smiled, a happy smile of pride in him, as she sat down and began to make the tea.

Rhoda, meanwhile, had dismissed her maid, and the two were alone.

"I could not eat much lunch on the train," she said, "and what I did eat has given me a headache. This tea will be so good for me, and it is so sweet for us to drink it together."

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She drew a chair up near to the tea-table, and sat down in it, crushing the end of her plait and its blue ribbon bow beneath her.

"Oh, don't mash that lovely blue bow!" said the old lady, protestingly, and Rhoda, laughing, drew the plait aside, so that it hung over one shoulder.

"What splendid hair you have, my dear! I always loved a woman to have luxuriant hair, and so did Duncan."

"I have almost too much to look well in the present style," said Rhoda, ignoring her last words; "but my maid is very clever with it. I wear it down whenever I want to be really comfortable. I have headache a good deal."

"Does your head ache now, my child? Lie down, if it does, and let me stroke it. Don't you like having your head stroked?"

"I've never tried it," Rhoda said, forgetting that there was an unintentional confession in the words. "Do give me another cup of your delicious tea. It deserves its reputation, I find. I have often heard Mr. Fraser say that no one's tea was equal to yours."

"Mr. Fraser!" said the old lady, in laughing protest. "Why, surely you need not be so very formal with me, my dear. It sounds odd for you to call him that to me."

"I have never called him by his Christian name," said Rhoda, speaking with an effort at naturalness, as she selected a lump of sugar. "Somehow 'Duncan' sounds almost too familiar for any one but his mother to call him. You see," she added, smiling, "he has impressed me, as he impresses others, with a great idea of his dignity and importance."

"Well, dear, of course you and he know best," answered the old lady; and Rhoda, glad to make a diversion, put down her cup and said, inquiringly,—

"Do you really mean me to lie down, while you sit up and talk to me? I am ashamed to be so lazy. Do let me give the lounge to you."

"Not a bit of it, my dear. I have never had the habit of lying down in the daytime. It would crush my cap. And I have no soft lounging-gowns like yours. But come, I want to see you rest. I think the young, as a rule, need rest far more than the old. The mind wearies one more than the body, and generally the minds of the young have much to harass and burden them. Age, it has always seemed to me, is the real time of happiness. It may be sad, perhaps, to leave the keenness of youth behind one, but I think one gets something better in its place. I love to think that in the life beyond we shall take a fresh start, equipped with all the knowledge and experience that we have gained in this, and not, as some maintain, be in a state in which we will have no use for them."

Rhoda had thrown her graceful body at length upon the lounge. Her slender feet, cased in blue *mules* with pointed toes and delicate high heels, were crossed at the instep, as she lay on her back, with her hands—ringless, except for a gold band on the marriage finger—lying lightly folded.

If she was unconscious of herself and of her loveliness, her com-

panion was not so. She sat, in the pause which had followed her last words, looking at the figure on the lounge with evident relish and appreciation. Rhoda was certainly an object lovely to look upon, and more so than ever in this moment. Those last suggestive words had fed a newly awakened appetite within her for a sort of food which she had never tasted before, and had never even hungered for. Who, until this hour, had ever spoken to her of the life to come, so as to make it seem a reality to her,—a place for hope and longing to rest upon?

"And yet," she said, eager to lead her companion on to say more, "we are generally told that youth is the precious time, the time of joy and opportunity."

"Of joy, in one sense, so it is; I do not underrate that delight which belongs to 'the wild freshness of morning;' but, looking back on all the stages of life, as I do now, age seems to me the best, except for one thing,—the thing you have already mentioned. I mean the opportunities of youth. Age has its opportunities too, but these are mostly for the benefit of others. Youth is the time for opportunities for ourselves."

She paused, and Rhoda, though reluctant to speak herself, felt that she must go on, in order to get her companion to say more. So she said,—

"Do you mean opportunities of getting pleasure for ourselves?"

"Pleasure? No, child. At my age pleasure is not one of the first considerations of life: or perhaps I should say that pleasure is not the same thing that it is to the young."

"Then what sort of opportunities do you mean?"

"Opportunities of wise selection, my child,—of choosing to do right, instead of wrong, when the right path is the hard and painful one and the wrong path easy and pleasant. These are the opportunities for one's self which settle the destinies of others,—which add to the store of light and strength in the world, by which others may see and endure. In such opportunities as this, youth is richer than age, and its influence is weightier. People say, and say naturally, that it is easy enough for the old to be self-denying and patient, when life is behind them; but when the young are willing to give up and able to endure, with life still ahead of them, the influence is far more potent, both for the good of others and for their own souls. These are the only opportunities of youth that I could wish back again," she added, with a greater earnestness. "There are some choices and decisions of my life which I would gladly undo if I could, but there are others—one or two, at least—which sweeten old age, as they will sweeten eternity, for me."

Rhoda's eyes had been fastened on her eagerly, absorbing every word with breathless interest. Her color had risen; her eyes sparkled.

"Have I talked too much, my dear?" said her companion. "You look as if you might be feverish. Suppose I go now and let you rest."

"Oh, no, no," said Rhoda, insistently. "Stay with me and talk to me. No one has ever spoken to me like this, in all my life. If you would have great patience with me and show me how, I might be different from what I am. I might be a good woman myself, and

help others. And, oh, when I hear you talk, it makes me feel that I should like to be."

These words and tones awakened in Mrs. Fraser a wonder which it cost her an effort to conceal. She was careful, though, to do nothing which might check Rhoda's freeness of speech, and so, taking one of her smoothly modelled, firm young hands into hers, she stroked it gently, saying, with great tenderness,—

"You have never had a mother before, my poor dear child; but you've got a mother now."

In an instant Rhoda had sprung upright, and had thrown her arms around the other's thin and wasted form.

"Oh, be my mother! Take me for your child!" she cried. "I want to be good. I want to do right, but I have been cruel, selfish, wicked; and I can never be any better, unless you show me how, and love me, and believe in me, and help me to believe in myself."

The arms around her quivering young body were weak and frail, but they held her close, and kisses of warm tenderness fell thick on hair and eyes and cheeks.

"Tell me what this trouble is, my child," the old woman said. "It cannot be anything that can make me feel that you are other than my child, as long as you come to me for help and guidance. Don't be afraid to tell me, no matter what it may be."

She spoke with great solemnity, for she felt that the moment was an important one. She had invited a confession from her son's wife, and had promised to take the part of a mother to her, but all her heart was roused to fear, as she waited to hear what this confession might be.

"One question first, my child," she said, her lips close to the bent head that leaned against her. "Could you not take this trouble to your husband? Would it not be better to speak of it first to him?"

"Oh, I couldn't! I never, never could!" she cried. "He is the last person in all the world to whom I could speak of it."

"Then tell it freely and fully to me, and I will help you," was the strong response. The mother-heart was full of love, but it was full of justice too, and if Duncan, as she half divined, had neglected his young wife and failed to take her sorrows and perplexities and make them his own, putting his work before his duty as a husband, no one could be more ready to judge and to condemn him for it than was his own mother.

In spite of those words of loving encouragement, Rhoda remained silent. She clung about the older woman's neck, as a child might have done who was conscious of some wrong and was ashamed to show its face.

"You will be good to me?" she whispered. "You will forgive me, and try to help me? It will seem, to you of all the women in the world, a most dreadful thing that I have done."

At these words the older woman felt the strong heart within her contract, but she answered promptly and most tenderly,—

"Speak to me freely and without fear, my daughter. I will be to you all that your own mother could be now, God helping me."

"It is because of that great and wonderful mother-feeling in you,"



Rhoda said, "that I dare to speak to you now, and yet, for that very reason, you will see and feel my wrong-doing as no one else on earth could. I am going to tell you, though, and you will help me. You have already helped me to see more plainly something that has been glimmering before my eyes for weeks now; but I could not get any help until I thought of you. When I came to you I did not think I would tell you this thing,—only try to get some help and some direction, without that; but you are better and dearer than I thought, and I feel that I must tell you, and perhaps, cruel and wrong as I have been, you will forgive me and help me."

"I will indeed, my child. Try to feel as if I were your real mother, who cared for you as a baby, when you were a poor, helpless little thing——"

"Don't! don't!" cried Rhoda. "You are making it harder and harder for me. I do not understand that mother-love. I am too cold and hard and unnatural; but oh,—though you do not know it, though I have forgotten it myself and fought against the memory of it,—I am a mother too."

Even in that crucial instant, Mrs. Fraser felt, piercing the consciousness of her horror and pain, a satisfaction in the fact that her face was hidden from her companion. It was some seconds before she could reply, and then her voice was calm and tender, as she said,—

"Tell me about it. Tell me the worst there is to tell."

"I am a mother," Rhoda repeated, her face still hid against the other's breast, "though a neglectful and unnatural one. My child is five years old, and I have never seen its face but once."

"Five years! Does Duncan know?"

"He did know once. Whether he knows now that it is living, I cannot say. He knew of its birth, and he knew its father. It was with the full knowledge of both of these that he asked me to marry him. I have practised no deception on him."

For the second time her companion had occasion to be glad that her face was concealed, but this time it was a look of relief from a horrible fear, which she would have shrunk from having seen.

"Tell me. Speak freely to me, my child," she said; and, so encouraged, Rhoda went on:

"They have never told you, then, that during my first marriage a child was born,—a girl. For many days they would not let me see it, and I felt the reason why. When, at last, it could be kept from me no longer, I looked. Oh, poor little horrible thing!" She broke off, clinging closer to that sweet old figure, and speaking through blinding tears. "Something, I don't know what, has waked a new feeling for my child in my heart, and every moment that I am with you that feeling deepens. I can pity it now, but until now I have never had anything but loathing for it."

"It was deformed, poor baby?" said the other, gently.

"Yes, deformed in body, with no hope of being anything but imbecile in mind, the doctors said. They told me what to do with it, and I was glad to take their advice. It was sent to an asylum, and I

have never seen it since. I have tried not to think of it, and at first I succeeded, though at times the thought that it was mine, that I was responsible for its miserable existence, would trouble me, but always I shook it off. Lately I cannot do this. The thought of it haunts me, and, oh, at last a change has come to my hard heart, and I do not want to forget. I want to do my duty by my child. I am its mother. Perhaps they let it suffer at that place, and I could save it that, at least. Now that my conscience and my heart have waked at last, you will help me to do right and to be a better woman, will you not? I want to,—oh, I want it intensely,—but I don't know how."

"You will know now, my dear daughter. The will that is aroused within you will point the way. Thank God, we can throw the past behind us, when we set our feet in the right path, and what you have it in your power to do now will be a full atonement to God and to your own soul. The thing that you have done would not be called wicked or cruel by the world; but if it seems so to you, you must make haste to change it. What is it that you want now to do?"

"It is not what I want, for I shrink from it even yet. It is what I must do. I must take that poor little creature home and keep it near me, and see that everything which care and thought can do to help its poor life is done. I have sent a doctor at regular intervals to visit it and make me a report, and he always tells me that everything is being done, but that the case is quite hopeless, as there is absolutely no intelligence to work upon. He says only its physical comfort can be ministered to, and that, surely, I can do as well as others,—for I am its mother. I have known that fact and acknowledged it, of course, but it is only lately that I can feel it, and with it I feel the sense of being so selfish, so cruel, so wicked. You forgive me, though, don't you, and care for me in spite of it, and you will be kind to me and love me and hold me up in what I am going to do?"

"That I will, my darling!"

When had poor Rhoda heard this word applied to her before? Probably never. At the sound of it her heart melted, and, clinging closer yet to the old woman's neck, she burst into violent sobbing.

Mrs. Fraser made no effort to check those sobs and tears, but let the paroxysm spend itself upon her breast, patting her gently, smoothing her hair, and speaking loving words to her. At last she tenderly laid the poor tired head back upon the pillow, and, taking her own handkerchief, wiped the tear-drenched face and kissed the weary eyes. The lids had softly dropped and covered them, and Rhoda felt that it would be sweet to keep them forever closed to this sad life, and to pass away from this weary world with such precious words and tones to comfort her poor starved heart.

Fearing that she had fainted, Mrs. Fraser went to the dressing-table, and, bringing cologne, gently mopped and stroked the hot temples. Presently Rhoda opened her eyes with a smile.

"Oh, how good you are!—how good!" she said. "I am very miserable, and yet I'm happy too."

"You can be happy within, my darling, no matter how miserable you are without. Do your duty, in the highest way that your soul

perceives it, and help the hard lives of others, and you will have a joy that nothing can take away from you."

"And oh," said Rhoda, fervently, "there is one thought that will be forever a joy to me. It is that just when my child finds its mother, I have found mine."

"Then you must learn to call her by her name. I want to hear you say it."

"Mother," said Rhoda, in a voice of low-toned fervor; "God bless you, mother!"

It was the first time that such words had ever crossed her lips. A stirring of the love of God had come to her heart with its first wakening to the love of man.

"That word spoken between us," Mrs. Fraser said, solemnly, "makes you my child indeed, and I am going to speak to you as my own child, and ask you this question. Why have you not talked these things over with your husband?"

At these words Rhoda's face grew suddenly tense and grave. There was no expression of child-like appeal in it now, but a look of conscious strength, as she said,—

"Not even to you, my own mother, can I quite tell that. You will not misunderstand or think it any lack of confidence or love, will you?"

"No, no, child,—indeed no! Only, if Duncan, who ought to be your friend, your guide, your counsellor, has failed in his duty to you here, the person to point it out to him is his mother."

"He has not failed. He has been blameless in it all. He has fulfilled every obligation that could possibly be his. You must take my word for this. Oh, mother dear, my own sweet mother, all of a woman's heart cannot be bared to any one, not even to the mother whom she loves. One promise you must make me, and keep, as your sacred word of honor. It is that as to what lies between your son and me you will not interfere. I am bound to say this to you, and I must say it once for all, as I cannot bear to speak of it again. He has been and he is all that he ought to be to me. There is no obligation to me that he has ever left unfulfilled. You must take my word for that. If our relations to each other do not exactly accord with your ideas of marriage, you must remember the difference in human characters and lives and lots. Even your gentle hand, my mother, must not be laid upon this place. I want you to understand how solemnly I mean this. Remember that you have my word for it that in his relations to me he is all that I ask, all that he ought to be. You will respect my wish about this, mother, will you not?"

"Yes, Rhoda, yes. I have always held that it was wrong and impious for others, no matter how near the ties of love or kinship, to intrude upon the sacred ground of marriage,—particularly when their counsel is not asked. But you must make me a promise also, my dear. If you ever feel differently,—if the day ever comes that you want help or advice,—I want you to promise to come for it to your husband's mother. You will do this?"

"I promise it, if that day should ever come; but you must not

make yourself anxious and unhappy without cause. Try to believe me that all is right,—that I have nothing to complain of in your son,—that he has faithfully and fully discharged his every obligation to me. And now you agree with me—do you not?—that we will not speak of this again.”

She had perfectly recovered her composure and self-control, and the conversation ended here, with feelings of confidence and affection in both the old heart and the young.

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## IX.

The habit of reserve was so confirmed in Rhoda that after that one full and open talk with Mrs. Fraser she relapsed more or less into her former manner, though it was tinged now with the softening influence of affection and confidence. She was reticent both by nature and habit, and only some great inward upheaval, such as the one which had just taken place, could shake her out of that state. This, added to the fact that Mrs. Fraser was a person of quick intuitions and great tact, made it seem natural, after that one talk, that they should fall into a more formal attitude toward each other. Indeed, they both felt this to be inevitable, for free and unrestricted confidence between them was impossible without entering into the question which they had agreed to avoid. As to that question Mrs. Fraser had many and deep misgivings, but she had given her promise not to interfere, and the wisdom of that pledge she could not doubt.

That evening Rhoda came down so charmingly dressed—though it was a simple costume, suitable to a dinner in the country—that the old lady walked all around her, praising the fit, the color, the style of it, and thanking her for taking the trouble to dress herself so beautifully when there was just one old woman to see and admire her.

“Oh, I don’t deserve any credit,” Rhoda said. “It amuses and interests me to wear pretty things. I do it for my own sake more than any other.”

She seemed unconscious of the admission made by these words, but it had not escaped her companion, though she made no comment.

After dinner Mrs. Fraser led the way into the drawing-room, and, opening the piano, asked Rhoda for some music.

“How did you know that I could play?” said Rhoda. “I didn’t think any one knew it.”

Here was another admission.

“It seems to me natural that you should,” was the answer, “and I love music so that I suppose the wish fathered the thought.”

“I took lessons long ago, and had some talent for it, I suppose, but I never played as people must play to be listened to nowadays: so I never attempt it. Lately, however, I have been practising when I knew that no one was within hearing: so perhaps I can give you a little pleasure. I hope so.”

The piano was near an open window which gave a view of the

moonlit lawn and flower-beds. An odor of mignonette was wafted in, and Rhoda felt the atmosphere, both within and without, to be full of peace and calm. A little of the same feeling had crept into her heart and expressed itself in the music that she played.

There was no doubt that she played to a sympathetic and delighted audience. Mrs. Fraser's vivid and expressive face glowed with a fine feeling, and she made Rhoda play on and on, until at last her hands were exhausted, though her spirit was refreshed, as it had not been for many a day, by the subtle stimulant of giving pleasure. This was a thing of which Rhoda as yet knew but little.

"How sweet it is to play to you!" she said, as she came and seated herself on the lounge beside the old lady, who sat erect in one corner of it. "I am not much of a musician, but I see that I can play enough to give you pleasure, and that is a rare pleasure to me."

Another admission!

"Now you must play for me," said Rhoda. "I have heard your son say that you have never given up your music, and that to this day it is the sweetest in the world to him."

At these words the old lady gave a little grunt, which might have been construed into a protest of indignation; but if Rhoda heard it she did not take in its meaning, as her eyes followed the slight figure to the piano.

It was delightful to hear Mrs. Fraser play, and it was almost more so to watch her as she played. Of her *répertoire* she had retained only a few old melodies, which she knew literally by heart, and these she played with admirable spirit and sentiment. She had an unconscious habit of emphasizing with her head, so that when her fingers struck an emphatic chord she hit it off also with a nod, and when the tune was slow and wistful her head swayed tenderly to and fro, and her eyes grew dreamy. Who could fail to feel music so profoundly felt by its performer? Rhoda was infinitely charmed by it and by her, and said, as she ceased playing and returned to her place on the lounge,—

"I must have you in New York, mother; or, rather, New York must have you. What a social success you would be! I think the world, in all its great centres, is getting very impatient of the commonplace, and must have intrinsic character of some sort in those whom it takes for its favorites. It is commonplace itself to a degree that would soon weary you; but I fancy, if you could be seen and heard at the piano, dressed in that cap and kerchief, playing 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,' with just that expression in your music and in your face, you would become a popular darling on the spot; that is, if you would not too much despise the frivolities and worldliness by which you would find yourself surrounded."

"Despise them, my child? No, no!" said the old lady. "I never have that impulse. Who could feel anything but pity for the poor beings who have not the glorious goal of a happy eternity to look forward to? To those who have only this poor life to enjoy, with its paltry results, I feel a sort of tenderness when I see them trying to do the best they can to get something out of their little steam-yachts,

and houses at Newport, and fine carriages and diamonds and clothes. Poor things!—it always touches me, and I think it's really sweet of them to care so much for those little trifles."

Rhoda smiled, with a bright interest, at these words.

"But, for my own part," the old lady went on, "I have done with the world, in that sense. This old place is my world now, and it is enough. I have my flowers and my dairy and my garden. My servants, too, are like a family, and I am personally interested in each one, and in my neighbors. Then I have my charity work, and then my books,—old favorites which I read over and over. Better than all, I have my memories of the past and my hopes of the future and reunion with my husband and children. I have my dear son, too, to think about,—and now my dear daughter, also."

Rhoda thanked her with a look of love.

"It must be hard for you to be so much separated from your son," she said.

"No, dear; I feel that I have him, in the best sense, when I know that he is doing well, and developing the great gifts which God has committed to his trust, and living the life that affords the richest opportunities. I can satisfy myself with happy thoughts of him, and enjoy him far more than if I kept him here to the hinderance of his career, or followed him about, to be a burden to him. I know he loves me,—all his life has been a proof of that,—so I am satisfied and happy to have him away from me a great deal. The old should help the young all they can, and burden them as little. Youth is the time of struggle, when spiritual need is strongest upon men and women. The physical needs of age are infinitely less important."

"You are very wonderful, dear mother," Rhoda said. "I am not surprised that your son reverences you as he does. But you were speaking about books," she went on, as if willing to make a diversion. "What are your favorites?"

"I have few favorites, my dear, but those are as true and tried as any friends could be. They are all old-fashioned. Young's 'Night Thoughts' is one of them, Homer's 'Iliad' is another, and, for novels, my favorite is 'Jane Eyre.'"

"'Jane Eyre'? I must read it," said Rhoda, interested.

"My child, have you never read 'Jane Eyre'?" said the old lady, her face and voice expressive of the deepest wonder and protest, not untinged with commiseration.

"Never," said Rhoda, apologetically. "Of course I know what a fine novel it is considered. I will get it at once."

"It is much more than a fine novel. It is also as magnificent a code of morals as I have ever known. There are people who have pronounced 'Jane Eyre' an evil book. Heaven pity them, I say! I have never in fiction or reality seen so difficult a choice of right and wrong put before any one as there is in 'Jane Eyre,' never such inducement and temptation to choose the wrong and reject the right; but little Jane, unaided except by the voice within her soul, made the true choice against odds so gigantic as cannot often come in the way of a human being. There are few Rochesters, either in reality or imagina-



tion, and few such siren-like utterances as those by which he tried to beguile Jane from the way she saw to be the right one."

Rhoda listened with deep interest, and also with a tinge of amusement. She had in her mind, from different sources, an idea of the sort of man that Rochester was, and it amazed her to see in this little, quaint, correct old lady his eloquent admirer and eulogist.

"I must read the book at once," she said. "I feel impatient to begin."

"Perhaps you would not mind my reading some of my favorite scenes aloud to you," suggested her companion, almost as if she were asking a favor.

"I should be perfectly delighted; only I fear it would be too great a tax upon you."

"Oh, I love to read aloud. It never tires me, and certainly I am not likely to break down on 'Jane Eyre.' Suppose we go to my sitting-room now, where I am most at my ease, and let me read a little of it to-night."

Rhoda agreeing willingly, they were soon seated by a shaded lamp, Mrs. Fraser upright in a high-backed arm-chair, her spectacles and a well-worn volume in her hand. Rhoda noticed, for the first time, that there was a faint pink glow under one side of her white kerchief, and had the curiosity to ask her, before beginning, to tell her what it was.

"It is a damask rose, my dear," the old lady said. "I have always loved them, for their color and their odor, and I have most tender associations for them, connected with my husband. When I was young, I used to wear them in my hair. I am too old to deck myself with roses now, but I constantly put them there, out of sight, because I love the smell and I love to have them about me. There is a sort of companionship in it. But now for my dear book," she said, with a change of tone. "I shall give you a copy of 'Jane Eyre,' and I expect it to be a great pleasure to you, and a great benefit as well. All people do not see that book as I do, but I imagine that you will. I once gave a serious shock to a very good man—a minister—by telling him that if I had to start my children forth in the journey of life with but two books, those books would be 'Jane Eyre' and the Bible."

With this emphatic enunciation, Mrs. Fraser put on her delicate gold-rimmed spectacles and began turning the pages of the book.

"I am not going to read the first part," she said, "though I hate to skip a single word. It is all absorbingly interesting, even the part about her residence with her stupid and cruel aunt and cousins, and her life at a charity school. You will read all that for yourself. I shall begin with her meeting with Mr. Rochester. She had been employed, you possibly know, as governess for his ward. Now bear it in mind that Jane was a highly intelligent and sensitive creature, who had never in her life had any companionship with an equal in mind and feeling. Judge, then, what a vital pleasure it must have been to her to encounter a man so original and independent in his intellect and so acute in his feelings as Rochester was, with all his faults and eccentricities."

With this preamble, she adjusted her spectacles, cleared her throat, and, with a look of the keenest interest and attention, began to read.

For a while Rhoda's interest in the reader almost eclipsed her interest in the story. It was as delightful to see Mrs. Fraser read as it was to see her play. She had the same habit of emphasizing with her head, now to the right and now to the left, and when any sentiment called for special accentuation she nodded emphatically on the important words. Her perfect delight in the quick *rapprochement* which sprang up between Jane and Mr. Rochester, through the commonplaces of their first interview, animated her face with a radiance of which she was all unconscious.

But very soon the story itself caught Rhoda's attention and enchained her interest, and as her companion read on, skipping the less important scenes to hurry to her favorite ones, Rhoda's absorption became equal to her own. The humor of the situations was twice as charming, with that sympathetic rendering of every word and phrase, and occasionally, at some well-relished speech, the old lady would nod her head and emphasize her words in a way that would seem to make the story live before one. For instance, when Rochester parleys with himself as to whether he shall admit to his bosom, or banish, the thought of Jane, and then spreads his arms and says, "Here, come in, bonny wanderer!" the old lady's eyes scintillated with appreciation and enjoyment. And when, further on, in his arguments with Jane not to leave him, he says, "Now for the hitch in Jane's character!" she paused and looked at Rhoda, that she might give her a moment to dwell upon the delightfulness of this. And when, near the end, Rochester says, "Jane suits me: do I suit her?" and Jane answers, "To the finest fibre of my nature," her sweet old face was positively aglow with satisfaction and delight.

It was a wonderful experience for Rhoda, in more ways than one. It admitted her, for the first time in her life, to an intimate companionship with a being who could give her both the intellectual stimulus which she had heretofore lacked and the greater boon of affection and sympathy for want of which her life had been more arid still.

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X.

Rhoda's visit was a short one. Full of new impulses and inspirations as it had been, she felt no wish to prolong it, but returned to town on the day she had appointed.

Mrs. Fraser, though she would gladly have prolonged what had been so great a pleasure to herself, did not urge her to stay. She and Rhoda understood each other. She knew that the young mother so recently aroused to a sense of her duty would have no rest until she had put her new resolutions into effect, and her own sense of motherhood made a strong appeal for this brilliant, beautiful young creature in her first timid yearnings for the nobler life and the higher ends of which she had had no vision until now.

The parting between the two women was full of a deep, unspoken emotion. When Rhoda, equipped for her journey to the last delicate detail, put her arms about the frail little figure of the elder woman and drew her close, there was promise as well as confidence in the embrace, and her companion felt it.

"Remember this, my child," said the old lady: "I am not useless and superannuated yet. If you should ever want me, I am not only willing but fully able to come to you at any time and for any service, though I am anxious to keep quiet as long as I am not wanted. Remember also that the old place is always here and I am in it, and that it is yours as well as mine. It may occur to you some time that you would like to come here with your child, for a little change, where the eyes of strangers would not be upon you. If so, remember that your child is my grandchild, whether the tie of blood exists or not."

With these sweet words in her ears, and their loving echo in her heart, Rhoda drove away, leaving the old lady standing on the steps in the sunshine, waving her hand with a smile of encouragement that was strength for her heart to lean upon. The last detail that she noticed was the pink spot of color under the transparent muslin kerchief.

Rhoda's heart had opened like a bud in sunshine, under the precious influences of this visit, but as she took her seat with her maid in the cars the very sight of the people about her seemed to have its influence to congeal these tender streams of feeling at their source.

At a certain junction on the road the train stopped to wait for a connection. Rhoda, feeling an inexplicable sense of withdrawal from the people about her in the Pullman car,—prosperous travellers, hurrying over the earth from crowded city to crowded city,—turned away from this sight and looked out of the window. As she did so, the expected train came in, and the palpitating, gasping engine had come to a halt just on the opposite side of the platform from where her car had stopped. A woman, carrying a child, had been waiting for the coming of this train, and Rhoda saw her now hurrying eagerly up the long platform to the engine. The weight of her burden, together with her rapid movement, made her pant. She was laughing, too, and talking to the child with a breathless animation. Her broad face, covered with freckles, was hotly flushed, and beads of perspiration stood in half-circles under her light blue eyes. A more absolute specimen of physical discomfort, as she hustled along with the child, Rhoda thought she had never seen, and yet she looked completely happy, even joyous, at some anticipation ahead of her.

"Yonder's papa! Papa sees us," Rhoda heard her saying to the child, with giggles of delight. "Kiss hand to papa!"

Following the direction of the woman's eyes, Rhoda now saw a strapping young fellow, in coarse blue overalls smeared with smut and grease, who had just sprung down from the engine, leaving the iron monster throbbing and hissing on the track. The woman came bustling up to him, with a hasty salutation of "Hello, Tom!" and then they both fixed their eyes on the small, wabbling figure of the child, which she had set upon its feet on the platform. Mother and baby were

evidently in their gala attire. The former wore a pink cotton dress bristling with starched ruffles, and a hat with crude pink roses in it which bobbed about at the top of long wire stems. The baby was in white, though it was the sort of white that rather suggested wrapping-paper than the soft material suitable for a child's tender body. Its little snub nose was red from sunburn, and the stiffened lace of its cap-trimmings, from the border of which the perspiration was streaming, looked almost as if it might have been a premeditated instrument of torture. And yet the child also looked happy, and gurgled and grinned at the sight of its father. The latter, it was evident, felt himself unfit for any near association with these brilliant beings. He fell on his smoke-stained knees before the baby, and, as it bent forward to obey its mother's behest to "kiss papa," he lurched his great, strong body backward, holding himself off as far as possible, while he allowed only his lips to come in contact with the child. His face was smeared with smut, his great hands were black and greasy. He received the child's kiss almost humbly. One might have said that he felt himself scarcely worthy of it. "She grows, don't she?" he said bashfully to the mother, who answered laconically, "She do grow," which seemed to be all they found to say to each other. In another instant the conductor called out, "All aboard," and the young engineer sprang to his feet and with a strong, light leap had regained his position on the engine and laid hold upon the throttle with his left hand. The next instant the iron beast began to push forward, and as it glided away Rhoda could see its master, as long as he remained in sight, leaning from the little window and waving his grimy right hand to the baby, while with his other hand he kept a calm control of the great machine.

Her own train whistled, and she was borne away, but the remembrance of that little scene remained with her. What a thing affection was! How it glorified the commonest lot!—and how bereaved was the most brilliant lot without it!

Her handsome carriage, when it met her at the station, seemed to her a sort of luxuriously constructed trap set to imprison her, and her magnificent house, when she presently entered it, seemed a great jail.

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## XI.

Rhoda was informed on her arrival that Mr. Fraser was at Brockett and would not be back until time to dress for an engagement which would occupy him for the evening.

It was rather a relief to her. She wanted some time to herself, to look the present hour in the face. She realized profoundly that her life was changed, but it was her wish that no such change should be apparent to Fraser.

There was a deep root to that change, which even her dear new mother did not know of, and of which she could not think, alone in her own soul, without feeling her cheeks grow hot. She would not

think of it. She would put her foot upon the thought, as often as it arose, and perhaps, thus fought with and discouraged, it might die and cease to trouble her.

She spent the afternoon alone, thinking and planning as to her future and trying to brace herself to bear bravely the poignant mortifications and wounds which she knew it involved. The worst thing which she had to fight was the physical and mental repulsion which she felt for the object toward whom her awakened soul and conscience were impelling her. She knew that she had the power to overcome this, and foresaw that she should overcome it, but all the same she shrank, in body and in spirit.

She had ordered dinner to be served to her in her own rooms, and she was sitting there, in one of the soft loose gowns which draped her statuesque figure so becomingly, when there came a tap at the door.

"Come in," she said, and Fraser entered, leaving the door open behind him.

He was dressed for dinner, and was looking unusually well and animated. Rhoda's heart beat quicker, for all her calm and guarded face.

"How are you, Rhoda?" he said. "And how did you leave my mother?"

He did not so much as offer his hand, but this she had not expected. There was a perfect understanding between them, and the tacit laws which they had made for their intercourse seemed to be the same in the minds of each.

"She is very well, and sent you a great deal of love," said Rhoda, in a perfectly conventional manner and tone.

"And how did you like the old place? I hope you found it sympathetic. My mother would be sure to find it out if you did not."

"She could not have failed to see that I was pleased with it," said Rhoda, "and I think it gave her pleasure."

She had meant to take this opportunity, when there was press of time, to tell him what she had decided to do about the child. The tersely worded sentences were already prepared, but somehow they refused to be uttered. He looked so buoyant, so of the prosperous and happy world, which resents the intrusion of such horrible ideas as the one which she had to suggest, that she could not bring herself to speak of it. So she let the chance go by, and in another moment he had bidden her a polite good-evening and was gone.

Left alone, she turned over once more in her mind the thought of writing him what she had to say. But she shrank from that as cowardly. She did not want him to think that she could not look him in the face while she spoke of a thing which would necessarily bring up the thought of her former marriage, and Rhoda had now a different light upon that subject from the one she had had of old,—a light, alas, which she felt was more nearly the one by which he had seen it.

Poor Rhoda! It seemed to her that her soul's growth and her mind's development—two things which she could not be unconscious of—had their strongest effect in showing her that marriage in colors so dark

and hideous that she turned from the memory of it now with a deeper and more intolerable aversion than the fact itself had given rise to. After the first step, the development of her spirit had been rapid, and every day and hour she saw more clearly what the world—the polite and politic world which smiled upon her and flattered her—must have said of such a marriage as the one she had made.

And if the world had sneered and scorned, what must have been the thoughts of the man who had put himself in the position of her husband before that world? How vitally he must have wanted money! How infinitely important must his career have been to him, to force him to endure even the appearance of such a union!

But it was all past and over now. People soon forget, and she felt a consciousness that a thing so completely out of sight as her first marriage was fast going out of mind also. In this reflection lay her strongest temptation. The world might forget and overlook her first marriage. More than this, Fraser himself might gradually come to do so, if she did not, by her own act, recall an evidence of it which must impress it anew upon the consciousness of all.

For a moment the thought of the portentous result of the step she had determined upon shook her purpose, but for a moment only. She was feeling that strange and imperious demand, the necessity of virtue. It had been late in asserting its claim upon her life, but it was therefore the more compelling. Yes, she must do this thing. The voice of her soul had uttered a fiat which she could not disobey. But oh, if the consequences of it could only fall upon herself alone! She was willing to bear them. She was almost eager for the sweet sense of atonement which she trusted they would bring, but she shrank from recalling such a consciousness to the mind of the man whom she had married. It seemed somehow an outrage to him. Well, this too might be a part of her atonement, and certainly it was bitter enough.

What a long and lonely evening she spent, while Fraser was off at his dinner, enjoying the agreeable talk and the well-cooked dishes! How jaded and wearied out she felt when he came in animated and refreshed!

She heard him come, and, summoning all her courage, went down to the library to speak to him.

He had taken up the evening paper, but he laid it by and rose to receive her, looking a little surprised, but also—or so she imagined—a little as if he were pleased to see her. She had often seen such a look on his face lately, and it had come to be a great deal to her. Was she about to banish it forever? It had taken years to make it come spontaneously at the sight of her, but there it was now, a look she had grown used to seeing on that face. She attributed it wholly to her interest and coöperation in his work, but it was infinitely much to her, from whatever cause it had come.

"Is that you, Rhoda?" he said, and surely she was not wrong in fancying a ring of welcome in his voice. "I'm glad you came down. You'll be pleased to know how well things are going at the laboratory. I've been quite lost without your interest and sympathy in it all."

These words were sweet to Rhoda,—too sweet, alas! Again she



felt her ~~purpose~~ shaken and had to muster her forces and make her resolution anew. She felt that she must act quickly. This ordeal must end.

"I am so glad," she said. "No one could care about it as I do, whether it makes you the fame and fortune that I expect or not. But there is something else that I must speak to you of to-night. I have been waiting up on purpose."

He saw that she was very pale, and a look of kind sympathy came into his face.

"Does my cigar distress you? You look pale," he said; and when she nodded, he tossed it away.

"I will draw back the curtain: the room is warm," he said.

Never before had she objected to his cigar or to any act or habit of his, but now she felt half stifled and was grateful for the fresh air.

As he turned from the window and came toward her, the tense whiteness of her face struck him anew. She was beautiful in her simple white gown, with her dark hair roughened into curliness, and there was a new look of timidity in her, which made a strong appeal to him. Her brief absence had caused him a half-unconscious sense of lack and loss, and he felt it to be very pleasant to have her back.

"You look tired and ill," he said, again, pushing a deep chair toward her. "Sit down, dear."

It was the first caressing word that he had ever said to her, and its sweetness pierced her heart. It was well the chair was near to receive her, for her knees felt weak from that wave of feeling which swept over her.

She sank back without speaking, and Fraser, as if recollecting himself, crossed the room on some pretext and did not immediately return. In this way she had a moment to recover herself. She knew that he had not meant to say that word to her, and its very spontaneousness made it the precious thing it was. The swift vision of a bewildering possibility flashed across her brain, and with it came the dread alternative of doing what she had come here determined to do. One was the path of delight and comfort, the other was the path of denial and pain, but she could not hesitate for long. The worst part of her sense of the contempt in which she was tacitly held by this man and by the world was the feeling that it was deserved. She had advanced far enough along the upward path of spirituality to make it more important to her to deserve love than to have it. What she suffered from most keenly was the consciousness of never having had real respect from those who treated her with a kind of deference,—particularly from Fraser. That was infinitely more important to her than the other thing for which her heart had cried out for one instant,—a cry which had now been stifled.

"Mr. Fraser," she said, drawing herself upright, and speaking in a strong and steady voice.

It seemed as if Fraser too needed to pull himself together at this somewhat imperious summons. It roused him, apparently, from some influence of abstraction and preoccupation. He turned suddenly and crossed the room, seating himself before her.

Her whole manner had changed. She was now cold and absolutely self-possessed. Could it be, he wondered, that she resented the word he had used?

"I must speak to you just once," she said, "on a subject which it is necessary that you should know about. I have decided to bring my child home and to keep it with me for the future."

The man's face whitened. He started perceptibly, and drew backward from her. It was a slight movement, but it expressed a sense of revulsion which sent a pang of agony through all her nerves and seemed to make them harden into steel. He got up from his place and walked away from her. She felt that he was experiencing a sense of shame for her which would not suffer him to look her in the face. This conviction stung her pride. She stood up also, and said, in a voice cold to curtness,—

"I suppose you do not object. Of course I shall take pains that you shall see and hear nothing. I shall have some third-story rooms made ready, and these, with the long verandas there, will be all the space required. The utmost care will be taken to spare you all annoyance, and this subject need not be referred to again."

She was about to leave the room, but he stopped her.

"Wait," he said, a certain difficulty of utterance apparent in his voice. "I should like to speak to you. You well know that I should never think of exercising any restriction upon you, in any way. You are free to do, in all things, as you choose; but why do you do this thing?"

She looked at him coolly. There was the expression of a concealed smile on her face. Evidently it would be impossible for him to attribute her real motive to such a woman as he conceived her to be.

"Because I wish to do it," she said, with an inflection of pride in her voice.

"That is enough for me, of course; but I venture to suggest that you are making a mistake. Much better care can be given to such cases in institutions which exist for the purpose and make a special study and science of it."

Rhoda could see that he was conquering an intense repugnance, even in speaking at all.

"I shall see that the best possible care is secured in this house," she said. "Nurses and medical attention will be provided. I have satisfied myself that there is no hope of improvement in this case, and I have come to feel—rather late, perhaps—that I must have my child under the roof with me and attend personally to its care."

Fraser was white to the lips, as he stood facing her, and spoke still with that manner of difficult compulsion.

"Have you visited it recently?" he asked. "Do you know its condition?"

"I know its condition, though I have not visited it,—a confession which I ought to be ashamed to make. Thank God, I am ashamed! It is for that reason that I am trying to repair the past."

"I would advise you to guard against rashness and sentimental

feeling. Are you not letting a mere emotion control your conduct now?"

She looked at him from under half-lowered lids. There was some resentment mingled with the coldness of her glance.

"I am not, as a rule, emotional, I think," she said, quietly, "and there could not be a more proper object for feeling than my own child."

As she forced these words, she felt herself wince inwardly, even as she saw him wince outwardly and visibly. It was a look of positive horror which her last words had called up on his face.

"You must do as you like," he said, coldly, "but it is impossible for me to understand why you should wish to do a thing so painful and so useless."

"I do not ask you to understand. I did not expect that you would. I only asked you to agree. Since you have done so, we need say no more."

She made a movement to leave him, but a sudden idea came to him, and he stopped her, saying, hastily,—

"I suppose it is my mother who has put this idea into your head. If so——"

"You are wrong," she answered. "Does it seem to you impossible that a prompting of duty could come to me from my own heart? I suppose it does seem so, and I cannot wonder; but this at least I can say: your mother had nothing to do with it. She did not even know of the existence of that poor being for whose wretched life I am responsible. It has been forgotten by every one."

"Yes, yes, it is forgotten!" he said, eagerly. "Why should you bring it back from the dead? You can do it no good, and do yourself only harm."

Rhoda heard him with a sense of pain that was quite new to her. It was the first time that she had ever for one instant felt him below her, and she had a feeling for him that cried out in protest against that.

"Your mother did not suggest this thing to me," she said. "It came from my own heart, so long debased and dead. But your mother knows of it and approves it. She has given me her sympathy and support in doing it. She was very kind to me, and treated me with a love and trust that I have never known before. If I had had a mother, and she had been like this one, I could have been a better woman. I might even have been a good and noble one, helping other women by my life and my example, as she is doing, instead of lowering and dragging down every sacred ideal of woman, as I have done."

A dark flush spread over her face, and her voice trembled. Her figure, in spite of its strong young erectness, trembled also, and with an impetuous motion she swept past him and left the room.

When she was gone, he stood some seconds in his place and looked after her with wide, disturbed, uncomprehending eyes. He saw her beautiful young figure, with its smooth stride and severe drapery, turn, at the head of the stairs, toward her own apartments and disappear from sight.

Throwing himself into a chair, he buried his face in his hands and groaned.

## XII.

Several months had passed, and Rhoda's plan, put into prompt execution, had now entered into the scheme of her daily life and become an important element in her actions and her consciousness. Fully prepared though she had been, the sight of the poor afflicted mindless being whose existence in this sad world she felt to be her bitter responsibility had been a terrific blow to her, and as time went on, it did not seem to soften. The years which had passed since the birth of this child had been significant ones to Rhoda and wrought in her a wonderful development. Her interest in Fraser's work and her desire to enter into it with intelligence had stimulated her mind to a hitherto undreamed-of activity, and this had led the way to the development of her heart and her power of feeling. The magic touchstone which had kindled the new fire now burning in her heart was a consciousness which Rhoda scarcely owned to herself, and would have suffered death rather than have had known to any other creature.

From the day of the child's removal to her house, although it was accomplished in his absence and with all possible privacy, there had come a change in Fraser which Rhoda felt distinctly. After that one talk the subject had not been mentioned, but there had come an increased sense of distance between them. Now that it was over, Rhoda realized that there had existed a certain bond, which might almost have been likened to affection; but this was now as if it had never been. Indeed, so altered was he toward her that she had been forced into a totally changed attitude toward his work. He did not seem to wish to talk of it to her, or to take her into it, as he had formerly done, and, perceiving this disinclination on his part, she withdrew into herself, and never now mentioned the subject to him unless he broached it first. Once he had objected, on account of the heat, to her going to Brockett, but when the cooler weather came he did not propose it, and she, thinking that she understood, silently acquiesced in all.

Rhoda, constraining herself hourly to the difficult task, spent a good deal of time with the child. It slept much of the time, but its waking hours were almost always accompanied by a little fretful wailing, which indicated disturbance and unrest. The nurses explained to her that this could generally be stilled by music or by any continued and decided sound. They kept small music-boxes, to play to it, but these were monotonous and discordant, and Rhoda had a small piano taken to the room.

At that piano she would play for hours, generally with the effect of quieting the child, who would lie in its wheel-bed quite near to her.

And what music Rhoda played to those dull ears! What passionate strains of longing and regret and renunciation rose in that quiet room, so far away from the decorum and social observances of the other part of the house, where entertainments were given and visitors received!

For Rhoda kept up punctiliously the duties of her social position. Fraser was an important man, whom other men sought out and were

glad to pay their tribute to, and it was both agreeable and useful to him to make his house attractive. To every detail that could further this end, Rhoda gave her attention with an assiduity that could not fail to bring success. A better organized house and more delightful dinners than hers were not known in the city.

But that was one life, and the life which she now led with the child was another. During the hours she spent with it she preferred to have no one else near, and generally sent the nurse away, for rest or exercise, with a maid within sound of the bell.

All this time her outside life was unchanged. She frequently drove in the Park with Fraser, either in her own victoria or else in his high dog-cart, where her beauty and charming costumes caused much admiration. They talked together, of course, as they drove or dined, but it was a desultory and impersonal sort of talk, and they did not often meet each other's eyes, except for the merest second. As Rhoda now looked back at those days at the laboratory, where there had been, at least on one point, sympathy and familiarity between them, she felt them to be a whole desert's space away from her present life, and she well understood the reason of it.

It was that poor creature, fretting and sleeping its useless life away up in the third story, which had made this difference between them. But for her act in taking it into her life and consciousness again, the distance that divided them would have been lessened daily. When she thought of this, however, she shook her head. She would not have it so.

The rooms in which the child was kept were far away from her own and from Fraser's apartments. They were situated far back in the third story, and had a long veranda running beside them, where the wheel-bed was often pushed up and down for the sake of the air and motion, of which the half-conscious invalid took small account. Just beneath these rooms there was a sort of workshop, which Fraser had once used for a short time for some work which it was necessary that he should do in town. The room not being needed, it was left as he had last used it, and he now and then had occasion to go to it for some purpose. There was a passage leading from his own apartments to this room, and there was a staircase on the piazza outside of it, which led to that above.

One evening Fraser went to this room, to look for some object that he wanted, and just as he was about to strike a light he was arrested by the notes of a piano up above. He stood still, waited, and listened. He loved music ardently, and this was very beautiful music which came to him now. There was a quality in it which appealed to him peculiarly. With every moment the sweetness of it seemed to deepen. The keys were struck by a hand which informed them marvellously with the feelings in the player's heart, and never had he listened to any music which seemed to him so sad.

For a long time he listened, a great agitation possessing him. Could it be Rhoda who played in that wonderful way, when he had never suspected her of any musical gift at all? It must be Rhoda. It could be no one else; but he must make sure.

Creeping silently out on the porch, he mounted the stairs with great caution and looked through the open window into the room.

Yes. There at the piano sat Rhoda, in a scant gown that draped her body close, her hair, in a long plait, hanging down her back,—her beautiful back, so straight and firm and finely modelled! He had never seen her with this girlish-looking *coiffure* before, and it made a strange appeal to him. The front of her sweet rich hair was drawn simply back from her forehead, outlining a face that, as he now scrutinized it deliberately, seemed to him far the most lovely he had ever seen, and as sad as the music that she played. As he stood there, looking at her, the admiration which the sight of her compelled was mingled with a resentment and a sense of injury which he did not understand.

Rhoda, unconscious, played on. Her appearance, so unlike the formally dressed woman of the world whom he was accustomed to see, her music, a gift so unsuspected in her, her expression, so unguardedly sad and pathetic, all seemed to put him at a great and impassable distance from her, while all three seemed to woo and draw him as no influence had ever had power to do before. Her pure profile was toward him, its chin lifted and eyes upturned to a point on the wall before her, where a picture hung. He could but dimly make the picture out, but he saw it was the figure of a woman stretched upon a cross, while a man was stooping or kneeling below.

All the time that he looked the music continued. She was playing the second nocturne of Chopin, a thing that he loved, but he had never heard it played like this before. As it went on to its exquisite ending, he seemed to be listening with more than his mere outward ears, and to hear more than merely these had ever heard before.

As the last repeated chorus came gently forth from under those light caressing fingers, he could see a little quiver at the corners of the sweet mouth. She crossed her arms upon the music-rack in front of her, and bent her head upon them. He knew that she was crying.

A sudden strong impulse seized him. He had almost moved forward, when a sound arrested him,—a harsh discordance which interrupted hideously the harmonious silence which had followed that melody. It made him wince and shrink, as with physical pain.

This sound, as he now perceived, came from the low wheel-bed on the other side of Rhoda. On this bed he could see the outline of a shapeless bulk, which filled him with an indescribable repulsion. He stood profoundly still, looking at and listening to what sight and hearing loathed.

Rhoda, startled into consciousness also, put out one hand, and, grasping the iron handle of the bed, pushed it to and fro, while her voice, still thick with tears, began to croon a gentle song. With her other hand she tried to dash away the tears, as they welled up from her heart.

It was too much for Fraser. To see her there, weeping and wretched in that companionship, was more than he could bear. A furious anger and resentment got possession of him. He turned sud-



denly, and fled back along the way he had come. The emotions that rose in his breast bewildered him almost to frenzy.

He did not stop until he had gained his own apartments, where he locked the door and remained long alone in the darkness.

At ten o'clock of that same evening he came out of his room, in evening dress, ready for a ball to which he and Rhoda had accepted invitations.

When he reached the lower floor she was already waiting for him, magnificently dressed and wearing superb jewels. Her hair was arranged in a wreath of close plaits round and round her head that made her look like a crowned queen, and her toilet, to the last detail, was finished and perfect. Her maid stood by, holding her wrap and fan.

Rhoda looked up as he came down the steps, and gave him a small cool smile. This, as he knew, was to answer for a greeting, for the benefit of the servants who stood by. The distant civility of it gave him a sense of anger.

As they drove through the streets together, both were silent. Fraser was still possessed by that blind resentment of he knew not what. And yet what reason had he to complain? The woman who had agreed to take upon her the position of his wife in the eyes of the world had faithfully performed every obligation of her position. Nothing had transpired which gave him the least ground for resentment. Why then was he angry? If she had caused him annoyance by the revelation of a deep unhappiness which he had not suspected, the fault was his for listening and prying. If she vexed him by her coldness and reserve, was not this the very attitude that he had tacitly prescribed? He knew that his anger was unreasonable, his irritation senseless, but he felt it all the same, and he felt it the more because he believed her to be quite indifferent to it.

Very often in these last two years Fraser had congratulated himself upon the wisdom of his marriage. Not only was his scientific career greatly advanced by it, but so also was his social career. Rhoda was the most beautiful woman of his acquaintance. Her manner and breeding were highly distinguished, and he was very proud of her.

Why was he not also satisfied with her? Until lately he had been so, and she had done nothing at variance with her usual behavior. The difference, then, must be in himself. But what was its root?

He asked himself the question, but he wilfully ignored the response. The spontaneous current of its suggestion was stemmed by a recollection which on every recurrence roused in him anew that frenzy of resentment. He heard again in imagination that petulant unnatural little cry, striking its discord on the music's sweet reminiscences; he saw that repulsive shape close to Rhoda's side, and knew that she had part and lot in it.

This thought was so intolerable that the nervous tension of it shook him as with a chill,—at which Rhoda asked, politely, if he felt cold, and said she was afraid he had worn too light an overcoat.

The trivialness of this suggestion goaded him still more; but what

could he do? He was a wise and able man, used to coping with difficulties and overcoming them; but here at last was one before which he stood utterly and bitterly hopeless.

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## XIII.

The growth of a certain amount of sympathy and communion between these two beings had been slow and gradual, but its interruption was sudden and swift. They met, talked, dined, drove, and went into society together as before, but they felt the division which had come between them to be definite, sharp, and positive. The *camaraderie* which had once existed on the score of Fraser's work was utterly gone now, and neither made the smallest effort to revive it. It was therefore rather a relief to Rhoda when Fraser announced that he was obliged to take a journey which would keep him away from home for several weeks.

At one time it would have seemed natural that Rhoda should go with him, but now the journey was spoken of by both of them without reference to any such possibility. Rhoda, however, put in quite an eager request that she might have his mother to spend the period of his absence with her. The evident interest which she took in this prospect irritated Fraser unaccountably, but of course he consented to her wish.

So, after a cold and casual leave-taking, he went, and his mother came.

With the arrival of Mrs. Fraser began a new and wonderful experience in Rhoda's life. Constantly to be surrounded by the tenderest care and kindness, to be believed in and encouraged in every faint good impulse that came into existence in her heart, to be respected by the being whom she revered most, was balm to the poor spirit so long a stranger to love. There was infinite comfort also in the assurance which Rhoda tacitly received that the older woman was possessed of some intuition which would protect her in every delicate reserve and sensibility of her heart. She had no fear of having her sacred secret consciousnesses spied upon by this comprehending friend. For the first time in her life, Rhoda was experiencing the luxury of sympathy, and sympathy from a woman was peculiarly sweet to her. If this sympathy was tacit and unspoken in one way, there was another in which it could be and was fully expressed, and that was with regard to the child. She insisted upon Rhoda's taking her to that sad room, and the experience, painful as it was in one way, was infinitely soothing too. It was a joy undreamed of to have that horror shared, with such courage and gentleness, by this strong, sweet woman-friend.

"Have you ever thought of this, my child," said Mrs. Fraser, after they had returned from that first sad visit, "that that little creature has never known and can never know either sorrow or sin?"

"Ah, yes, dear mother, it is true," said Rhoda. "You have given me a little comfort by that thought."

"And yet, to us who are formed with great capabilities of both suffering and sinning, these may be such noble instruments of good that I could never count any happy who lack them."

"Sorrow, yes," said Rhoda, "I begin to see that now; but sin, wrong-doing, our own evil acts, can you see any good, any compensation, any hope, in these? Oh, mother dear, if you could show me that! I cannot see it. We do wrong, and there come eternal consequences, and consequences that affect others as well as ourselves. We break our hearts with longing to undo, but it is not to be. We can only regret and suffer."

"We can do more than that. We can do our utmost to atone, and we can grow stronger and tenderer to others; and that, after all, is what the world most needs."

Rhoda looked at her with a wistful earnestness in which there was much humility.

"Oh, mother, you will help me to learn that," she said. "I have done no good in my whole life,—no good, only evil. I should like to be different. I should like to help and comfort others,—others who perhaps are more sad than I. Perhaps I can do this, if you will show me how. It would be sweet to me, mother,—almost too sweet."

Her lip trembled, as with the timid sadness of a child whose mind cannot formulate what its heart feels.

"I will give you all the help I can, my child, but it will be chiefly love. You will not need other help. The light will come to you from within, and you will know what to do and have power to do it. Believe this, my daughter. Take it as the word of a woman who has proved God."

"Mother darling," said Rhoda, with a sort of timid hesitation, as if the endearment were a thing which she felt herself almost too bold in using, "I want to be very truthful with you. I want you to love me knowing all my faults; so I must tell you that I am not as religious, I fear, as you would like me to be,—as you no doubt think that I am. I should like to tell you exactly how I feel. I feel that I would love God if I knew Him; but I don't feel that I know Him, and I have a feeling, too, that I had perhaps better not try to get near Him. He is so high, so pure, so far above. I shrink from the thought of the white light of His goodness. He intended women to be so exalted, so holy and undefiled——"

At the utterance of this last word a spasm contracted Rhoda's face, and her whole body shrank and trembled, until she dropped upon her knees and buried her face in the older woman's lap. Mrs. Fraser, as she laid her loving hands upon that beautiful bowed head, felt such a deepening of the mother-yearning in her heart that her voice was tremulous with it as she said,—

"God's ideal of women must surely be ever the holy and undefiled, but I think He meant them to become so by knowledge of both good and evil, and choice between them. Else why did He not at once make them angels? Innocence seems to us a beautiful thing, and so it is, in an angel or a child, but knowledge and victory are better. You have had that knowledge, my daughter, and it may have shown you very

terrible things, but so will the victory be the more glorious. To me it would seem a lowering process for the human race to be turned into angels; I once heard a strong man utter this conviction, that, when man fell, he fell up."

Rhoda had hushed her sobs to listen to these words, which were like life itself to her fainting heart. She had raised her head, and, with flushed cheeks and dishevelled hair, was straining her feverishly brilliant eyes to read in the calm old face above her the meaning of those wonderful, comfort-giving words.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" she said, "you seem to me the very voice and messenger of God, when you give me such hopes as that. You think, then, you *do* think, that if I do my best, if I try with all the power of my soul to atone,—to do right, no matter how hard it may be,—God will accept my atonement and make my wicked heart feel clean and good at last?"

"My child, I do not *think* so. There are some things which we cannot be certain about, but this is not one of them. You have not told me what this need of atonement within you is, and I do not ask; but, whatever it may be, the work is already begun. The wish to atone is atonement in itself. The moment that a soul wishes for God, it has Him. Do you not feel Him in your heart?"

Rhoda was holding both of the aged hands in a strong, compelling pressure, as if she would force help from them.

"Mother," she said, "what it is that I feel, I do not know. Perhaps you can help me to understand. I feel lately in my heart something that was not there before. I do not know whether I love God or not. But, oh, I do know that, above all things, I love goodness, and that I would pay any price to have it!"

"How can goodness be anything but God, or God anything but goodness? Yes, my child, there are ways that I can help you, just by showing you those very simple things. You are God's child. You are fighting hard against evil and in the cause of good. In that struggle your heavenly Father will be with you."

"I never had a father on earth," said Rhoda, "nor a mother, until you. They died almost before I could remember, and there was no one to take their place. Perhaps God will remember that and not blame me too much. I am willing to be punished,—I need and I accept that,—for it was a terrible, a hideous thing that I did."

She wrenched her hands from her companion's clasp and covered her face with them. Around their white edges the flush from her cheeks glowed with a color almost violent.

"Rhoda, can you not tell me? I would not force a word, my child; but I might be able to give you some relief from this pain that you are bearing."

At these words Rhoda lowered her hands, and her face went suddenly white.

"Tell me," she said, a tense, repressed, almost stolid look coming into her face, "tell me how much you know."

"How much I know of what?"

"Of my marriage," was the stern reply.

"Do you mean the first, my child, or——"

"I mean," said Rhoda, with ruthless interruption, "I mean my marriage with that poor creature who was, for two years, my husband, and the father of that deformed, unearthly, horror-smitten being of whom I am the mother."

"I know nothing, my poor dear one,—nothing but the fact."

"It seems to you utterly strange and unreal, I suppose. Whatever version of it you may have heard, it seems now something far off and far back. Will you believe me, then, when I say that to me it seems to get nearer and nearer, more and more real, actual, significant, present? You cannot realize this, but it is so. At the time, it was vague, misty, uncomprehended, and the whole experience was like a dull dream to me. Now every act and sensation of it is acute and keen, until my spirit seems a string strung up to the highest pitch of endurance and strained continually to those vibrations of torture."

She had drawn herself into a sitting posture on the floor, and clasped her hands about her knees. Her face was colorless, her lips tense, as she sat looking away from her companion; and she went on, in a monotonous voice that had a certain hardness in it, which her companion had never heard there before.

"I was young," she said, "only seventeen. I had had a lonely childhood, with nothing to develop either my affections or my mind. I was not naturally loving, I think, and not clever. I must have seemed just a dull and ignorant girl, with what people said was beauty. I did not know even this, until they told me, and then I began to care to dress and look well and to have people look at me. I was poor, and I knew I was a burden to the relations who let me live with them. I wished that I could rid them of that care and get into a pleasanter life, but I did not know any way. I think I had neither the courage nor the imagination to make a way; but when one opened before me I took it gladly. It offered riches, ease, travel, dress, amusement, and opportunity of every kind. I never thought of love; indeed, I knew nothing about it. You do not know,—you, perhaps, have not heard——" She broke off, her voice trembling. In a moment, however, she recovered herself, and went on in a slightly hardened tone. "I will tell you all. I want you to know. The man who offered me all this, through whom came my release from a dull and monotonous life of which I was very weary, was almost an imbecile. Did you know this?"

"I have heard something—I knew there was something like that, my poor dear child."

Rhoda looked at her as if puzzled.

"Why do you pity me?" she said, still in that hard, cold tone. "I did it myself. No one forced me. I got all that I bargained for. I was not even unhappy."

"If you were not unhappy, you were dead, and that is worse."

"Yes, I was dead," she said. "How wonderfully you understand! But it was not death after life. It was just death going on, for I had never lived. I do not remember that any one ever said that I was dull and stupid, but I must have been, with no sensibilities, no hopes,

no fears, no ideals. If I had had one ideal in my life it might have saved me, but I had not one. Worst of all, I had no ideal of myself,—nothing to be desecrated or lowered. I do not understand this; I only know it. Where others get their ideals from, I do not know. I simply know that I had none.”

She paused an instant, and then, as if in a hurry to be done, went on:

“I married that man, that poor, weak, irresponsible, harmless being, and I got money, and what might have been power, only I was too ignorant to use it. Of course I was despised for such a marriage. Of course the world was revolted; but I never knew it. How much more revolted would it have been had it known that I was contented with my bargain! You have been imagining, perhaps, the wretchedness of my awakening; but I never waked. It was a dull, comfortable magnificence, for which, of course, I paid a price. I was not, however, ashamed or mortified about it. Shame, like my other sensibilities, was dead, in the sense of never having lived. I did not know that the world despised me, and I had no light by which I could despise myself. When that child was born”—she caught her breath, with a sort of gasp, but hurried on—“and when I looked at it, I suffered then, but only until I could get it out of my sight. I don’t think I minded very much after that. I was not happy,—I had not the consciousness that is needed to be happy,—but I was not wretched and miserable and penitent, as I should have been,—as I suppose a high type of woman would have been. Oh, what am I doing?” She broke off suddenly, turning to look her companion in the face. “Am I killing your love for me,—the one precious thing that I have?” Her look was so agitated, so frightened, so desperate, that the kind old woman felt she could hardly bear it. Leaning forward, she stretched out both arms and drew the tragic young face toward her until it was hidden against her heart.

“My own child,” she said, tenderly, “I cannot bear to let you say another word. You have told me enough: indeed, you have told me all, for I understand what has not been spoken. I know how all that happened, darling. You have had two selves,—an old self and a new self. If you had done that thing as the person that you are now, you would be degraded by it, because you would be sinning against light. You did it in darkness and ignorance, and your suffering has been great.”

As she ended, Rhoda raised her head and looked up. Her face was wonderfully beautiful, profoundly sad, and yet penetrated by a ray of exquisite hope.

“Oh, mother,” she said, “what words of comfort! What hope, what joy they have shed in my heart! If only you will let me cling to you, if only you will hold on close to me, I can go on and walk the path that I now see stretched before me. My suffering is hard,—harder than you dream,—but I can bear it. One strange part of it is that it seems to have only just begun. It is only lately that I have realized the hideous wrong that I did in bringing that poor creature into the world, and it stays with me all the time now, an unending reproach and pain. And yet even that is not the worst. I have a



pang to bear that is greater than that. Oh, how good you are to let me open my heart to you and to love me a little! If you, a woman so high and noble, do not think me beyond the reach of love, perhaps God will not either. Can you imagine what it would be to have an ideal of yourself given to you for the first time, and to measure by that ideal the depth and height of your own abasement? Lately, since this ideal has risen in my soul, I have had a feeling that both God and man must shrink at the very sight and thought of me."

The old lady bent and kissed her tenderly on brow and eyes and lips. Then, taking in hers the beautiful young hand which wore the wedding-ring, she stroked it gently with her own pale hand, on which the same symbol, thin with wear, hung loosely.

"Rhoda," she said, "I love you, not a little as you say, but with a great, deep, tender love that is just the same, I think, as if you were my own dear daughter who had so made a mistake and so realized and repented it. It was not sin. You had not then the light which makes it sin. If you were to do it now, a sin indeed it would be; but, ah, how impossible would it be to you now!"

She looked at Rhoda with a fond confidence, but, instead of returning her smile, Rhoda turned deathly pale and shuddered.

"Now?" she said. "Now? Now? Oh, how horrible!"

The agony of her face was piteous. Mrs. Fraser felt that she must end this scene.

"Rhoda," she said, in her strong, decided tones, "we understand each other now. Let us stop this conversation here, and never return to it again. The whole sad truth is before us. You have done your best, and angels can do no more."

"Oh, no, mother dearest, I have not done my best. I am only beginning to learn what to do. I *am* trying, and I will go on trying, and you will help me. Besides your love and your belief in me, you will help me about some practical things. I found out, when I went to that sad place to bring away my child, that they very often have applications from people who are too poor to pay their charges, and I am trying to remedy this, in the best way that is practical. I am going to give a great deal of money for it, and you will help me to do this wisely, so that it may really do good."

"Yes, dear; but I am only an old woman, and I think a man's advice and experience are needed here. You had best consult Duncan——"

She stopped, checked by the look on Rhoda's face.

"Mother," she said, controlling herself by an effort, "you understand so well in other things, try to understand also in this. I cannot ask help of your son there. I am willing to suffer,—God knows it,—but that mortification is more than I can bear. You will see how things are between us, mother, and you will let them be. I think you will comprehend enough not even to speak to him of my confidences to you. You can be, you are, the angel of my life, in every other way, but that one place you cannot touch, except to hurt. Dear mother, try to take my word for this. You long only to do good; but there you would do a harm which could never be repaired."

"Do not fear it, child. I feel that you are right. I love my son, but I also love my daughter, and this wish of yours is a sacred obligation to me. Oh, Rhoda, my child, take courage. In my long life, I have so often seen such beautiful good come out of the darkest evil. Remember continually that

Men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

"Oh, what wonderful, glorious, beautiful words!" said Rhoda. "Thank you for giving them to me, to think of and try to realize."

Mrs. Fraser looked at her in surprise. Was it possible, she wondered, that the words were new to Rhoda? It had that appearance, certainly, but it seemed incredible. She was just beginning to see into the strange *ego* of this woman. Her appearance, that of a proud, reserved, highly developed woman of the world, made her personality very impressive to all who saw her. Though she talked little, it would have been supposed that this came from her mental superiority to those about her, rather than from the opposite cause. People stood somewhat in awe of her, as a rule, and were afraid that their words might seem trivial to a woman who looked so thoughtful, so grave, so full of reserve force. And yet, had the veriest school-girl among them sounded the depths of Rhoda's knowledge of books and every kind of intellectual learning, she would probably have had her at a disadvantage. In the deeper lore of knowledge of the human heart, however, poor Rhoda was beginning to be well versed.

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#### XIV.

Fraser, who had gone away to stay three weeks, returned in two. He had not announced his coming, and so was not expected. On reaching the house, he went at once to his own apartment. The room which had been given to his mother was next his own, and, as it happened, the door between them was ajar. It was but the smallest crack, but through it the sound of voices reached him, his mother's and Rhoda's. They were pitched in a key of friendly argument, and sounded cheerful, free, and familiar. He knew that tone well in the older voice, but he found it distinctly strange in the other. He stepped to the door and stood there, looking into the room beyond. His movements on the thick carpet had not been heard.

The two women had been occupied, and had interrupted themselves for this spontaneous talk. Mrs. Fraser had an open book in her lap, and Rhoda had just laid down some sewing, and still wore a thimble. He had never seen her sew before, and in truth she was only now meekly learning the art from her companion, who was exquisitely proficient in it. The old lady, in her black dress and transparent cap and kerchief, was looking eager and interested, and the beautiful young being who sat facing her was not less so. Fraser almost started as he looked at her. Never for a single instant had he seen her look like

this. The reserve, which was a habit of self-consciousness, was gone, and Rhoda, her free, natural, sympathetic self, was there. She wore her hair in the long plait which was generally her *coiffure* for comfort, and Fraser felt a new sense of reality about her.

"So you think Rochester was not good enough for Jane?" said the old lady. "I don't like that idea. I think Jane knew what she was about when she called him 'my likeness and my equal.' I always loved that so."

The zest with which the old lady rapped out the quotation from her favorite book was as ardent as any girl's.

"No, Jane was the better and finer of the two," said Rhoda, "and that I can't forgive. The man should be the superior."

"But I deny that Rochester was the inferior. I can't have a word said against him."

"I'm not saying anything against him, mother dear, only that he is not the type of man that I admire."

"Oh, as to types, that's neither here nor there. He was himself, and I would not have him changed in any particular. He and Jane have been my most intimate friends and companions for years, and I can't see a flaw in either. Do you know, my dear, that I number among my most fervent thanksgivings the fact that I lived in the world after Charlotte Brontë instead of before her?"

"I can understand. I feel just the same about George Eliot. And just think how long it was before I knew what a heritage I possessed in books! I feel that I want to read every minute, to make up for my lost time, and one reading is so far too little for the things I love. How many times do you suppose I shall read 'In Memoriam' over? And but for your quoting to me that line about our rising on stepping-stones of our dead selves, I might never have opened the book. Mother darling," she added, impulsively, with a sudden change and softening of tone, "I have taxed your precious patience very often with sad and gloomy talk, but I think I am going to get out of that. I think I am going to learn to follow the example of your cheerfulness, and try to brighten the world a little, if I can. Now, when I speak of my dead self a little comfort seems to come into my heart that that old self *is* dead, and that by putting my feet upon it I may rise to higher things. Oh, mother, I have so eaten my heart out with regret; but I shall learn not to regret anything, if I am getting to be a better woman. It is you, you, mother, who are teaching me this lesson. Oh, how I love you, how I bless you, how I thank you!"

Never had Fraser seen the face of the woman whom he had married glorified by such a look as this. He felt no pleasure in her heightened beauty, however: the only feeling that he was conscious of was one of deep-rooted, intense resentment.

Every moment this increased, as he now saw the two women who were nearest to him in the world engaged in this intimate, familiar, confidential talk and felt himself completely an outsider. They were evidently thinking of him as little as they were speaking of him.

At Rhoda's last words she had stretched out her strong hand and clasped the little thin one of her companion. At that touch the need

of a yet closer one came to them ; they leaned toward each other and kissed.

"My mother, my own little, precious mother," Rhoda said, putting her two firm hands against those thin and withered cheeks and looking deep into the older woman's eyes. "I have been very unhappy, mother dear, in my short life, but I would be willing to bear a great deal of unhappiness for the joy of having won your love ; and it was my unhappiness that brought you to me, that made me turn to you."

These words so gently spoken, and this sight so simply affectionate, stirred in the man who heard and watched them a yet deeper sense of injury and irritation. To hear Rhoda say "Mother" was in itself a shock to him. How could his mother be her mother, except through him ?—and yet how utterly was he forgotten and ignored ! There was a degree of intimacy and familiarity between these two which made a sharp contrast to the intercourse of Rhoda and himself. He resented this fact, and his resentment included both women.

Fraser turned from the door with a feeling of aversion to the sight. Why had he hurried back ? Avowedly to himself, it had been to see his mother, but now it was so evident that he was not missed that he called himself a fool for his pains.

Still treading cautiously, he went down-stairs and out into the street, without having spoken to either his mother or Rhoda.

He returned shortly before dinner, and went immediately to his room to dress. He had sent word to Rhoda that he had arrived, and, as she wished to avoid a meeting with him in his mother's presence, she tapped at the door of his dressing-room on her way down.

Receiving permission to enter, she opened the door and passed just across the threshold.

The image of her which he had so lately seen was distinct upon his mind, and the contrast which she now presented to it gave him a sense of inherent change.

She was carefully dressed for dinner, and her rich hair was twisted into its noble coronal. Her manner was absolutely cool, but he thought he observed in it a little more cheerfulness than usual, and he construed it to be an attempt on her part to impose upon his mother, and perhaps to make it appear that they were in some measure on such terms as she would wish. Formerly he would have felt inclined to second her in this, but now he had an impulse to thwart her.

"How nice of you to get back so soon !" said Rhoda. "I am sure your mother will appreciate the effort you have made to enjoy at least a part of her visit. I have done my best to make her happy here, but of course I am not you."

These words and the little smile which accompanied them were rather more familiar than her usual attitude toward him ; and even this fed that resentment which flamed within him.

"I did not return on that account," said Fraser. "It was business that brought me."

"Still, she doesn't know that, and there's no reason why she should. So, suppose we keep it a secret between us."

Here again was implied a degree of confidence and community which provoked him. He knew perfectly well that Rhoda was initiating a certain change in their manner toward each other, for the sake of misleading his mother, and the knowledge seemed to rasp his nerves.

He made no answer to her last words, and, seeing that he was fully dressed, Rhoda said,—

“Shall we go down now?”

This was worse still. He could scarcely keep the irritation out of his voice, as he said,—

“I am not quite ready. I will not trouble you to wait for me.”

“It isn’t any trouble,” said Rhoda. “I will just walk on and wait for you at the head of the stairs.”

It was impossible to decline this; and so, a moment later, Fraser found himself walking at her side down the great stairway, and it angered him all the more to feel that he was so profoundly disturbed inwardly that he dreaded giving outward proof of it. Rhoda, on the other hand, was perfectly mistress of herself, and kept up a light and easy strain of talk, until they entered the drawing-room where Mrs. Fraser was.

Her delightful old face glowed with pleasure as she welcomed her son and returned his kiss. Even his inward disturbance and preoccupation could not prevent his giving her a greeting of real affection. So they went in to dinner, to every appearance a happy family party. There was, however, a certain sense of strain, which Fraser undoubtedly felt most of the three.

In Rhoda the effect of this feeling was to cause an unusual exhilaration, and Mrs. Fraser’s presence gave her such a sense of support and sympathy that she talked far more than usual, and talked well. The naturalness with which she had learned to say “Mother” was a surprise to Fraser, and the evident congeniality between the two women seemed to bring out what was best in the minds of both. The conversation certainly did not drag, but Fraser was somehow very much out of it. He felt the existence of a sympathy between his mother and Rhoda which certainly did not exist between himself and either of them. The talk was all between the two women, and their efforts to draw him into it were so sparsely successful that they soon abandoned them. He became aware, however, that they were doing without him extremely well, and, in spite of himself, was forced to acknowledge that the talk was interesting. He had forgotten how good a talker his mother was, and he was now proving, for the first time, how good a one Rhoda was. There was force and originality in the old lady’s ideas, and there was that wonderful charm of independent thinking which one is not apt to find in conventional society.

If his mother’s talk and points of view were interesting to him, Rhoda’s were far more so. He had but a slight acquaintance with the mind of the woman he had married, and now, in its fresh awakening to the deeper meaning of life, there was an earnestness, a vigor, a *naïveté* almost, which had an extraordinary charm. He saw how completely his mother was under the spell of this charm, but this only

added to the smouldering store of resentment which was growing hourly within him.

When the meal ended, he was glad to plead a business engagement and go out. He stayed an hour or two, and, on his return, found them still together in the drawing-room, talking as interestedly as ever.

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XV.

It was perhaps a relief to all when Mrs. Fraser went home. She felt it borne in upon her that she was doing no good here, and, dear to her as was her intimacy with Rhoda, she had a feeling that she was dividing, rather than uniting, her son and daughter. It even seemed to her that Duncan was constrained in his intercourse with herself, and a little less affectionate than formerly.

Rhoda, though she keenly missed the rare companionship she had recently enjoyed, had felt herself under a sense of greater strain in her intercourse with Fraser, and could not help being conscious of the reproof to him implied by the old lady's loving attitude toward herself.

And Fraser was perhaps the most relieved of the three. He felt that his mother had been playing a part in pretending to see nothing strange in the intercourse of Rhoda and himself; he felt that Rhoda had been playing a part to support this idea, and he knew well that he had played a part himself, though he would not own to his own heart what that deception had been.

When the mother had gone, an attitude more distant and reserved than any they had ever known before was, as if by common consent, established between Rhoda and Fraser. They appeared in public together, as usual, but, except when appearances required it, they rarely spoke. He seemed busier than ever at Brockett, but he never voluntarily spoke to her of his work, and she never asked a question.

There was a change in Rhoda. Fraser both saw and felt it. The visible evidence consisted of a distinct difference in her attitude toward the world, which had a reciprocal effect. He noticed that she talked more than formerly, and that, without effort, she attracted to herself the men and women of force in whatever assemblage she chanced to be. He was accustomed to seeing her admired, as a sort of distant divinity, whom no one knew much about, but now there appeared a warm human interest in the faces of those who talked to her, and Fraser, furtively watching her from a distance, would ask himself sometimes why it was that the woman who had consented to occupy the position of his wife reserved for strangers what would so naturally have been his own.

Sometimes he was near enough to hear bits of her talk, and he could not wonder that her hearers looked interested. Many subjects which were old and threadbare to others were new and vital to her, and she brought to them a freshness and spontaneity which lent a unique charm. This, added to her high social position, her great wealth, her unusual and impressive beauty, made a combination which was not to be approached by any other woman in society.



For so long Rhoda had been considered cold and unapproachable that her reaction into this fervid animated being was all the more remarkable. Her passionate gratitude to Mrs. Fraser for the sympathy which she had shown her in her time of need made her eager to pay the debt by giving the same help to others. Instead of the cold and distant looks with which she had been accustomed to meet strangers, there now shone in her eyes at every new introduction a searching light of desire to give and to take, in every way that such exchange seemed possible. This drew both men and women to her like a magnet.

She never went into the world now without being surrounded by people eager to speak with her and to draw upon themselves her looks and tones of gracious sympathy. Fraser himself was gaining reputation every day in his scientific achievements, but his distinction in the world, as a man of force and personal importance, was hardly greater than Rhoda's was now becoming, in a woman's narrower sphere. People spoke of their marriage with enthusiasm as the magnificent mating of two great beings.

Now that Rhoda had made herself so approachable and sympathetic, people of every *culte* and tendency came to her with their special interests, which she quickly made her own. Philanthropists found her eager to bestow not only her money but her time and interest and to cooperate in their schemes. Artists and musicians received at her hands in some instances money, in others influence and encouragement, according to their need. All this was seen and inwardly commented on by Fraser with mingled feelings of wonder, annoyance, and bitterness. But what was even worse was to hear Rhoda talking intelligently to other men about the scientific questions into which she had first gained an insight through him. He and she never spoke together of those subjects now, and he was forced to acknowledge that the fault was his. Still, he resented it, and laid it up against Rhoda, in his mind.

The lives of these two people were now entirely apart. It was only on the bare surface and in the eyes of the world that there was any intercourse at all between them. Rhoda left him completely alone, and made no effort to get the least insight into his pursuits or occupations. Fraser, on the other hand, exercised now a careful watchfulness over all that she did. He knew her goings out and comings in as she did not dream of knowing his. He knew that she spent a part of every day with the child up-stairs, and that no engagements or pressure of work prevented this. He had formed the habit of coming home from Brockett earlier than formerly, and to account for this he dabbled at some writing, which he said he could more conveniently accomplish at home.

But often, very often, he would leave his papers on the desk in his dressing-room and creep stealthily along the narrow back passage which led to the old workshop, and there he would shut himself in and wait for the sound of Rhoda's step and the beautiful music which came soon after it.

With his body flung into an old leather chair, he would remain motionless for an hour at a time, listening thirstily. He passionately

loved music, and Rhoda's playing fed that passion in a way that he had never known before. He had never asked her to play for him, however; he recoiled from the very thought.

Rhoda was not a great musician, but her playing was unusual, and the social vogue which belonged to her now won admiration for all that she did. So when she played in company, as she now occasionally did, her music roused positive enthusiasm. Ardent as were the compliments which she received, not one of them had ever come from Fraser. If she observed this, however, she gave no sign.

It had become a common thing for Fraser, on his return in the afternoon, to hear interested voices in the drawing-room, among which Rhoda's was distinguishable, and to catch glimpses of charming groups of people, for whom Rhoda, exquisitely dressed, was pouring tea. There was still another scene which he had looked in upon now and then,—Rhoda, with earnest face and eager voice, seated absorbed in talk with a man who responded with fervor to every word and look. It was no especial man, for he had seen two or three different ones whom he knew to be eminent in philanthropy, art, politics, or science. She never talked or looked in this eager way with him. He owned that the fault was his, that he had neither desired nor invited such intercourse with her; but he felt angry and offended.

About this time there was a convention of scientific men in New York, before which Fraser was to make an address. He had been invited to give some account of his great schemes and proposed inventions before them, and, as tickets had been issued for the public, he had mentioned to Rhoda casually that she "had better go."

This form of words she took to mean that he wished her, for the sake of appearances, to be present on an occasion with which he was publicly identified. Her interest in his work had not abated in the least, though she no longer talked to him of it. So, when the evening came, she dressed for the occasion with feelings of animated interest and even curiosity. She had known nothing of the progress of the work of late, and was too proud to ask questions.

Fraser drove along with her, almost in silence. The few remarks which they exchanged on the way were merely casual, and referred neither to themselves nor to the occasion ahead of them.

The convention was held in one of the large theatres. He had secured for her a small *loge*, to which he took her direct.

"Of course your friends will join you here," he said. "I will return for you as soon as I can."

But Rhoda felt in no mood to be sought out and claimed by friends. As the door closed behind Fraser, she drew a chair toward the back of the small box and seated herself quite out of sight of the audience, a look of deep sadness on her face. She believed that the man who occupied toward her the position of husband was the greatest man she had ever known. She took an intense and conscious pride in him. She felt acutely nervous for fear he might not do himself justice,—might not reveal to the world the inherent personal power that he had, without effort, with indifference and coldness even, revealed to her.

When she saw him at last, standing there, pale, grave, absolutely

composed, before that great audience, her heart shook, but it was with exultation, and not fear. There were present wise and learned men from all quarters of the world, and the fact that Fraser was to speak had collected many people from his own society, who had come to see their representative in this learned assemblage recognized and crowned. Rhoda was conscious of the smaller personal element, as well as the greater impersonal one, in this large crowd. But after one glance at Fraser she felt the man's inherent force so dominant and sure that there was no room in her heart for anything but pride and triumph.

He began to speak. How familiar was the sound of that strong, incisive, penetrating voice! And yet she, whom the world had known as his wife for years, had never heard it attuned to notes of tenderness, as she imagined it might so naturally be. She saw that he was completely master of himself and of his subject, and her anxiety for him vanished. As he went on, unfolding before the wondering attention of an audience startled almost into bewilderment at his boldness, even in this day of marvels, the daring aims of his vast undertakings, and speaking with assurance of their magnificent ends, Rhoda thrilled through every nerve with pride in him. She knew that, to many, his attempts must seem extravagantly improbable, but he spoke with a calm, a security, a conviction, which carried a tremendous force, and he had had such successes in the past as argued strongly for the future.

She scanned the faces of the cold men of science seated with him on the stage, and saw that respect and admiration were mingled with interest. Once she drew aside a corner of her curtain and looked out at the audience. There the same verdict was written even more distinctly,—high tribute to this man.

As for Rhoda, her soul saluted him. He was not hers, he never had been, and he never could be, but she felt an humble sense of pleasure and pride that she was permitted to bear his great name, to preside at his table, to be considered his loved and honored wife. Upon her memory there flashed suddenly the remembrance of that rustic scene between the engineer and his wife and child, and how beautiful love and tenderness had seemed to her, combined with physical strength and the control of the great forces of nature and the might of machinery. But what was that man's strength, compared to Fraser's? What a weak symbol of human force was he, when she thought of the gigantic undertakings by the account of which this man was now holding his audience spellbound!

She looked at those strong hands, and thought how the very elements of earth and air were subject to them,—how he proposed to use the wind for his instrument and the ocean for his tool, and how the power of his mind enabled even the uncultivated portion of his present audience to comprehend, in part at least, how this might be. She saw how they thrilled to his meanings and answered to his touch, and yet, as she knew, not one of them in fifty had ever been nearer to him than they were to-night, while she——! This man and she sat daily at the same board, slept nightly beneath the same roof, appeared always in the world side by side, and were supposed to be in the closest of all human relations. This was the appearance; but how different the

reality! She felt that no one in all that vast assemblage was in actuality so far removed from him as she.

And yet, in a sense, she was nearest to him. No one else could feel so familiar with his tones, his gestures, his strong figure, his individual, intellectual, compelling face; and surely, surely no one else could take such pride in him. These were wonders that he proposed to do,—things which but a little further back in the world's history would have been called miracles; and yet men dared not call him a visionary, after the wonders he had already achieved. He had won for himself the right to be heard, and the oldest and wisest of those learned men sat at his feet to listen.

When at last his grand scheme was laid before them, so forcibly, so ably, so simply, that even the uncultivated and unscientific among his hearers could not fail of some insight into it, he gathered together the few sheets of manuscript which he had used for reference, and sat down.

There was a wild outburst of applause. It reverberated from dome to flooring of the great building, with a vim and *verve* that made the pulses of every heart throb quicker. When Rhoda remembered that this was the tribute of thousands of hearts to one man, she wondered how he could bear it. It must be too great, too wonderful, too keenly precious!

And in all that storm of praise, that tumult of tribute, what was she? Behind her curtain she clapped her gloved hands together again and again; but the noise they made in that cyclone of sound was so small that it scarcely reached her own ears, and how entirely lost it must have been in the plaudits of that multitude! Just so, she felt, her pride, her admiration, her worship for his genius were lost, in the salutation to him which reverberated through the world.

Again she thought, how can he bear it? As if in answer to her question, he rose and bowed gravely, once only, showing a face as calm in its own strong self-possession as she had ever seen it. And yet she, who knew that face so well, saw that the eyes shone under their deep brows, and the nostrils of the fine nose quivered. These were signs of emotion that she had never seen in him before. It had taken the plaudits of thousands to produce them. What was one poor weak woman to such a man?

Her heart was bowed before him in a feeling that was almost worship; she could have wished to be his servant, his slave.

Nevertheless, when he came to the little box for her, as the audience was dispersing, she was wordless. She did not give him so much as the tribute of a look, but, drawing her heavy cloak about her, walked silent at his side until they reached their carriage and were seated in it.

For some moments longer the silence continued, but they were very near to each other, and there were strange magnetic currents in the air. The pavement was smooth and the well-adjusted wheels almost noiseless; the carriage itself seemed nearly motionless.

To Rhoda there came the sound of short, excited breaths, to Fraser the sense of trembling. She told herself that his long effort in speaking had disturbed his breathing. He told himself that the strain of

the long scientific lecture had exhausted her and caused her to tremble so. If they could have read each other's hearts, they might have been surprised to discover that that speech had been forgotten by them both. In Rhoda's mind its influence remained, stirring her heart to an overwhelming feeling for this man; but it had been a mere emanation from him, and here was he, himself, beside her. To Fraser, the exhilaration of that popular triumph existed now only in his mind as a biting contrast to the coldness of this woman, supposed to be one with himself. He was an eminent scientist, accustomed to holding the forces of earth and air in leash; but there were currents at work now over which he had no control, before which he felt helpless as a child.

She was leaning back in the corner of the carriage, her face entirely screened from the light outside. He could only feel that she was trembling.

"Rhoda," he whispered.

His own voice startled him. He had not intended to speak.

"Yes?" she answered him, her low tones conscious and sentient.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered again.

He could feel that her trembling increased.

Bending, he drew her cloak about her closer. Crossing the folds in front, he tucked them in on either side. He was conscious that his arms lingered in doing it.

"Is that better?" he said, holding them in place.

"Yes," she whispered.

He could feel her eyes upon him in the silent gloom.

"Rhoda," he said, again.

"Yes?" came the answer, fainter than before, whispered, sibilant.

He did not speak, but his face moved toward her slowly, until their eyes gleamed upon each other, and their quick breaths met.

"Darling," he said, with sudden fervor.

The figure beneath his hands was trembling still. His pressure tightened. His face was coming nearer. It was so close now that she could not see it, only feel his breath upon her face.

At that instant the carriage stopped.

Remembrance came back with a rush. He drew away from her with a swift movement, and when the door was held open and he handed her out he spoke with a voice that had regained its usual composure.

"I promised to go to the club," he said. "I shall be detained some time."

Rhoda could not answer. A servant was holding open the door, giving admission to her magnificent house, and she passed up the steps and into the wide-arched hall.

She had turned very pale, from the violent reaction of this scene. She went at once to her room, and, without ringing for her maid, threw off her long fur-lined cloak and let it drop upon the floor, took off her bonnet and gloves, unfastened her gown, let it drop also into a rich heap, and was just shaking out her thick hair, in her impetuous need of physical relief, when there came a knock at the door.

Throwing on a dressing-gown, she went and opened it. It proved to be one of the two nurses employed for the child, and she came to say that her charge had had an unusually severe recurrence of the attacks of heart-failure to which it was subject, and that the doctor had been sent for and was now with it.

Poor Rhoda! She had forgotten! This evening's excitement, the pride she had felt in Fraser's public appearance and effect upon that great audience, and, more yet, what she had afterwards felt, when, alone in the carriage with him, she had been dominated by that same powerful personality,—these things had been so strong in their effect upon her that they had caused her, for the first time, to forget the awful past.

It was back upon her now, however, with a surge of pain, and she must face it. Not waiting to twist up her long hair, she made a mute sign to the nurse to lead the way, and, walking silently after her down the hall, mounted to the floor above.

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#### XVI.

Fraser, meanwhile, had flung himself into the carriage and shut to the door. The club to which he had ordered himself to be driven was some distance off, and he knew that he had the present to himself without fear of interruption.

The seat into which he had hurriedly sunk was still warm from Rhoda's body. A perfume, made from orris, which she habitually used, left behind it a delicate pungent fragrance, as of incense. As he closed his eyes and drew in this sweet odor, she seemed to be near him still, in the darkness, trembling with an emotion which he dared to believe that he comprehended.

The evening, with its intoxicating triumph, had left his brain excited and elated, but with it all there was a keen sense of lack. He felt that he had won a signal victory in a great cause. He knew that the world would acknowledge him henceforth as one of the heroes of the great army of science, which was doing battle for the advancement of humanity. It was the fulfilment of one of the most ardent dreams of his life; but he felt like a man who, after long abstinence, has had his hunger fully appeased, but is being consumed by thirst. Those vociferous plaudits, ringing through that great theatre, seemed to make a din and clangor in his ears that half angered him, because he missed the sound of tribute from the one source which all his nature longed for now. He felt that, as long as this note was missing, triumph was a thing without meaning to him.

What this evening's success had given him he had once held to be his heart's desire, but the great unfulfilled longing within him showed him now that this was not so. He had been avoiding, evading, eluding himself for a long time, but this evening he dared to think bold thoughts and dream bold dreams, more enthralling to his senses than his public triumph had been. That sudden stopping of the



carriage had interrupted what he now passionately wished to have back. He reproached himself for not having followed Rhoda. He knew that she had been strangely moved. If he had gone after her he might have forced her to own the meaning of that emotion; but the stopping of the carriage, the appearance of the opened house, the very manner and tone of the footman, had brought back habit and conventionality so strongly that he had yielded to their influence. This desire to return to Rhoda possessed him so commandingly that when he reached the club he ordered the carriage to wait for him, determined to take advantage of the first possible opportunity to excuse himself and return home.

His entrance was hailed with enthusiasm by his friends, and he was compelled to listen to their excited congratulations. But through everything he felt that undercurrent in his consciousness which was drawing him to Rhoda. He knew that he had betrayed himself to her. It was what he had not intended to do, but now that it was done he had a feeling of exultation in it. The supreme excitements of this evening had shaken him out of his customary self-poise. He could not fail to be aware, in a sense, of his own greatness,—that there must be great qualities in the man to whom an assemblage representative of the brain of the world had paid such homage. This very thing made him impatient of being thwarted in the point toward which the whole current of his will and force and longing was now set. He realized to-night that he had achieved his utmost present desire, in his work, and felt a consciousness of inherent power that made him mad to win what had now become still dearer to him than success in his career.

He drank several glasses of wine, but they seemed to stimulate in him nothing but this overmastering desire to see Rhoda again. In return for the enthusiastic congratulations of his friends, he made a short speech, for which he was enthusiastically cheered. He was not surprised at this, for he felt that he was talking brilliantly, and it was no effort to him to do so. This sense of power within was tremendously stimulating, but it made him chafe at the limitation of that power. There was a new and unexplored world which he thirsted to see and conquer.

When he had responded to his friends' toast to him, he excused himself, and left the party. Every nerve in him was tingling with the consciousness of triumphs recently passed, and the eager anticipation of a still sweeter triumph which he saw just before him. His face was instinct with this emotion as he passed out of the club, and, running down the steps, threw himself into his carriage and gave the brief word, "Home."

Never had that word expressed to him what it did now. Never had his heart so throbbed to the thought of it. It was his home, and it was Rhoda's home! It had long been theirs apart, but it might be theirs together now. For, if he had made a self-betrayal, so had she. Her body had trembled beneath his touch; her voice had faltered when it had tried to answer him. It had been here, in this very spot, where the scent of her garments still lingered. He threw himself upon his knees and buried his face in the corner of the carriage that

had held her, pressing his lips upon the leather, and drawing into his nostrils eager draughts of that incense-smell. Rhoda! Rhoda! Rhoda! was the cry of his heart. Only an hour ago she had been with him, the subtle currents of their beings set toward each other! In two minutes more he would be with her again.

He sprang from the carriage, banged the door, and ran up the steps with the eagerness of a boy. He let himself into the house with his latch-key, threw off his coat and hat in the hall, and went straight to Rhoda's room, his rapid movements and the fever in his mind joining to make his heart beat thick and fast.

There was no answer to his knock. He knocked again, hearing his heart-beats. Again there was no answer, but he felt very bold, and he turned the knob and entered.

There on the floor were Rhoda's splendid furs, and the sumptuous silk of her discarded dress, but Rhoda was not there. He crossed quickly to her dressing-room, calling her name softly, but with a cadence in his voice which she had never heard. The dressing-room also was empty.

A suspicion came to him, a thought that seemed to soil his mind as one drop of ink will defile a bowl of clear spring water. It was like the blight of frost on flowers, like discord interrupting music, like a foul odor blending with holy incense.

He tried to shake it off, to ignore and forget it. A memory seemed to knock at the door of his heart and insist upon admission, but he tried with all his might to bar it out.

Turning hastily, he went into the hall, and looked into all the rooms which opened on it, to see if she could have wandered into any one of them. Each and all were dark and silent. He looked over the banisters into the hall below. The lights had already been put out, and the sleepy servants had retired.

That thought, that insistent idea, forced itself upon him with yet greater urgency, but still the voice within cried, "Rhoda! Rhoda!" and he must seek her even there. An element of bitterness had mingled with the sweet, but the magnet that drew him, in spite of every adverse influence, was Rhoda, and he could not choose but go.

Down the long hall he hurried, treading cautiously, for fear of being heard, and up the outside staircase, which led to the veranda above.

A few steps along this took him to a window, where he stood still in the shadow and looked in. The sash had been raised, as if for air, and the blind was partly drawn up. There were movements and suppressed noises within, as of people passing to and fro and speaking in low tones,—a man's voice, and the voices of several women.

He saw, with only half-consciousness, the doctor and two nurses consulting together and preparing medicines, at one side of the room; but, apart from them, directly opposite him, with her face turned full toward him, was Rhoda.

Her dark hair hung forward around her face, as she knelt beside the small wheel-bed, her elbows sunk in its covers, her face hidden in her hands.

At sight of her there, all the blood in his body seemed to whirl about and flow the other way. A fierce bitterness got hold of him and impelled him to look long, deliberately, scrutinizingly, at the small shapeless form beside which Rhoda was kneeling.

At this sight his body gave a wrench that seemed to shake him from head to foot. Horror, repulsion, disgust, possessed him in every sense. That awful, pallid, imbecile face had a likeness in it to the being who had been its father. As he looked and continued to look, his horror deepened, for there, on the dark silk coverlet, lay a limp and pallid little hand, which had yet a look of Rhoda's.

The combination was too much for him. The love but now so warm within his heart changed into loathing, and he turned and fled, as if from something out of hell.

Reaching his own room, he gave himself up to a passion of fury and revulsion which shook him to the centres of his body and his soul. Fool, degraded, weak, insufferable fool, that he had been, to forget *that*,—to let any spell of beauty and charm of mind and body eclipse the nauseous horror of that fact about this woman! And he had sunk to the level of loving her, of wishing for her love in return! He had even fallen so low as to let her know it, this evening, not two hours ago,—to call her by a fond name! The very memory of her beauty added to his fury. The thought of her grace, her sweetness, her power to charm, was like an insult to him which his spirit could not brook.

He walked the floor of his room, nursing his anger and inward self-revolt until he had worked himself into an impotent fury which had nothing to vent itself upon and was therefore the more furious. By degrees the outward signs of passion and agitation subsided, but the forces of rage within condensed and grew more keen, more deadly, more determined, every instant. He could not let the night pass, he told himself, without undoing that brief but all-potent impression that he had made,—without erasing from her mind the idea that he had forgotten the past and had come to love her. It was torment to him to recall that moment's weakness, folly, madness. He repudiated it now with all his soul.

He left his room and went and knocked at Rhoda's door. He did not know how much time had passed, and he thought it possible that she might have returned. He knocked twice and got no answer. Evidently she was still at her post up-stairs. This conviction brought with it no thought of tenderness,—only a deepening of his fierce resentment against her and against himself.

He opened the door and found the room empty. The gas was low, so that he could distinguish objects but imperfectly, as he entered and began to pace the floor. But all about him there were reminders of Rhoda that galled him. When he went near the dressing-table he found himself in the atmosphere of that peculiar incense-odor. He turned away abruptly, and, crossing the room, threw himself down on a lounge, his back to the light and his eyes fixed on the door by which Rhoda would enter.

## XVII.

And Rhoda? The reaction from that short scene in the carriage, which had stirred the long still and lifeless wings of hope within her and had made them seem about to soar aloft and bear her into the heaven of heavens, was cruel, sudden, terrible.

Having heard that the child was ill, she had gone to it immediately, obedient to the new and all-powerful voice of duty in her soul; but the glory of that vision of light had followed her even across the awful threshold of that room, and as she knelt beside that bed her heart and spirit had been sustained by it.

In spite of all, he loved her! That was the wonderful, glorious, beautiful truth, which nothing could undo. She knelt in this desolate place, resolved to do her duty to the bitter end, but at last the bitterness of her hard lot was sweetened and justified by the love of him whom she adored with every pulse and emotion of body, soul, and spirit. God was good, and she was happy, in spite of all!

The doctor pronounced the patient better and the immediate danger past. Strange to say, Rhoda felt herself relieved. It seemed cruel to be glad that this blighted life should be prolonged. In her heart, she did not wish it. She earnestly desired death for this child, to whom the life which she had given it was so worse than useless; but to-night she shrank from the idea of death as she had not done before. All her being was informed with a new vitality, and she wanted to live and see life and to banish the thought of death.

She turned from that sad room and walked down-stairs in a dream of joy. It seemed to her that bliss from out of heaven had floated down to her and that an ineffable atmosphere of glory wrapped her round.

At the threshold of her door she saw the scattered leaves of a gardenia lying on the floor. She trembled with joy at the sight. He had worn a gardenia in his coat that evening. He had been to seek her, then. She had felt certain that it would be so!

Full of an unspeakable happiness, fired with an exquisite hope, she entered the room softly, and had closed the door behind her, when, in the dim half-light, she saw the tall, strong body that she loved, lying at full length upon her sofa.

She stood still a moment, her heart throbbing with delight. Then, as he did not move, she came cautiously forward and sank into a deep chair near the lounge. He had been waiting for her long, she fancied, and had fallen asleep. It was not strange, she told herself. The night was almost over, and the demands which its hours had made upon his nervous forces must have been gigantic. Naturally, he was exhausted by such emotional strain as the events of this night had caused, and she had kept him waiting long.

In the dim light, which was behind him, she could not see his eyes, but she fastened her own with eagerness upon him. She herself was facing the light, and although it was turned low it showed her eyes—large, fervid, conscious—fixed upon him, and Fraser gazed upon her steadily.

For he was not asleep. He was as awake and conscious as herself. She had no suspicion of it, though, and as she sat and watched beside him, her voice, low with love and sweet with passion, breathed in a soft whisper the word

"Dear——"

He heard as well as saw, but he made no sound and gave no sign. His heart was hot with fury. The sight that he had lately seen possessed him with a sense of loathing. The very beauty of this woman infuriated him. The sound of her voice maddened him. The perfume of that incense-odor set him beside himself with rage. Why should she be so much more beautiful, so far sweeter, so infinitely more full of charm, than other women? He hated her for it.

And Rhoda, seeing him there, unconscious, as she still believed, but with a heart that would return to sentience only to realize afresh a mighty love for her, leaned gently nearer to him, her whole being in an attitude of adoration for the genius, the character, the soul, the mind, the body, of this man whom now, at last, she felt to be her own!

His eyes were still upon her, but they were hard and cruel, though she knew it not. His nerves were strung to their highest point of endurance, but outwardly he was profoundly still.

Again that soft voice spoke from out the perfumed silence:

"Dearest——" she said, and held her heart to wait for his reply.

Still silence. A part of him, a mighty element of that complicated thing, himself, seemed to leap from out the bondage of his body to answer her; but he had another self, which in this hour was uppermost, and that self shrank, revolted. He lay there, enjoying her loveliness and her nearness to him, as men have been fascinated by the beauty of some dangerous wild creature which they intend presently to kill.

She bent her head nearer, until their faces were so close that, in spite of the semi-darkness, in spite of the heavy shadows from his strong dark brows, she looked full into his open eyes.

Instantly she shrank backward.

"What is it?" she cried, in a hoarse whisper. "I thought you loved me. You made me think it—there, in the carriage, by the word you said. If I am mistaken——"

"Mistaken!" he said, getting quickly to his feet, and speaking in a harsh, discordant voice, which yet was deadly calm and cold. "Mistaken!" he repeated. "You thought I loved you! You thought I had forgotten! I have not forgotten. I remember. I married you for money; not a noble thing to do, but you had done the same before me. A man sinks below his ideal of himself when he marries for money, and I debased myself when I did it. But love,—not that! I have not yet reached the level of bringing a question of love into a bargain such as ours."

Every word fell distinct and merciless upon her ears. He saw her shrink backward with a convulsive movement, and a hoarse sound escaped her. Then she made an effort to get to her feet, but her figure tottered, and she fell back into the deep leather chair and remained there profoundly still.

Crossing the room with rapid strides, he stood a moment before the fireplace, with his back turned. He listened for some word or movement from behind him, but, hearing none, he turned and looked. Something in her attitude struck him as being unnatural. He went toward her, calling her name.

There was no answer. A great fear seized him. Hastily turning on the gas, he went near and looked at her. Her eyes were closed. Was she unconscious, he asked himself, or worse?

He fell on his knees before her, and took up one lovely hand. It was limp and cold and nerveless. Chafing it between his own, he covered it with kisses, calling her name, in passionate entreaty that she would look at him, speak to him.

But she neither spoke nor stirred. Her body was relaxed and limp, from head to foot; her face was white as marble. And where, where was the spirit of her,—this exquisite unparalleled woman, the treasure of whose love he had so spurned?

Lifting her in his arms, he carried her—oh, but the burden was sweet!—across the room and laid her on her own bed. Then, without loosening his arms from about her unconscious body, he fell on his knees, and, holding her close against his heart, talked to her, in fervid whispers that told an agony of fear, a storm of passionate love:

"Rhoda, Rhoda, my child, my love, my darling, look at me, forgive me! I love you, Rhoda. O God, have mercy on us both! I love her, and I have killed her."

Great tearless sobs were shaking him from head to foot. He laid his ear against her quiet body, and listened for the beating of her heart. Faintly, faintly he could hear it, and could feel a slight, weak throbbing through the soft garment that covered her fair flesh. But the placid face was mute beneath his kisses; the sweet body was passive and unknowing. As he lifted her hand it fell heavily from his grasp. He forced himself to be still a moment, until he could listen for her breathing. It came so scantily that he could not hear it, but he felt a little breath of warmth from between her parted lips. He longed to drink into his own thirsty being this little sign of life, but he dared not put his face too close, lest he should stop that weak, scant breath that seemed the one slight thing that separated life from death.

Suddenly he realized that he must have help, that he was throwing away moments which might mean salvation to Rhoda and to him. The power of action returned to him with this thought. Loosing her from his arms, he struggled to his feet. Running to the bell, he rang it violently, but before it could be answered he had rushed from the room, along the dark back passage, and up the outer stairway, and into the room where Rhoda's child lay.

For the first time, he felt an utter absence of any sense of shock in this presence. He roused one of the nurses, who was asleep on a small cot, and told her to come immediately to Mrs. Fraser, who had fainted.

Before the woman could draw on her gown and slippers, Fraser had turned away and was bounding, with great leaps, down the staircase and running along the hall that led him back to Rhoda's room.

There he found her maid, who had come in answer to his ring and,



with a terrified face, was bending over her mistress and trying in vain to rouse her.

In another moment the nurse entered and began to use restoratives. She despatched the maid to call the second nurse and take her place, and then she set herself to the task of reassuring the terrified man.

Though her measures were so prompt and energetic, she calmed his worst fears, by telling him that she believed it to be only a fainting-fit, from which Mrs. Fraser would recover. She advised him, however, to send at once for the doctor.

Seeing that he could do nothing here, and feeling inactivity at this crisis to be impossible, Fraser, still in his evening clothes and thin shoes, threw on his top-coat and hat, and, having telephoned for a cab to meet him at the doctor's office, rushed out into the streets and over the damp cold pavements, his heart a hot flame in his breast, and his feet, in spite of all their haste, like leaden clogs upon him. He reached the doctor's house before the cab got there; and, having roused him with imperious haste, the two men had just started to walk the distance, when they met the cab approaching.

Hurrying the doctor into it, Fraser closed the door behind him, and went off himself in the opposite direction. Going to the nearest telegraph-office, he sent a message to his mother, begging her to come to him on the morning train, as she was needed. He knew that the telegram would be alarming, but he knew also that his mother was cast in the old Roman mould and would be both willing and able to come to his succor now.

As he came out of the office he saw that day was breaking. The streets were lonely and very cold, but the loneliness and coldness in his own heart were too heavy upon him to allow of his feeling the merely external.

He strode through the silent city, fighting a hand-to-hand fight with fear. If Rhoda died, if she left him with those words of his unsaid, that brutal cruelty unretracted, he felt that life was over for him. Then he thought, with stifling horror, that even in death his consciousness would not be rid of the thought of what he had done to her. It must remain as long as his soul had existence, an immortality of agony and remorse.

When he reached his own door, this fear had made such a coward of him that he could with difficulty summon courage to enter the house. He stood trembling on the door-step and sending up mute prayers for help, for respite, for the staying of this blow.

When at last, by the use of all his will, he let himself into the hall, the sight of his white face in the mirror startled him. He had not courage yet to go up-stairs, and turned into the library.

As he entered this room, the image of Rhoda rose suddenly before him as she had come to him here, the evening of her writing the letter to his mother. Oh to have that moment back! He would have given every dream of his life, of achievement in science and success in his career, every belief that through his instrumentality the greatest machinery of the world was to be changed, all the dreams that his mind had ever conceived, to have that moment back,—to be with Rhoda

alone in this place,—to have the opportunity to say to her the things left unsaid then.

Again that tantalizing vision seemed to stand before him. The scent of warm Russia leather from the books suggested that odor of orris, violets, and incense which always hung about her. Would it ever be wafted toward him again from that sweet presence? If not,—if not,—how was he to bear it?

Suddenly he remembered what these moments might be signifying in that room up-stairs. What a coward he was, what a base, craven creature, to have done this thing to Rhoda, and then to turn and fly! He must go and see the result of his brutal work.

Trembling at every step, he crossed the hall, mounted the stairs, and walked slowly, as if dragging a weight ten times as great as his body, toward the door of Rhoda's room. He could hear movements within, and the sound of voices speaking in low tones. As he stood there, trying to summon up his courage to knock, the door opened, and the doctor came out.

Seeing Fraser there, with his white, bewildered face, he took him kindly by the arm, and, drawing him along the hall to the door of his own room, he led him to a seat.

"Don't look so frightened, man," he said. "It's not as bad as all this."

"How is she?" he asked, huskily.

"She has recovered from the faint, but her fever is high, and I fear she is in for an attack which may be a serious thing. Her brain is much confused; she recognizes no one, and what she says is incoherent. I am afraid she's going to have brain fever; but with her youth and splendid constitution she will have all the chances in her favor."

Fraser's face showed a certain relief. An attack of brain fever was a solemn thing, but after the fear that had held him for the past hour it was a precious respite.

"Doctor," he said, "you will do your best, I know that, but have in all the aid that medical science can supply. Work with all your might for this precious life, and, if you believe in God, help me to pray now."

The doctor looked at him in some surprise.

"I am not a praying man," he said. "I never supposed you to be one either."

"I am not," said Fraser, "or at least I have not been in these recent days. I have had my eyes fixed for so long on the vast possibilities of science, and I have seen it do such wonders, that a natural materialism has been the result. But to-night I see the limitations of science, hard and fast as they are. I beg you to use your best skill and to employ the skill of others; but my only real hope now is to ask help of God. I have a good and religious mother, and in this hour her faith appears to me a more real and powerful thing than any force of science. I have sent for my mother to come. She will be here to-morrow, and will help, by her work, as well as by her prayers, to save my wife."

It was the first time that he had ever spoken of Rhoda so, even

before strangers. He spoke of her generally as "Mrs. Fraser," or, in more intimate cases, as "Rhoda;" but now it answered the very need of his heart to call her wife.

## XVIII.

When Fraser met the train at the station, and saw the little frail figure in black get out of it, his heart swelled with a sudden rush of tenderness. He had known that his mother's coming was as certain as the arrival of the train itself, and now that she was here he knew that her will to try and her stanchness to succeed in giving him the help which he needed were both as sure as a rock. They had drifted away from each other since his marriage, and a restraint, felt by both but spoken of by neither, had come between them. But now they had no sooner looked into each other's eyes than they knew that it was gone,—that their full hearts throbbed together again with the sympathy so dear of old.

He did not speak a word until they were seated in the carriage with the door closed upon the world outside. Then, by one instinct, their eyes met and their hands were clasped.

"Rhoda is very ill," he said, his voice thick with emotion.

The strong old face before him paled a little, but the strong voice spoke with calmness.

"Hope always," it said; "God will do the best. Life and death are not much. Eternity is long, and love is as long as eternity. I saw my husband die, and I could bear it. We loved each other, and we trusted God. I know that he is waiting for me, and the separation is not hard. How is it with you and Rhoda?"

He hid his face in his hands, and, with his head so bowed, a great groan answered her.

"Mother, mother," he said, "I worship, I adore her, but she does not know."

A smile illuminated the aged features beside him, and she answered him in tones that had in them a certain triumph:

"But she will know. God may take her from you, but He will tell her that, and mere bodily separation will be little, when that is known."

"I do not want God to tell her; I want to tell her myself, on my knees, in the dust before her, for all that I have done. You do not know!"

"I know little, but I have suspected much. You are my son, and I love you, but many a time, if it had not been for my respect for that glorious creature's pride, I would have told you what it was that I suspected. But I will spare you now. Your punishment is enough. I will pray God, with all my heart, to give you the opportunity for amends."

"If He will, all my life shall be a thanksgiving," he said.

After this they drove on in silence. The strong old woman, who

did not often permit her kind heart to be over-lenient to the erring, felt herself so touched by the anguish on her son's face that the tears overflowed her eyes and fell upon her thin and wrinkled hands.

But Fraser did not see them. His miserable eyes were fixed on vacancy, and his thoughts had strayed back over the memory of a past which tortured him. As they began to draw near the house, his nervous anxiety became so intense that his mother had to use her utmost skill to soothe and comfort him.

"Mother," he said, looking straight into her eyes, as if he deliberately gave himself up to the scrutiny of that penetrating gaze of hers, "I wish with all my heart you knew it all. If I could bear to tell you, I would, and the weight upon my heart might be less intolerable; but I have been blind as well as cruel. I thought there was a quite impassable barrier between us. I thought that the past quite cut us off from love."

"The past? What past?"

"Rhoda's past," he answered, and even now there was sternness in his voice.

The old lady smiled,—a smile of confident knowledge, as of age that looked with leniency upon the ignorance of youth.

"Rhoda's past?" she said, with a sweet extenuating smile. "That was not Rhoda. The poor unawakened being who lived that ignorant girl-life, and married without love or knowledge of what love and marriage were,—who simply went forward and did unthinkingly what lay in her path, and so became the victim of her own ignorance,—that was not Rhoda, in any sense except the one in which the grub is the butterfly. That was the chrysalis from which Rhoda sprang, bright winged creature that she is! All of us have our past, but few have such a terrible past as hers, poor girl, and few have risen so high on the stepping-stones of their dead selves."

He could not answer her. His voice failed him when he tried. He felt his mother's arms close tight about him and draw his head against her own, as she had done to him when a troubled little boy; and, as he had not done since those far-away days, he put his arms around her and sobbed like a woman—or like a man who is both strong and tender, and whose capacity for feeling is but rarely roused.

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## XIX.

Rhoda's illness proved to be brain fever, as the doctors had predicted. They exhausted themselves in speculation as to what could have been its cause. Fraser heard them wondering and conjecturing, but in his wretched heart he knew too well. If Rhoda died, he should feel himself her murderer.

And so began, for him and for his mother, those days of poignant anxiety when the course of a fever is followed from its beginning to its climax. Whether there would be other days of waiting from crisis to convalescence he dared not think.

The sick-room was watched and tended with all the care and skill that love and money could secure. Doctors came and went continually. Nurses moved about on noiseless feet, and the strong old lady, showing no symptom either of fatigue of body or weariness of mind, was always at hand to assist in every emergency. Fraser alone seemed useless.

Once or twice he had entered that darkened room, but the sights and sounds of it were more than he could bear. There, on the bed, lay Rhoda, helpless, her soul gone out of her, perhaps to return no more. At times she tossed and muttered and cried out, as if in wild appeal to be spared, saved, released from some terrible thing which threatened her. This was agony intolerable to Fraser. If he could have spoken to her, if his penitence, his appeal, his love, could have reached her, he could have borne any pain for that reward; but when he knew that Rhoda's gentle heart was cut off from any approach from even the voice most dear to her,—that Rhoda's receptive brain was closed to any comprehension of the words of love or of reason,—he felt that he must go away from where that dear and lovely body lay, unconscious, unapproachable, unable to feel love or to know that it was loved.

In those days his mother was his one comfort. She did not talk to him much, but she would join him in his own apartments, and walk the floor at his side almost by the hour, her frail arm around his great powerful body, and her slight figure supported by his strong arm. The best comfort she was able to give him was the strong conviction which she felt that Rhoda would recover. He had a habit of faith in her faith, which made this belief of hers infinitely precious to him now. As often as she repeated it to him, with her calm assurance of confidence, new life seemed to flow into him, new faith in God and in himself.

For since that scene with Rhoda he had grovelled in a self-abasement from which it seemed to him that he could never raise his head. All his powers of scorn and loathing were now centred on himself. By contrast with himself, the hated characteristics of the man whom Rhoda had first married became innocent and endurable. He felt himself to be a far more despicable being than the poor harmless creature for whom he now had little else than pity. Even that being seemed less unworthy of the love of Rhoda than he who had been wilfully and brutally coarse and cruel to her.

But now that he realized and repented, now that he loathed himself as he had never loathed another, now that the passion of his heart was to undo what he had done, to expiate, to retrieve, to atone, it was a thing almost intolerable to have it all forced back upon him, crowded back into the wretched heart that was almost bursting with its strain.

Torrents of strong impassioned words surged up within him which he ached to say to Rhoda. His self-abasement was complete, but he wanted it to be in Rhoda's presence, at Rhoda's feet.

Once, with the awful pressure of this strain upon him, he got up suddenly, impelled by a force not to be resisted, and went to her.

There she lay, deaf to his words, careless of his agony, cold to his remorse, all her grand body still and placid from head to feet, her sweet

kind heart, which might have given him the drop of pity for which his soul was parched, throbbing to no consciousness, but only telling out the beats of a life which was insensible, unknowing, and unloving. He stood and looked down upon her, his own heart overflowing with a love which once she would have prized, a worship which would once have been her pride.

Her dark hair was parted, and plaited in two long braids which lay straight along her body on each side. He could see the rise and fall of her bosom, under its white gown, and he longed to lay his face upon it and sob out the anguish of his heart. But, if he did, she would not know or care! He looked at the white hand that lay, palm upward, at her side, and saw the gleam of his own gold ring in the shadowed scoop made by its relaxed fingers. It seemed to him now an abomination that he had committed to have put that ring on, with an oath which in his heart he had intended to break. Who was he, what was he, to scorn any act of hers? She, as he well knew, had grown out of that old self and left it far behind, while he, but the other day, had put the crowning act upon a course of cruelty and brutality which would not let him call that old self a dead one.

He stood and looked down at her, as a repentant murderer, who knew that he was to go free for his crime, might have looked upon his victim. It would have been a solace to him to feel that he was to pay the penalty. This load of unexpiated guilt was too heavy.

Suddenly Rhoda opened her eyes and looked full at him. His heart leapt, and then fell, smitten by that look as by a blow. She gazed into his face as she might have looked on a blank wall, her eyes expressing a blankness as great. There was no approach to that dead consciousness, no avenue between that isolated soul and his.

"Rhoda," he whispered, in a voice of agony.

But Rhoda did not hear him, though he bent very low and all his hungry heart was in that passionate word. She only continued to gaze at him with that blank stare which seemed to put the width of the universe between her soul and his. Repentance could not avail here. Expiation and atonement had no place. Death itself could hardly be so hopeless, for if the spirit lived at all it would be conscious and he might still hope to reach it, but here, in the presence of this awful nullness, he felt the clutch of absolute despair.

Wordless and hopeless, he turned and left the room.

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## XX.

Those days of alternating hopes and fears dragged on. Fraser never went to Brockett, and scarcely left his own rooms, except for an hour or so every afternoon, when his mother missed him and imagined he had gone out for a little air and exercise, at which she rejoiced, for this vigil was telling on him sadly.

One afternoon the old lady took her way along that back passage and up that outer stairway, to satisfy herself that Rhoda's child, in its mother's unconsciousness, was being properly cared for. As she ap-



proached the room she saw that the door stood open, and, as her slippered feet made no noise, she was about to announce herself to the nurse whom she expected to find on duty, when a sight met her eyes which made her pause.

Seated with his face toward her, and his gaze fixed on the wheel-bed, which he continually pushed to and fro, was Duncan.

For several moments she watched him, keeping up that strong, regular motion, and looking straight down at the child with a gaze of kindness and pity. She saw him draw the bed a little closer and look intently at one spot. Then, with a movement of passionate fervor, he took up the little hand that looked like Rhoda's and kissed it many times. He laid his forehead, his cheeks, his eyes, against it, and when he put it gently down it was wet with his tears.

This was Rhoda's child, and he had hated it. He had thought it vile and repulsive and deserving of his scorn, but, to his present vision, he now deserved that feeling so far more himself that he felt almost unworthy to touch this poor, afflicted, innocent being, who was Rhoda's child, and had, if only in its little useless hand, a look of Rhoda.

Mrs. Fraser turned away. She felt that this was a thing upon which even his mother could not intrude. Her eyes were full as she descended the stairs and went back to Rhoda's room, and her heart swelled with a passionate prayer to God for these two beings, so dear to her and now so evidently and intensely dear to each other.

Every afternoon now the mother kept a furtive watch upon the movements of her son, and she found that he invariably sent the nurse to walk and remained there, as Rhoda had been used to do, for the period of her absence. He had even learned the use of the music-box in the child's behalf, and would sit and turn the little handle round and round, grinding out the monotonous iteration of three popular airs, thinking the while of Rhoda's exquisite music, for which he had never once spoken a word of appreciation.

One day—it was about the sixth of Rhoda's illness—Fraser came to the door of the sick-room and motioned to his mother to come out. She saw from his manner that he was stirred by something far out of the ordinary.

"The child is dying,—Rhoda's child," he said. "The doctor says this is the end. Come with me, mother. Come and show me how to do my best to take Rhoda's place to it."

The old lady, without speaking, slipped her hand in his, and so they went together to that sad place, where doctor and nurses watched in silence too.

There was no expression of anxiety on any face. Perhaps there was even an effort on the part of each to keep quiescent an expression of relief and satisfaction.

Fraser, on his entrance, walked straight to the bedside and sat down, taking up the little hand which he had learned to love and looking down upon it tenderly. The old lady, going to the other side of the bed, sank upon her knees. Doctor and nurses were the width of the room away from her, and so her low voice was audible only to her son, as she said these words:

"Heavenly Father, receive unto Thyself the life of this little child who has suffered much but has not sinned, and grant to us, who have sinned much, that through the earnest suffering of repentance we may one day stand before Thee blameless as this child. We have had much given to us, and of us much shall be required. To this soul Thou hast given little, and little wilt Thou require. It returns to Thee as it came, to await Thy will for it in another world, where we believe that the failures and mistakes of this shall be repaired. To Thy understanding and Thy love do we commend it. Amen."

Duncan, in a low, soft voice, repeated the Amen after her, and as he did so he felt a faint clutch from the little hand in his. A spasm passed over the whole small body, and Rhoda's child was dead.

He motioned to doctor and nurses to come, and, taking his mother's hand in his, he led her from the room.

"Thank God that pain is spared to Rhoda!" the old lady said, as she followed him into his room. "She has had enough."

"Too much! too much!" he said. "Mother, you are a good Christian. You believe that repentance and amendment can wipe out the worst of crimes, do you not? I can believe that God may forgive me, perhaps even that man might; but that I can ever forgive myself seems quite impossible, and that is an implacable enmity that seems more than I can bear. It is well with the poor child yonder. The peace of the grave must be sweet; but peace is not for me. There is a crime unexpiated on my heart which forbids me to think of peace."

"What is this thing, my son? Can you tell your mother?"

"No: of this I can speak only to my wife. If Rhoda dies——"

He broke off. Those two sweet words, "wife" and "Rhoda," were so profoundly moving to him that he could say no more.

"She will not die. She will live," his mother said, and, for the hundredth time, the faith of her strong conviction comforted him.

Two days later there was a quiet funeral from the house in which Rhoda lay so ill. The carriage which followed the hearse was occupied by Fraser and his mother. All through the services and the interment these two took their places exactly as if it had been their own child and grandchild. They were both in deep mourning. Fraser's face looked haggard, sad, and wan. Lack of sleep and acute anxiety had told upon him. To those who did not know, he probably looked like a father burying his loved son; and, in truth, as he turned away from that little grave his heart was heavy with a new sense of loneliness. It had been something to do for Rhoda, and to do it had comforted his heart; but now, in all the world, there was no service left to be done for her dear sake.

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## XXI.

The crisis was passed, and Rhoda was pronounced to be convalescent, though there lingered a danger of relapse, which necessitated an almost greater care and caution than before.

Never had his mother so realized what her son's anxiety had been

as when she saw the abandonment of relief and thanksgiving into which the hope of her recovery threw him.

For some days the patient was allowed to see only the doctors and nurses. It was thought unsafe even to allow her to know that Mrs. Fraser was in the house. The long fever had exhausted her completely, and she slept much, but even when awake her lassitude was so extreme that she seemed hardly able to think or to feel.

One day she seemed so much better that the doctors said that either her husband or his mother might go in to see her; and Fraser, with a strong conviction that the sight of him would do Rhoda harm, insisted that his mother should be the one to go. The doctors looked upon this as the man's natural feeling that a woman would be more tactful and acceptable in such a case, and so the little old lady went.

Rhoda greeted her with a wan, sweet smile. She was too exhausted to talk much, but she called her "mother," in a tender tone, and kept her hand in her own, which was thin and wasted.

"Have I been very ill, mother?" she asked.

"Yes, darling. We've been quite anxious about you; but you are getting well fast now."

"They tell me that I have had fever,—that I have imagined things," she went on, after a pause, during which the older woman had sat by the bedside, quietly stroking her hand. "Did you ever come to me once, when I was very miserable, and take me away on a great boat, where there were people and beautiful children above, and down below hundreds of poor sheep and cattle, trampling each other to death, and being pushed toward the great open-mouthed red furnaces which heated the great boilers? Was this true?"

"No, dearest, no. That was all a delusion of your fever. Don't think about it now. You have been nowhere but here in your own home."

"How strange! It seemed so real to me," she said, and then fell silent. Presently she spoke again.

"Were there two children—lovely little boys—that played about here in my room, and ran often to kiss me? Or was this also a dream?"

"Yes, my child. You have been ill a long time, you see, and it was an illness that causes all such strange dreams."

"But how can I ever separate the true from the false? How can I tell when the delusions began? Help me, mother darling. My mind is so weak and confused."

Mrs. Fraser dared not let her go on longer. She saw that Rhoda was anxious to talk and to straighten out the tangles of her disordered brain, but by strong and gentle urgency she persuaded her to be quiet and to conform herself to the doctors' orders, so that she might get well.

"You want me to get well?" said Rhoda, wistfully. "You would care if I died?"

The strong old lady almost lost her self-control at this, but, summoning her usual tone of courage, she answered in such a way as to divert the talk into a channel which she felt would be less trying to the poor pale patient.

Rhoda's improvement after this was rapid. Fraser had not seen her yet, and his mother could perceive that any mention of him seemed to disturb and even to perplex the patient. It was impossible to tell whether she desired to see him or not, but their meeting could not now be postponed much longer.

Once Rhoda had asked about the child. Was it cared for? Did any one see that it lacked for nothing? Was the doctor satisfied that the nurses were faithful? All these questions having been reassuringly answered by the doctor, she had not referred to the subject again.

Fraser, meanwhile, was doing his best to possess his soul in patience. Now that that awful dread was gone and it became certain that Rhoda would live, his former life of inactivity became impossible to him. He rode on horseback for hours together, sometimes getting up before dawn and galloping in the Park, and coming back exhilarated and excited as nothing in all his life had had power to excite him until this wonder of joy and triumph came upon him, that Rhoda was going to get well.

And yet with the joy there mingled a deep root of bitterness. Rhoda would live, but would she ever be his? How could he hope it? How was he ever to dare to meet her eyes, with the memory of the shameful words that he had uttered, between them? He would go and listen at her door, sometimes, and hear her sweet voice speaking weakly to his mother or the nurse. In the night he would lie for hours on the floor of her own pretty dressing-room, close to her door, enthralled by the sense of her nearness to him. Her room was kept a bower of roses, which were sent to her every day, with the message that he would come to see her as soon as she should be pronounced well enough. The decision as to this had been left to his mother, and she had her own reasons for not hastening the hour of a visit of whose consequences she felt a certain dread.

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## XXII.

"Duncan," said Mrs. Fraser, going to him one morning in the library, where he was trying to dispose of some of his accumulated mail matter, "Rhoda is so much stronger and better now that I have told her that you will go in to see her this afternoon."

A sudden apprehension seized him.

"Does she want it? Is she willing?" he said.

"She is more than willing. Indeed, she is unfeignedly glad, now that I have relieved her mind of some fears that had tormented her. It is very difficult for her to disentangle truth from hallucination in her mind, but, together, I think we have at last straightened things out. She has asked me many questions, and would not be satisfied without the most explicit answers."

"What questions? Tell me the whole truth," he said, his face pale, his eyes wide and anxious.

"She questioned me particularly about the meeting at which you

made your address. She cannot talk much at a time, but she has frequently recurred to that. She wanted to know if it was true that she went with you to that meeting, and that you had a great public ovation. She even called her maid to confirm her recollection as to the dress and bonnet that she had worn, and she made me inquire of the footman if she had come home in the carriage with you and you had then left her and gone to fill an engagement at the club. All this was verified, and her memory proved perfectly correct. She remembers also the visit to the sick child's room, and the doctor has convinced her that it was that, after the strain of the evening's excitement, from which she was already exhausted, which brought on the fever of the brain. She knows that it began that same night, with some horrible hallucinations which have been torturing her ever since. She has told me very little of the nature of these, but she spoke with horror of seeing your eyes in the darkness, and there is something connected with this delusion which so distresses and disturbs her that I can do nothing, when she speaks of it, but beg her to try to force herself to realize that there is no truth in it, and so throw it off. I think she is quite convinced of it at last, and she seems very peaceful and happy now."

She ceased to speak, for her companion was listening no longer. He had sprung to his feet, like a man from whom chains had just fallen, and was pacing up and down the room, with strides so eager and so rapid that she could scarcely catch the expression of his face.

What was this that fate, or Providence, or his good angel, had done for him? It was too marvellous, too glorious, to be true. Rhoda, recovered from the illness which had threatened to take her from him, was waiting with anxiety to see him, having proved to her perfect satisfaction that the dear, beautiful, thrilling moments of that scene in the carriage were a reality, and believing that that other scene of brutality and shame which had come after it was a delusion of her fevered brain!

Perhaps he was a coward, perhaps he was false to himself and his ideal, but he could not help it that his spirit exulted.

A few hours later he was called to Rhoda's bedside. The nurse had been sent to wait in a room near by, in case she should be needed, and his mother, having ushered him in, went softly out, and he was left alone with Rhoda.

The large room, so characteristic of her in its delicate luxuriousness, was beautified and perfumed with the roses that he had sent. On a table at her bedside was a great rich mass of them, and one crimson bloom was lying on the pillow near to her white face.

She was greatly changed. The rounded cheeks were wasted. The dark eyes looked unnaturally large and brilliant. Even the fair, sweet hands looked strange and thin, and he saw in every sign a state of feebleness and extreme frailness which made his heart one passion of pity.

Crossing the room on silent, reverent feet, he came and knelt beside her bed.

"Darling," he whispered, in a voice that shook.

It seemed to him that he was back again in that supreme and perfect moment in the carriage, and that he had only taken up the precious scene a second later, at the very point where it had been interrupted.

With Rhoda, however, all was different. She stretched out one pale hand to him and smiled,—a beautiful, kindly smile,—but she was still exhausted by illness, and it was only a faint imagination of the feelings of that moment which came to her now.

"Then you are glad I didn't die?" she said, faintly. "You want me to live?"

It seemed to her almost as if she were in a conscious dream, as if this powerful, impassioned man, kneeling at her side in an ecstasy of joy, were only one of the delusions with which she had held converse for so long. This delusion was a sweet and pleasant one, and she faintly pressed the hand within her own, as if she would hold on to it, but there was in her heart but the faintest reflex of the fire in his, and she could but dimly comprehend why he so paled and trembled.

"Rhoda! Darling!" he said, indulging his thirsty eyes with a long draught of her loveliness. "Do you remember those moments in the carriage? It was the first time that I had let my heart speak out, but I had had a long, hard struggle,—first to keep from loving you, and then to keep from telling you that love."

He paused an instant, and then went on:

"I thought that you were going to leave me, Rhoda. What I suffered then——" He broke off, for he had no words.

She raised her gentle hand and laid it softly on his hair. The gesture was tender, but a little timid.

"I am glad you cared," she said. "I am glad I did not die, if you wanted me to live."

A sigh that was almost a sob came up in his throat,—her feeling for him seemed so mild and tame, compared to the passion of love for her which was consuming him.

"If I wanted you to live! Oh, Rhoda, Rhoda!" he cried, kissing the pale limp hand, which seemed to forget to return his pressure, "you do not dream what my love is. Only get well for me, my darling, and I will show you."

"I am glad you love me. It seems very strange," she said.

"Strange, my Rhoda? Strange that I should love you! Oh, no! The strange thing would be if I could fail to worship and adore you. If I can only make you happy, life will be too glorious, too sweet."

"You do make me happy," she said. "I am very happy."

Her placid voice, her gentle look, her calm, grave manner, almost maddened him. In his stalwart vigor, he felt happiness to be such a storm, such a whirlwind, such a torrent, that he could scarcely believe the faint utterance of those quiet lips, the soft pressure of that frail hand, the mild radiance of those calm eyes, meant anything more than placid acceptance. Contrasted with his own feeling, how could he call that love? He had forgotten to make allowance for her long lassitude of body and of mind. It seemed to him that she had fanned into a flame



all the fire in his heart, only to show him that her own heart was cool and passionless and had in it no response to his.

Was this to be his punishment? Perhaps it was.

He lifted the quiet hand he had been holding, and, bending, laid his eyes against it. There was an instant's storm of struggle, and then he lowered it until it rested underneath his lips, and, looking up above it, he met her eyes with his.

"Are you happy, Rhoda?" he said.

She bent her head gently on the pillow, and said,—

"Yes."

"And satisfied?"

Again that quiet assent.

Satisfied! Merciful heaven! Was this all that she wanted,—all that the word happiness meant to her? Could she dream what that word meant to him, or enter even remotely into his conception of that other word, love?

He looked at her, hungering and thirsting.

"Rhoda," he said, "do you love me?"

"Yes, dearly," she said.

The word smote him. He did not love her dearly. He loved her! When that was said, how any qualifying word impoverished it!

He felt a sense of hopelessness settling upon him.

His blood was coursing through his veins like fire, and the cool affection which was all that she had for him was intolerable. It was a relief when his mother came and told him he had better go. She, more than doctor or nurse, knew the possible agitation of this interview.

But Rhoda did not seem agitated. She had been pleased to have him there, but she seemed also willing to let him go. As he rose from his knees, he stooped over and kissed her on the forehead. She smiled up at him contentedly, as if it were enough. Somehow, he got out of the room, and, gaining his own apartments, shut himself in alone.

Yes, he was utterly and terribly alone. The loneliness that comes after companionship is the only intolerable loneliness, and he knew now how close and sweet had been the companionship of his thoughts of Rhoda.

Now, after long waiting, he had seen her, and what he felt was a deep, desperate disappointment. It was impossible that she could love him, when their first moments together since their love was owned had been like this. But his punishment was just, perhaps. He had meant to take advantage of her ignorance, to let it be supposed that those brutal words which he had spoken to her were a delusion of fever. He had meant to accept her love on this false basis; but fate had saved her from him, for she did not love him. That was the new principle of pain to which he must now adjust his life.

She was out of danger. She was getting well. He must return to his ordinary life, where business pressed. He began to go again to Brockett, and tried hard to throw himself into his work.

The small success of this effort was another blow. Even his career had become almost a matter of indifference to him, and the triumph

which he had recently scored in that direction proved wretchedly light, balanced against the loss which, in another way, he had suffered.

Every morning he went early to Brockett, and every afternoon he made a visit to Rhoda.

He was as calm and cool in manner now as she. His kisses were as chill and gentle, his looks as merely affectionate, as hers. No doubt, he told himself, she was well satisfied with him! The nurse need have no fear of his agitating her in any way.

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### XXIII.

One day Fraser, as usual, had been to Brockett, and had come home toward evening, feeling tired. He knew that his customary visit to Rhoda was before him, but the strain of these visits, the efforts to tune himself to her key, were so difficult to him that he had a strong shrinking from them.

This afternoon, when he entered the room, there was a change. The big bed was empty, and Rhoda had been moved to the lounge in the bay-window. There she lay, swathed in soft draperies of some blue material, which clung to her sweet slender body, just enough wasted by illness to make a passionate appeal to the tenderness of a man who loved her.

The light coverlet had been thrown aside, and there lay her long body, fine and straight and beautiful beyond his imagining of beauty. Her feet were thrust into soft slippers, the pointed toes of which gave that look of being delicately finished at the extremities, which her long, tapering hands also carried out. Her hair, parted and plaited, made her face look meek and mildly grave, and her blue draperies, though they heightened her pallor, gave a look of virginal serenity to her lovely face. Her toilet to-day was *soignée* and dainty, instead of being merely thorough and neat. The difference was due to the fact that it had been for the first time directed by herself, instead of by her nurse. The finger-nails, delicately pink, in contrast to the blue-white of her hands, were carefully trimmed and smoothed, and a soft little lace-edged handkerchief, with a *chiffre* delicately done in blue, was crushed in one pale hand.

As he came near and stooped, as usual, to kiss her forehead, the familiar scent from this little gossamer-fine thing penetrated to his finest consciousness, and made him clench his hand with a force almost painful, to give himself a danger-signal.

He drew a chair to the side of the lounge and sat down in it, assuming a manner which was painstakingly casual and collected.

"It begins to look as though Rhoda were herself again," he said. "How nice to see you really dressed and off the invalid-list! You have had a weary time of it."

"Not very," she said, gently. "I had bad dreams, in that long fever-sleep, but it was sweet to wake and find they were not true."

At these words Fraser winced inwardly. He even feared that

some effect of them might show in his face or movements, and so, remembering a piece of advice given him by the doctor that morning, and being willing to change the subject in almost any way that would change the current of his thoughts and hers, he said,—

"Rhoda, the doctor tells me you are now well enough to bear something which must be told to you, dear, and of which in your soul you must be glad; but it will necessarily give you a certain shock."

He paused an instant, a sense of agitation seizing him, as he saw the sweet inquiry of her eyes. It seemed cruel to bring up that dark subject in this angelic presence, but he was compelled to go on.

"Tell me," she said, wonderingly.

He felt for her ignorance, her unconsciousness that he was about to lay his hand upon a spot so sore.

"It will hurt you, I fear," he said, "and yet it is good news, Rhoda,—blessed good tidings for a being for whose sake you have suffered much."

Her face seemed to grow more densely white.

"My poor child!" she said. Her voice shook. Her lips trembled. She was still weak from her illness, and he saw that she could not bear a longer suspense.

"Yes, Rhoda, your poor child," he said. "Its life has passed away from the world in which its soul has never dwelt. There is a theory of some Eastern religion that the souls of such beings are kept with God, and that therefore their bodies are sacred too, and they are thought of with more tenderness and reverence than any others."

He was using all his power to comfort her and ease this moment's pain, but she seemed scarcely to hear his words. Large tear-drops filled her eyes and rolled down her pale cheeks.

"I am very glad," she said.

The pathos of those words and tears together was almost too much for Fraser. His heart ached with tenderness. He bent toward her pityingly, and said,—

"I wish I could have spared you this pain, my poor Rhoda. I bear it with you."

"I am very glad," she said again, but the tears came thicker and faster. She hid her face in the little filmy handkerchief, and, pressing it down with both hands, began to shake with low, half-stifled sobs. Her weakness made her powerless to resist them, and she gave way and cried, as simply and pathetically as a little child.

Fraser slipped from the chair to his knees.

"Rhoda, my own child," he said, bending over her, "I know you are brave, and that you say that you are glad, but I want you to be really and truly what you are trying so hard to be. Let it make you only thankful and happy, dear, that God has sent this release for that poor child's sake and for your own."

"I am," she said, speaking in a weak whisper from behind the little handkerchief. "I am both thankful and happy; but, oh, poor little thing, to be so alone!—to be left to hired nurses all the last days of its life!—to have no one to go and put it into its little grave,—no one who cared!"

"That was not so, my Rhoda. It was not alone. I went there every afternoon to take your place. I sat and watched and rocked it, hour after hour, and I followed it to its grave with pity and reverence, because it was your child. My mother, too, went with me. So now you cannot say that there was no one there who cared."

She took her hands down and looked at him.

"You did this?" she said. "You? You did this thing for that poor little cursed and blighted being to whom I gave its wretched life? Why did you?"

"Rhoda, darling, because it was your child, and because I loved you so that I grew to feel tenderly to it also, for your sake. I used to sit by the hour and play the little music-box to it, and rock it so strongly and regularly that its restlessness would cease entirely. I used to love then to look at its little hands. I used to hold them close and kiss them, because they were like yours."

He saw that his words gave comfort, and so he went on and told her all that there was to tell, thankful in his heart that he could give her the solace of this knowledge.

"Oh, I thank you! God knows, I thank you!" she said, with the humble gratitude of one who has received a favor undeserved. "It soothes my heart to think that those poor little hands were kissed before they were laid away forever."

"Think of the soul and not of the body, Rhoda. Its sad life here is over, and now it has a sacred life with God."

"Yes, yes," she cried, eagerly. "It is sweet and good. I am so glad. I am not sad about it. I don't know why I should cry. How good you were! How I thank you for it!"

She reached out one slim hand—the one on which her wedding-ring hung loose—and offered it to him, with a smile.

"And to think," she said, as his fingers closed around it eagerly, "to think that in my fever and delirium I thought you had been harsh and cruel to me! Oh, you do not know——" she broke off suddenly, covering her face an instant with her hand, "you do not know what horrible, blighting, bitter words I thought you said to me! It is as plain to me yet as if it had really happened. It must have been the very beginning of my delirium. I thought you were here, in this room, lying on this very lounge, and that I came to you and spoke to you with love and tenderness, as you had spoken to me in the carriage, and that I saw your eyes blaze on me from out of the darkness with a look of scorn; and then you spoke those words,—those dreadful, awful words which I cannot forget, not even now, when you are near me, with all your gentleness and tenderness and exquisite kindness to me and my poor child. How could I, even in delirium, imagine you so cruel, so brutal, so unlike your great good self?"

He could not bear it. Wrenching his hand away from those sweet clinging fingers, he got up and walked across the room.

He knew that she was wondering at him, that his rough and sudden movement had hurt her in her heart, if not in her body; but it was some moments before he could command himself sufficiently to come back to her, although more than once she called to him and asked

him to come. Suddenly he turned, and, walking to her side, looked down on her and said,—

"Rhoda, suppose I had said those words to you in reality, could you forgive me? I have a reason for wanting to know."

"Is it to test how much I care for you?" she said, with a certain shyness, though her sweet eyes met his candidly. "Ah, I care much, much; but you do not know what those words were with which, in my dream, you scorned and taunted me. I could forgive a great deal, but not that. A woman who had heard herself so spoken to by a man could neither forgive nor forget."

He did not answer, but turned in silence and left the room.

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#### XXIV.

Rhoda's convalescence progressed rapidly, so that a few days after her talk with Fraser she was able to drive out. At first she was too weak to walk down to the carriage, and then Fraser used to carry her in his arms. Her dependence upon him was sweet to them both. When she got better and was able to walk alone, both, in the silence of their hearts, regretted.

There was something more than the mere recuperation from an ordinary illness observable in Rhoda now. It was a more brilliant, buoyant, glowing, redundant health than she had ever known before. She had been always a pale woman, but now there was a genuine rose-flush in her cheeks and a new-born radiance in her eyes. For one thing, that sore-pressing, ever-present burden of the child was gone. That was much, but it was not all. There was a deeper meaning yet to the new-found delight in her heart, which made her bloom and radiate beauty and sweetness upon all who came in contact with her.

Every one recognized this, and as time went by and Rhoda presently appeared in the Park, driving with Fraser, her extraordinary beauty made a positive sensation, the echoes of which could not fail to reach Fraser's ears.

And if the world saw and felt this revivifying of Rhoda's beautiful being, what of him? He was enthralled by it, through all his soul and senses. There was an air of calm joyousness about her which made her seem like some radiant creature from another world, come here to show how beautiful and bright existence might be.

There had been always a large element of the child in Rhoda, and this was not the less evident now that suffering and conquest had made her supremely woman. She seemed to have come out of that illness new-made in body and new-born in spirit. The old self, in which she had sinned against her own soul and against others, was now dead. She had done it through ignorance, but we must pay the price of our mistakes, as well as of our faults. It seemed now, however, as if that debt was fully paid and the new life was begun. Her lovely face gave evidence that the dewy radiance of its dawn was all about her.

Fraser also had an old self, which he would have rejoiced to count

as dead. He looked back with a fierce revulsion at the self who had committed the great wrong of a marriage contract in which love had no part,—the self who, after this, had added to the wrong by becoming engrossed in an egotistic life apart from the young creature whom he had condemned to lovelessness and loneliness. He had not had the excuse of ignorance, which was so strong a palliative of Rhoda's fault. He had been an experienced man of the world, and he ought to have known—in his inner sense he had known—that he was doing her a wrong and subjecting her to terrible dangers. But he had not cared for that. He had cared only for his work and his career in the world.

All this was now so changed that he felt he could justly claim that that old self was dead—but for one thing! The old, the lower, the repudiated self could not be counted dead while he took advantage of Rhoda's ignorance and allowed her to believe that he had not uttered those terrible words to her. The new and nobler self could not come into full life until he owned the truth to her and was strong enough to take the consequences. He tried to believe himself strong, but before the thought of this ordeal he was a coward, and from the possible consequences of it he shrank.

So at the laboratory he spent wretched, restless days, while Rhoda, at home, was contented and peaceful, with her dear books, her happy thoughts, and the companionship of the old lady, whom she so tenderly loved.

At night, when Rhoda, with her faithful nurse on a cot near by, was enjoying the delicious and strengthening sleep of convalescence, Fraser, in his room not far away, would pace the floor for hours at a time, fighting, struggling, wrestling with the temptation to keep Rhoda ignorant of the truth about himself.

Himself! He paused and thought upon the word. What was his true self? He denied that it was the being who had married Rhoda Gwyn for money. No, no; his present self, his true self, repudiated that one. Nor was he the man who had, for so long, considered only with a cold cruelty that unhappy and faithful mother and that poor blighted child. He could call God to witness that he had risen above that,—that his evolution from that dead self had passed into a higher thing. And—to come nearer yet—he confidently and indignantly denied that he was the man who had spoken those cruel, brutal, soul-scarifying words to gentle, beautiful, noble Rhoda, who, out of her great-hearted generosity, had forgiven him the past and turned to him in love! No, a thousand times no; that was not himself. In this illness of Rhoda's he had gone through a discipline which had made him turn with horror from the thought of that self, but the new, the noble, the true self, as he believed, was not yet born until he could confess the truth to Rhoda and accept the consequences. This was what a stern voice in his soul required of him, but he shrank from it, as a man would shrink from taking a leap from a precipice beneath which was an unfathomed pit.

These were the thoughts which kept him sleepless and wretched, as he paced the floor of his room, alone in the darkness, while Rhoda slept so well.



## XXV.

One morning Mrs. Fraser announced that she was going home. She had made all arrangements, and even packed her trunk, before she spoke of it, and both her son and her daughter knew her well enough to understand that when her mind was made up there was no gainsaying her.

"I never like to make or even to cause a commotion, my dear," she said to Rhoda. "You are perfectly well, and I am not needed any longer. There are duties calling me home, and I must go."

"But it was only this morning that my nurse left me," Rhoda said, "and to lose you both in one day makes me appear more healthy and independent than I like to be."

"It is a good thing to feel healthy, my child, and independent too, as far as your nurse and myself are concerned. You are strong enough to dispense with her care of your body now, just as you are strong enough to do without the spiritual aid from me which you had need of when you were weaker."

"The time can never come when I shall fail to need you, mother dear," said Rhoda, "and yet I understand what it is that you mean. You gave me the greatest gift I have ever received when you gave me my ideal of myself. For a long time I had not that; but how can any woman live without it? Judge how I must love and bless you, my own mother, for this precious gift."

There was a closeness of comprehension between these two women as they parted which had more of union in it than was in that other parting of mother and son.

"Duncan," said the old lady, with a certain sternness in her voice, "I want you to take care that you know how to value Rhoda. Your mother used to wonder whether she would ever see the woman who was worthy of you. I must not shrink from telling you that I have come to wonder now whether my son is worthy of the woman who has consented to be his companion for the hard journey of life. There is something that I do not understand between you two,—something that I shall not pry into; but this I want you to remember, Duncan," she added, solemnly, putting her slight hands on his strong shoulders and looking up into his face; "if you fall short of your whole duty of love and service to that precious being, if through any fault or folly of yours you fail her, or come short of the utmost man can be to woman as husband and as friend, your mother's belief in and affection for you will have received a blow from which it can never recover."

His eyes fell before that searching gaze.

"Mother, you had better face the truth," he said. "I am not worthy of her."

"Then make yourself so," she answered, sternly. "Kill and crucify whatever it is within you that stands in the way. I do not know what it is, and I do not ask, but this I do know: if you treat Rhoda fairly, you can rely upon her generosity to any length. But be honest with her, Duncan. Let there not be a remnant of deception

between you, or you will have your punishment, and you will deserve it."

These were her last words, and they echoed through his heart.

That afternoon, when she was gone, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Fraser drove together in the Park. Rhoda, with her natural love of dress, as *naïve* as a child's, had ordered a spring costume which she was wearing for the first time. She looked radiantly beautiful, and as she sat at Fraser's side in the low victoria every eye that looked at her was arrested and charmed.

Her dress, of a pale fawn color, was soft and *svette* as the plumage of a bird. She wore no wrap, and the slim contour of her youthful figure was admirably given to view. A small bonnet made of glossy rich green ivy-leaves threw out the exquisite coloring of her face, as the leaves of a rose enhance its loveliness. Over that beautiful, blooming face the most delicate of veils was drawn, holding in gentle thralldom the waving masses of her rich hair. It would have been a pity if her costume had had more color in it. The tints of cheeks and lips and eyes and hair were enough. Down to the last detail of parasol, shoes, and gloves, her toilet was faultless, and Fraser, as he sat beside her, compared her, with a keen delight, with all the other women whom they passed.

Rhoda, by an inherent quality of her nature, could never feel comfortable unless she was daintily dressed, but, her toilet once made to her satisfaction, she never gave another thought to it, and now, as she drove along with Fraser, she was very far from any consciousness of the impression which she was making.

They talked, in low tones, about indifferent things, but he saw a wonderful change in her. That guarded attitude which had given her a sense of repression and him a feeling of being isolated from her was gone, and she spoke to him cheerfully and freely, though sometimes with a little look of timidity, which, in connection with the stateliness of her tall beauty, agitated while it also charmed him.

An hour after their return from the drive they dined together *tête-à-tête*. It was the first time since her illness, and here too he could see a marked change in her attitude toward him. He recalled the cool aloofness of the figure he had been used to see facing him there, and contrasted it with the sense of joyous ease about her now. She was perfectly dressed, as usual, and the gown that she wore he could not remember to have seen before. It was all white, and there were violets at the border of the square corsage. It was very simple,—too simple, in fact, for anything but this quiet home dinner; and for that reason it was sweeter. It was made after the graceful fashion of the Empire, and Fraser thought he had never seen any woman in any dress look so perfect. As she sat there, talking easily and with that wonderful change of look and tone which a sense of sympathy imparts, the very arms of his soul reached out to her. But he remembered and he feared.

When dinner was over, he let her go before him into the drawing-room, saying that he would follow her when he had finished his cigar and paper.

As he held open the dining-room door for her; he looked not unworthy of the fair lady who passed him with a smile as sweet as the breath of the violets wafted from her breast. The scant dress, together with the effect of her recent illness, made her appear unusually slight and tall, and her hair, in place of its stately crown of braids, had been twisted into a graceful topknot, which stood out from her head on an oblique line with her chin, and there was a distracting little fluff of short curly hairs hovering above the lovely *nuque*.

Fraser stood and watched her until the lovely, light-stepping figure, with its transparent draperies, had turned into the drawing-room. But still that look and smile continued to haunt him. There had been something in that frank swift glance that he had never seen in Rhoda's eyes before,—the willing acknowledgment of the love which was, both in kind and in degree, what his mind and soul craved like a thirst. He knew that he had called it up by the gaze which, at the sudden coming nearer of her loveliness, had blazed forth from his eyes, and that very fact revealed to him his power over her.

His cigar remained unlighted and his paper unread. Quietly leaving the dining-room, he went to the darkened library, where he sat down alone. The effort to think was a difficult one, with the insistency of feeling so crowding upon him.

What was he to do? He wanted to be a brave and honest man and to tell her the truth. He had tried hard to bring himself to the point of determining to do so, but so far he had not succeeded. He knew what he ought to do, and he wanted to do what he ought. Beyond that he could not go. Yes, he wanted to do what was right, but there was also something else that he wanted with every nerve and fibre and drop of blood in his body,—something that he might have, if he only let things be,—if he did not, by his own will and his own act, prevent it.

He sat there, still and silent outwardly, but with a heart that leaped at every sudden thought of her. He tried to school himself to the stern duty which he saw so plainly before him, but the memory of her voice and smile, the impression of her face and figure, and, more than all, that last swift look with which she had answered his, appealed to his senses so alluringly that his mind was one mass of confusion, perplexity, and agitation.

The library was next to the drawing-room, and he felt through all his thoughts the sense of Rhoda's nearness. He knew that she was there and that she waited for him.

Rhoda, on the contrary, believed him to be still in the dining-room, lingering over his cigar, and felt that presently he would come to her. She was not impatient. The delicacy and reserve of his attitude toward her, since their love had been acknowledged, made the strongest possible appeal to her. The newly awakened consciousness within her gave her now a shyness and timidity which, as a crude and undeveloped girl, marrying without even a conception of love, she had never had. The more passionately aware she became of her feeling toward him, the more contented was she that he should linger a little.

The joy before her was so bright, so blinding, that she had a little sense of fear at its approach.

For the first time Rhoda knew what it was to love, and she had with it that maidenly consciousness which is a part of love's delight. She knew also that she was loved in return, and her nature was so simple, so utterly opposed to the modern methods of self-analysis, that she received the revelation of love as naturally and unquestioningly as a child would have accepted the arrival of a thing desired.

She felt no wish to hasten the coming of her joy, but she had a great longing to express herself. The burden of silence weighed upon her, as she sat there in the great drawing-room, with its beautiful furnishing and pleasant spaces.

Suddenly her eyes fell upon the closed piano, and, rising, she crossed to it swiftly and sat down upon the stool. It was on the side of the room next to the library, too far away from the dining-room, she thought, to be audible there, through closed doors, so she could play to herself alone.

Feeling quite at her ease, she slipped back the cover of the keyboard and began to play. She struck the keys softly, but with power.

They were old favorites that she played,—fragments which she had often gone over and over to herself when she had first tried to penetrate the mystery of the feeling of love, when for the first time it had come to possess her. Through these strains of music, tender, sad, impassioned aspirations after the unknown, she had come to the consciousness that the feeling in her heart for the man with whom she had made a mere marriage contract was love. Through them now she sought to realize to herself that love's full satisfaction and fruition.

Things came to her and she played them, making no effort to comprehend the specific feeling which prompted the widely different strains. From some unknown impulse, she began with Chopin's funeral march.

As the first grand chords of it smote the silent air, coming deep, low, and distinct to the ears of Fraser where, within a pace or two, he sat in his battle with temptation, he started in his seat, and then sank back, vibrating like a harp-string. The image of death, supreme, inevitable, final, seemed to loom before him, putting its fatal hand upon all life and love and joy. It seemed to pronounce his own doom; and the verdict came through Rhoda's hands, as it was meet and right that it should. It seemed inevitable that he must accept it, but he groaned in spirit at the thought.

Then from the hands of Rhoda also came the sounds of that second movement, with its clear gentle melody that seems a smile at death. It had always spoken to him of the supremacy of the spiritual over the material, and his heart seemed to throb to the pulsations of a new life. Over and over that sweet strain was repeated, as if Rhoda too found pleasure in it. Every time she played it the strain got lower, and as the sound diminished it grew more keenly sweet, seeming to draw him to it and to her.

Moving very softly, he went and leaned his head against the door which separated the two rooms.

During the moment of his crossing that slight space the music stopped. Could she have heard him? Impossible! The silence continued for a moment more, and then, nearer than before, more passionately present to his senses and his soul, the familiar and ever-loved strains of Schubert's Serenade pierced the short space which separated him from Rhoda.

She played the opening bars very slowly. It seemed as if her spirit as well as her fingers lingered over them. They drew him on, until, with stealthy motions, and almost without consciousness of his body or his act, he had noiselessly opened the door. The drawing-room was thus suddenly exposed to view; and there she sat!

Her back was toward him, and the lights in the wide room were few and dim. Her figure looked the merest girl's, as she sat on the high stool, with the folds of her short-waisted dress drawn under her. He could see that her figure swayed slightly with the rhythm of the song that she played, and her graceful head, with its knot of hair in distinct outline, was gently bending too.

Moving one step at a time and with motions of extreme caution, he drew nearer to her,—not near enough for touch, but near enough to see the outline of her profile, and even its expression. Then he sank noiselessly into a chair and watched and listened.

If Rhoda's playing had been enthralling to him before, what was it now that the spell was subtly strengthened by the sight of Rhoda's face? And even that was not all. He now perceived that the lips, with their sweet alluring curves, were moving, and that, with a sort of delicate humming, she was carrying the air that she played.

For the most part, this low singing was wordless, but now and then a short uttered sentence accentuated it. She only recalled the words in fragments, or else there were only fragments of them which expressed her feelings.

Fraser listened, all his senses tuned to their finest susceptibilities. He took in the vision of her beauty in a deep and ever-thirsting draught, while his ears drank their fill of the melody which flowed from under her white fingers. But keener, sweeter yet was the low thrilling sound that sang to that marvellous music the words

“While I dream of thee.”

She sang them once, and then twice, as if the iteration were sweet to her. His heart trembled.

“While I dream of thee,”

she sang again.

He knew that he and no other was the object of her dreams. He knew that the hour had struck for him to come into his kingdom. But could he enter it as a usurper?

The music thrilled the quiet air of that still room where these two were alone.

Suddenly her hands fell from the keys and lay upon her lap, and there was but an echo of that strain and of those words. Then the

audible reverberation passed away, and the echo lingered only in their souls.

He sat profoundly still and looked at her. His gaze penetrated the silence as it had not done the sound, for she felt it on her, and so turned and looked at him, and, oh, the joy, the exultation, of that look!

He knew that there was not a cloud between them, not a lingering vestige of the towering obstacles which had separated them so long, except the one which need be no obstacle at all, unless his own act made it so. The gates of heaven were flung wide before him, and nothing but his own hand, directed by his own will, could shut them.

Rhoda's eyes continued to gaze upon him, dominating his senses and mightily threatening his will. He got up from his seat, took a few steps forward, and fell on his knees before her.

He was there in repentance and absolute self-abasement, but she did not understand. He had intended to tell her, and to take from her lips the scorn that he deserved, but she thought he had come in a far different spirit, and, leaning, she laid her lovely arms around his neck. Then, looking down upon him so, she smiled.

The all-loveliness of that smile and gaze was more than he could bear. He threw his head down, till his face rested upon the fragrant draperies of her lap and the allurements of that vision of her was hidden from his eyes. He felt her tender fingers on his head, as if she blessed him. She did not speak, but he felt the voice of her soul speaking to his soul.

"Rhoda," he whispered, not lifting his bowed head, "Rhoda, you do love me, don't you?"

He felt the pressure of her hand grow stronger, and she made a motion as if to draw him closer.

"Yes," she whispered.

The thrilling word possessed him like some spell which every moment held him in deeper thrall. With her touch upon him, her love about him, how could he tell her?

"Rhoda," he said, lifting his head and revealing a face distorted with the passion of his struggle, "you say you love me; but how much?—how much? Enough to forgive me as great a wrong as a man ever did to a woman?"

"Enough for anything," she said.

"Anything but this, I can believe. If it were any other ordeal that I proposed to test you by, I should not shrink, but, oh, this frightens me. My soul within me fears. I dare not tell you."

"Tell me," she said, tenderly, framing his agitated face with her two lovely hands, and looking down upon him with a sweet strong smile. "I am not afraid."

"One moment," he said, in a half-stifled whisper. "Give me one moment's grace. I ought not to ask it of you, Rhoda—but kiss me once."

She bent until her face was very near to his. Their lips had almost met, but he drew back.

"No, no!" he cried. "You must not. I cannot let you give what



you might regret. Oh, Rhoda, I have wronged you deeply, but I love you, I adore you! I call on God to show you this."

"I know it," she whispered back, "and so do I love you. When that is so, there is nothing we could not forgive each other. Remember what you have forgiven me. It must have been the worst of all things for a man to forgive a woman."

"The case is different, my Rhoda. That was not you. That ignorant, unknowing child was but the germ from which you sprang. My mother has shown me that. Knowledge has come to you now, and love has taught you. The old self is a dead one, out of which the real you has come into life."

His words were spoken with conviction. He felt their force so strongly himself that it was only natural to him that she should feel it too.

"I accept that belief absolutely," she said. "The self that did that awful, unbelievable thing is quite, quite dead; and what is true of me is also true of you. This unknown wrong committed against yourself and me, it was not done by you,—the man that you are now, whose love I take as my best gift from God, and pay it back with the first love of my life,—whose hands I hold in mine, whose eyes now read my soul, as I read his and see that it is true and good."

Under the power of her words, the whole look of his face changed mysteriously.

"Rhoda, Rhoda," he said, "in my heart, and in God's sight, I know that what you say is true. I know it, and God knows it, but it is almost too much to expect that revelation to be made to any other soul. Rhoda, you are right: I did not do it. I could as soon bruise and wound your beautiful body as I could now lacerate your soul as I did then. If God has revealed this to you——"

"He has—He has! Why will you not believe it and save yourself this suffering, which makes me suffer too?"

Her face had paled. Her hands were trembling. He felt that he must end this ordeal, for both their sakes.

"I will tell you all," he said. "Let me feel your hands and see your eyes while I do it."

She clasped his hands in a tight pressure, and turned her full gaze on him.

"Go on," she said.

"You remember that night when I spoke before the convention," he began, speaking very fast. "They all applauded me, and I knew that my career was made,—that I held in my right hand the power and influence for which I had struggled so long. I realized this, but I felt an awful sense of lack, because I had not you. I loved you more than fame, more than success, more even than my dreams of helping on my race. I was impatient of triumph apart from you. As we were driving home together, this feeling, which I had kept down for so long, got too strong for me. I let you see it, and in return you gave me one swift glance through the well-guarded doors of your heart also. This double secret—my love for you and yours for me—would have inevitably come to a full betrayal then but for the stopping of

the carriage. It gave me a moment's breathing-space, and I knew that my only safety was in flight. I rushed off to the club, but I could not stay. You drew me to you, and every other force was powerless. I hurried back to you, my pulses quickened into fire at the thought of seeing you again. On reaching the house I flew to your room. You were not there. I searched for you everywhere. I could not brook delay. At last—oh, poor, poor Rhoda!—I found you, by that poor child's bed. I had never really looked at it before, and I loved you so fiercely, so desperately, that that made me hate it. Instead of worshipping you for your angelic sense of motherhood and duty, I grew wild with rage. I looked full at that poor being, and instead of pity I felt a mad resentment. The worst of all was when I saw the little hands that looked like yours. But, Rhoda, remember this: I came to feel only a great pity for that child at last, and I used to kiss those little hands, with thirsty love."

Her eyes were still upon him, grave and true. He could be nothing but honest to the death, under the influence of such a gaze as that.

"I was wild, infuriated, out of my senses," he said. "The brute that was in me then rose up and mastered me. I rushed down-stairs and waited for you, in your room, purposely to say those cruel and dastardly words to you which you—oh, Rhoda, Rhoda!—thought you had imagined in delirium. It was not so. They were true. I said those words to you; I looked at you with such a look; and I must pay the penalty!"

He wrenched his hands away from her and hid his face in them. There was a look in Rhoda's eyes which he could hardly bear. The kindness, the lack of condemnation in them seemed to remove her too far from him. She appeared to him like an angel who looked at him with a divine charity which was glorious and sweet, and yet not what he wanted. He was very human, and he wanted her human, equal love.

For some long seconds there was silence. Then he said,—

"Rhoda, I ask your forgiveness. Can you give it?"

She did not speak, until he lowered his hands and looked at her. Then she answered him, with a smile.

It was all sweet, all gracious, without a trace of any thought that pained in it,—a lovely human smile, that yet seemed to lift him into heaven.

"Then, Rhoda, you forgive me? It was too much to hope,—too much to think."

"I do forgive those words to the man who uttered them," said Rhoda: "we easily forgive the dead. To you I have nothing to forgive. That was another self that could be base and cruel. That self is not you,—Duncan!"

At the word—never before uttered by her to him—he sprang to his feet, as if it were a summons to all the manhood in him of body or of spirit. Catching her hands, he drew her upward until they stood, tall, young, erect, and face to face. The consciousness of that uttered name made Rhoda's face aflame. Fraser was very pale. He spoke to her in a whisper.

"Rhoda," he said, "you can say that to me, after all that I have done?"

"Not you; it was not you!" she answered, whispering too, and again she smiled. It was a smile of perfect confidence, that gave him sudden strength.

"No, no, not I, indeed!" he said; "not the man that you have made of me,—for, Rhoda, I am new-born. Can you believe that you have worked that miracle?"

"I did not do it," she said, the whispered tones getting lower yet, as they drew imperceptibly nearer together. "The power that did that thing has worked a miracle for me as well. Its name is Love."

Their eyes were fast upon each other, and they drew ever nearer, until sound and sight were lost in touch, as their wordless lips were pressed together.

They drew apart, their hands still clasped, and looked again into each other's eyes.

Through a consciousness born of that kiss, they understood.

THE END.

## FARMING UNDER GLASS.

WHEN at its zenith, the Roman Empire laid all the barbaric countries of the world under contribution to supply the tables of its nobles and wealthy citizens with the fine luxuries of life. Asia and Africa poured in the rich spices and fruits of the tropics; Germany and the great north countries raised the grains and wild berries; Italy and the fertile land of the Franks cultivated the vineyards to make the wines; every strip of sea-coast from the Mediterranean to the Baltic contributed its quota of fish; and the forests of Brittany yielded the wild game of the woods,—birds, beasts, and fowls,—for the banquets of the proud, dissolute rulers of the vast Empire. With the choice products of a great world so easily obtained, there were wanton waste, foolish extravagance, and a strange disregard of the value of expensive luxuries, and the historian dwelling upon these times delights in recapitulating the various articles of diet arranged in tempting manner upon the groaning tables at the great feasts and banquets.

But, excepting Nero's dish of peacock tongues and Cleopatra's cup of wine with the dissolved pearls in it, the *menu* of our modern banquets would compare favorably with those spread in the times when gluttony, licentiousness, and greed for luxury were insidiously sapping the strength of Rome. In the centuries separating the two periods the world has grown richer, the distribution of goods developed into a science, and the cost of the necessities and even the luxuries of life gradually declined. The art and skill of man have brought into culture products of the soil that Nero, in his most extravagant moods, could not command, and the luxuries that the wealthy nobles spent their fortunes in obtaining can to-day be purchased with the limited incomes of the clerk, mechanic, and laboring man. Other luxuries are naturally created with the new civilization, which none but the rich can afford, but the tendency of the age is to bring within the reach of the greatest number all the products of the soil, air, and water. Competition, invention, and the ingenuity of man are united in the effort to spread before the civilized world the varied treasures of Nature's great storehouse, and at prices within the means of the humblest.

While there may be dispute about the relative cost of the necessities and luxuries of life in the last quarter of a century, there is no room for doubt that they have greatly increased in number and variety. Luxuries of yesterday are considered necessities of to-day. It is not essential to go back twenty-five years to prove this. An examination of the products of our markets, or the viands spread upon our tables daily, will impress us with the changes that have been wrought in ten years. Before Florida and California developed their fruit and vegetable industries, what opportunities had we to enjoy these summer delicacies in midwinter? A few hot-houses produced a limited quantity of choice fruits and vegetables for the very wealthy, but not abundantly enough to be worthy of serious consideration in estimating the wealth of our market crops. The canning-factories were busy then in pre-

serving enormous yields of fruits, vegetables, and fish, and those who availed themselves of the canned goods experienced a sense of satisfaction over the progress of science. Their condition was much superior to that of their predecessors, who could not buy even canned fruits and vegetables in the open market at any reasonable price, and they had good reason for self-congratulation.

Canned goods are among the necessities of life to-day, and even green vegetables and summer fruits are classed by many not among the luxuries but among the indispensables in midwinter. Our tables present a very different aspect from what they did ten or fifteen years ago. The whole world contributes to our markets, and offers to us delicacies, in and out of season, that would have made a Nero envious. While our winter fruits and vegetables have been placed within the reach of the multitudes, there is other choice food that meets a demand only from wealthy epicures. There is no city in the world where the table luxuries are more conspicuous features of the markets than in New York, and commission merchants must have all the world's products in and out of season to gratify the refined palates of their customers. It is worth noting that a man with an income of five to ten thousand dollars a year may consider hot-house grapes, strawberries, and peaches at Christmas-time the necessities of life, and his claim is no more extravagant than that of thousands of poorer families who think it impossible to live through the winter without two or three different green vegetables or fruits for each dinner. The simple diet of twenty-five years ago in this respect could not be tolerated by a generation supplied by a generous world with such a varied list of products.

This condition of affairs is not abnormal, nor altogether the result of extravagant ideas among the great majority, but it is the outcome of important changes in our agricultural and industrial life. Florida and the South Atlantic States have developed their resources, and raise fruit and vegetables for us so cheaply that every one can afford to buy them. When our Northern fields are wrapped in snow and ice, the Southern truck-gardeners are busy harvesting their crops to supply the Northern demand. Green vegetables and choice fruits are shipped to us right through the winter season, and our markets never know what it is to be without them. Beginning with Maryland and Delaware in the fall, the truck-gardeners of the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, and the West Indies ship their products to New York in regular succession, and then when signs of approaching spring appear the process is reversed. We get strawberries from Florida in January and February, from Georgia in March and April, and from the States farther north from April to July. This Southern trade in fruits and vegetables has assumed its present gigantic proportions in the past ten years, and it has been the chief factor in reducing the cost of winter vegetables and fruits.

Another important agent in cheapening the price of former luxuries, and in increasing the variety of food products both in summer and in winter, is the cold storage system that has grown up and developed coextensively with the Southern trade in fruits and vegetables. The cold storage warehouses in a city like New York are mammoth affairs, and they make it possible to keep our Northern fruits, vegetables,

poultry, and eggs well into the winter season. They protect the producers from heavy loss in the height of the season, when markets are glutted, and cheapen the prices for the consumers in midwinter. Butter, cheese, eggs, and poultry, as well as fruits and vegetables, are preserved in these great storage houses until actually needed for consumption. Since the trade in Southern winter vegetables has grown to such vast proportions, the storage houses have become valuable adjuncts to this business. In one week several steamers may arrive in New York loaded down with perishable fruits and vegetables, and, even though all the Northern gardeners are idle because of cold weather, prices would drop beyond the point of profit as the result of the glut, if it were not for the storage system. In the cold warehouses the goods can be kept for an indefinite period, and prices are not materially cut as a result of the sudden arrival of large cargoes of fruits and vegetables.

But the development of the Southern trade in farm products, and the adoption of an elaborate system of cold storage to preserve perishable goods, do not alone account for the sudden introduction of all the delicacies of the land on our tables in the middle of winter. There is another factor that is rapidly becoming formidable, and which may in time create as great a transformation in our markets as the growth of trucking in the South Atlantic States. Many have predicted that in time the farmers near cities would double the yield of their acres by covering the land with glass, and in a climate of perpetual summer produce two crops where to-day only one can be harvested. This speculative allusion to "farming under glass" has been partly realized within the memory of present readers. No new discovery in scientific farming has done more to stimulate truck-farming near our large towns than the adoption of glass in various ways for the production of late and early crops. In any of the great market sections on the outskirts of large cities considerable progress has been made toward covering the earth with a roof of glass, and farming goes on there continually, unmindful of the condition of the weather that prevails outside. Under these extensive glass covers tons of the choicest winter fruits and vegetables are raised at our doors and placed upon our tables to gratify our modern epicurean tastes.

Prior to 1875 there were only half a dozen greenhouses in the country making a business of raising plants for the market, and most of these were devoted exclusively to flower-culture. Private estates owned small hot-houses where a limited number of choice flowers, grapes, and apricots were raised, but they were very crudely constructed, compared with our modern structures, and the system of culture was simple and generally unsatisfactory. The cut-flower trade in New York began to assume considerable importance eight years ago, and, to meet the ready demand for the flowers in the middle of winter, greenhouses quickly sprang up in the suburbs. The cost of construction decreased, and the expenses of propagating the flowers were proportionately reduced, making the business very remunerative to the growers. A new era in flower-culture was inaugurated. Enormous glass houses were erected in the country, and where a few dozen men were formerly employed, thousands soon sought and obtained profitable



work. It is now estimated that three millions of dollars are annually paid for cut flowers in New York City, and nearly half as much more for potted plants. This large revenue goes chiefly into the pockets of the horticulturists who do their farming under glass.

Greenhouses in all other parts of the country rapidly multiplied in number, until the cost of cut flowers was reduced in winter to half the former price. There are several hundred large floral establishments to-day, covering many acres with their glass roofs, and representing invested capital of several millions of dollars. It is estimated that not less than twenty acres of glass surface are required to force the roses sold in New York in the winter months.

Forcing flowers under glass became a recognized business of fair proportions before the market-gardeners thought of utilizing glass-covered houses for winter vegetables and fruits. But if they were slow at first in recognizing their opportunities, they have amply made up for it in recent years. Farming under glass has become one of the chief features of our Northern gardening, and if present tendencies continue the time will not be far distant when thousands of acres of fertile soil will be forced to yield two crops a year in our temperate zone. In the suburbs of Boston one market-gardener has nearly ten acres covered with glass, and near New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago are similar extensive greenhouses or hot-beds where plants and fruits are cultivated in the middle of winter.

The first use of the hot-bed by the market-gardeners was simply to protect their fall crops from early frosts, and for the purpose of starting the seeds of their spring vegetables early in the season. These hot-beds were simple affairs. A trench was dug down to a depth of four or five feet, and then half filled up with rich soil and well-composted manure. Double-thick walls were constructed about half a foot above the surface of the ground, and thick window-pane sash was fitted securely over the top. This contrivance enabled the market-gardeners to carry their fall vegetables up to Christmas-time, and after a rest of a few months the new seed was put in the ground for another season's crop. The growing season was lengthened by three months at least for such vegetables as radishes, lettuce, melons, and tomatoes. The gardeners suddenly found that there was more money in building sash hot-beds on their land, where late and early vegetables could be raised, than in following the old system of summer culture, and hundreds entered into the business with profit to themselves and pleasure to their customers. These hot-beds are extensively employed to-day in the suburbs of all cities, and a good part of our fall and spring supplies of vegetables comes from them.

But farming under glass to-day includes much more than this, and it is with this phase of the question that public interest is chiefly concerned. The enormous greenhouses in our suburbs are built for the purpose of raising all kinds of fruits as well as vegetables, and under their glass covers the owners conduct a system of agriculture that is without parallel in the history of the world. Millions of dollars have been invested in greenhouses in the last few years, and builders and architects have made it a study to reduce the cost of these structures

without materially affecting their practicalness. Manufacturers of heating apparatus, recognizing a wide and constantly expanding field for selling their products, have catered specially to this line of work, and the improvements have been rapid and radical. A fair contract price at which these houses are built is about forty cents per square foot of ground surface, and a greenhouse covering one acre of land would cost between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars. The modern hot-beds, with double sash and good thick glass, capable of protecting tender plants right in the middle of winter, cost about twenty cents per square foot, or about seven thousand to nine thousand dollars per acre. The market-gardener who covers several acres of his land with glass must consequently have ready capital to begin with, for his farm needs more improvements and attention than when uncovered, and many equipments that are not included in the original contract price for erecting the greenhouse. The cost of the land, high though it may be near the city, is a small item in the new farming. Ten acres adequately covered with glass are far more valuable than several hundred acres in their natural state. Usually the gardener who farms under glass in winter cultivates a considerable tract in summer that has not yet been enclosed, and by working the two farms in their season he keeps his time well occupied and the markets continually supplied with fruits and vegetables.

A practical demonstration of the possibilities of market-gardening under glass was recently made at the New York Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva. A description of the system pursued there should give one a fair insight into the business. The greenhouse erected for the experiments was a four-part one, three wings being built of wood, and the main structure of brick. In this latter part of the building were located the hot-water boilers, the potting-room, and the manager's room. Every modern equipment for simplifying the work of plant-growth and propagation was present in the building, and the growths cultivated in the greenhouses could not complain of lack of attention and proper artificial surroundings.

In this experimental greenhouse the season for the plants was from November 1 to April 1. The tomatoes were planted in one of the wings exactly as if they had been put in the garden in June. Underneath the tomatoes mushroom-beds were made, and while the tomato-plants were ripening the mushrooms were harvested and shipped to market. These winter delicacies were shipped fresh in tight boxes, and when properly packed they kept for ten days. As fast as the bed of mushrooms was exhausted another layer of soil was added to the bed, and after a lapse of three weeks a second crop was ready for picking. In this way several hundred pounds of mushrooms were gathered in one winter from under the bed of tomatoes. The tomatoes raised under these artificial conditions were much larger than and superior to the Southern product, and they averaged forty to sixty cents per pound in the middle of winter. Cucumbers were raised in rich soil in the same wing of the greenhouse with tomatoes, and, although this portion of the building was only twenty by forty-four feet in size, about two thousand cucumbers were picked in the first year and sold for twenty cents to one dollar apiece.

As strawberries are one of the most profitable winter fruits, a part of one of the wings was given up to their cultivation, and the products of these artificial beds sold as high as five dollars a quart in New York, while the average price in early winter is one dollar per quart. The strawberry plants were raised in pots, and placed upon shelves constructed specially for them. The vines, luxuriating in the rich soil and the delightful artificial climate, spread over the pots in graceful form and ripened their large red berries in the coldest weather of January and February. Each pot averaged twelve to fifteen berries, and so large were they that every half-dozen vines produced a good quart. On the sides of the greenhouse hot-house grapes hung in clusters, yielding the most luscious fruits that ever tempted the appetite.

French string beans were raised in pots the same as strawberries, and one hundred pots netted as high as twelve dollars for the season's crop. A bench was constructed especially for lettuce, another just under it for radishes, and a third for garden-cress. The first vegetable was raised in pots, and each head was brought to such perfection that top prices were realized for every one. The radishes were planted in beds, and several crops were picked during the winter season. The garden-cress, a plant similar to the water-cress, but much cleaner and better, was raised under the benches, where it practically took up no valuable space that could be utilized for anything else. By planting the vegetables and fruits in tiers so arranged that sunlight could reach all the plants that needed plenty of sun for their full growth and development, a great amount of garden truck was produced in one season. The whole space of the greenhouse was less than three thousand feet, and only one ton of coal was consumed per month to keep the proper temperature; but in this small area over two thousand cucumbers were harvested, one hundred quarts of strawberries, five hundred heads of lettuce, two hundred dozen bunches of radishes, several hundred pounds of mushrooms, nearly two hundred bunches of garden-cress, and two hundred quarts of French string beans, besides considerable quantities of minor products.

This experimental gardening under glass was on a small scale, and was conducted primarily to test the possibilities of the new method of winter gardening. It is necessary only to carry these figures and estimates up to a larger scale in order to appreciate the value of the new industry to the gardeners. At Arlington, in the suburbs of Boston, extensive market-gardens have long been remarkable for their success and ideal conditions. It was at this place that the arc light was first used for forcing flowers and vegetables at night. The gardeners have made a national reputation for the lettuce which they raise, and Boston lettuce is in the market from early winter until spring, commanding fancy prices at all times. As far back as 1890 the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture reported twenty-three greenhouses in Arlington, covering about two acres, and four sash-houses, covering about eight thousand square feet. In these houses in one winter were grown four hundred thousand heads of lettuce and three hundred and fifty thousand cucumbers. In addition to these glass houses there were twenty-seven thousand hot-bed sash, from which a crop of one million eight hun-

dred and fifty thousand cucumbers and one million four hundred thousand heads of lettuce was realized. Belmont and several other towns and suburbs were extensively engaged in farming under glass, and the products for the whole State in that year were estimated at one million heads of lettuce and one million two hundred thousand cucumbers in glass houses, and one million three hundred thousand heads of lettuce and two million five hundred thousand cucumbers under hot-bed sash. The value of the winter crop raised in Arlington alone was estimated at one hundred and sixty-two thousand five hundred dollars. The lettuce and cucumbers grown in the Arlington houses sell for the highest average prices, and they are shipped in the winter season in large quantities to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago.

Since 1890 the glass houses and sash-beds have more than doubled in area, and, while no official figures of the annual output have been published, it is safe to estimate the value of the crop of lettuce and cucumbers raised in winter under glass in the suburbs of Boston at nothing less than half a million dollars. The celery crop has also received a great deal of attention from the Arlington gardeners, and this vegetable is now supplied to us the year round.

But the mention of celery suggests the name of Kalamazoo, and to obtain an idea of the extent to which it is grown it is necessary to glance at the small Michigan town which owes its national reputation to the humble plant. Previous to 1880 Kalamazoo celery was unknown, but since then it has grown in popular favor until it excels all other celery in reputation. The great meadows or bottom-lands where the celebrated plants are grown consist of a peculiar form of black muck, the result of vegetable decomposition, and in the soil of this comparatively limited area the celery flourishes naturally. The work is carried on chiefly by Hollanders, who live in frame dwellings on their small holdings. By the aid of glass hot-beds they have in recent years been able to raise four crops a year, and great fields of glass meet the eye of the visitor in winter and early spring. The intense competition in the markets induced a number of the celery-growers to abandon the business a few years ago, but they soon returned to it, and since then, by using glass, they have largely increased their revenues by raising more celery to the acre. The extent of the celery industry in Kalamazoo is conservatively estimated at from three to four million dozen bunches per annum, netting the town at least half a million dollars. The bunches are packed in wooden boxes, which are made in the town, giving employment to scores of carpenters and workmen.

Celery is raised by all the market-gardeners in the suburbs of large cities, and the Kalamazoo growers do not entirely monopolize the demand. As nearly all these gardeners have large hot-beds, they can raise the plants from the seed as early as their Michigan rivals, and, being located nearer the city, they have the advantage of reduced express charges. But probably the largest celery farm in the country under one management is located at Greentown, Ohio, where nearly one hundred acres are devoted exclusively to the production of this plant. As several acres of the farm are covered with sash in which to start the young plants, the importance of glass in the industry is ap-

parent, and no one could expect to succeed on a large scale without adopting to a certain extent modern methods of gardening under glass.

The market-gardeners in the suburbs of New York have nearly a hundred acres of land covered either with a glass roof or hot-bed sash (not including the greenhouses for flowers), and from these improved beds they raise tons of winter vegetables and fruits for winter consumption. To describe their methods of culture is not easy without constant allusion to the out-of-door crops, for the gardeners combine the two in such a way as to get the most out of every acre. No gardener confines his labors to glass-grown crops, nor do many limit themselves to out-of-door crops. One of the best winter crops for the gardeners is lettuce, the seed of which is sown in the open fields early in September. When the plants are six inches high, they are "pricked out," or transplanted to the beds prepared for them in the greenhouses. In these glass houses the temperature in early fall can generally be kept about right for lettuce without artificial heat, and in the rich soil the plants flourish and mature in from six to eight weeks from sowing-time. But meantime other lettuce-seed has been sown in hot-beds outside, and when the first crop has been harvested and sold, new plants are brought into the greenhouse to take the place of the old ones. Sowings are made in the hot-beds every ten days for nearly two months, and several crops are thus raised in succession upon the same beds.

Cucumbers frequently follow lettuce. The seeds for the earliest cucumbers are planted in August, with a succession every two weeks. They are planted either in hills in the bed or in pots, and the vines are trained to run over strings or sticks so that they will take up less room. From ten to twelve weeks from the planting the vines begin to yield a crop of small cucumbers, and they continue to bear for several weeks. Bees are introduced in the greenhouses in order to pollinize the plants. The English hot-house cucumber, a large and superior variety, is chiefly used in this work, and in the winter season they bring all the way from fifty cents apiece to three and four dollars a dozen. Radishes are sown right through the winter as a sort of catch crop, and harvested from September to March. The ease with which they can be raised at any time and in any part of the greenhouse makes them very popular vegetables with the gardeners. Dandelions are treated in the same way. The seeds are sown early in summer, and the plants kept growing in some unoccupied corner of the hot-bed until fall. Then they are transplanted to the greenhouse to fill up odd nooks and corners, and just kept alive until midwinter, when they are forced for the markets in early March and April, when the demand for "greens" is greatest.

Tomatoes are started out of doors from the 1st of July until September, and removed to the house before cold weather. The vines are trained upon stakes and strings, so that they may get more sun and not spread over a wide space. About ten pounds of tomatoes from each plant is considered a good yield, and when prices are high this proves very remunerative.

Late in February and March, when the winter season begins to decline, and Southern vegetables are appearing in the markets in ever-increasing numbers, the gardens under glass are planted with summer



vegetable seeds. As fast as the last crops of lettuce, tomatoes, and beans are taken up, the seeds of summer squash, early summer cucumbers, and cabbages are sown in the beds. These reach a fair size by June, when it is safe to transplant them into the open gardens. The greenhouses are then partially abandoned for a season, and the gardener turns his attention to the fertile acres stretching out under the dome of heaven with no glass between them and the hot sun.

The principal fruits raised in the hot-houses are grapes, strawberries, peaches, pears, and apricots. Generally the fruit-grower leaves vegetables alone, for it requires all his time to attend to the choice fruits under his supervision. He may have a large fruit orchard outside of his greenhouse, but this does not form the chief source of his revenue. The grapes are choice hot-house varieties, and the vines are trained to clamber over a trellis-work, so as not to interfere with the strawberries in pots below. Along the sides of the hot-house the apricot- and peach-trees are grown, and their branches are pruned flat-shaped, so that comparatively little space is occupied by them. Only the dwarf pear-trees are suitable for hot-house culture, but many of these produce the largest and choicest pears that come into our market. Their foliage spreads over only a small space, and but little shade is cast around them. A dozen or two fine winter pears raised on each tree will prove remunerative enough to the grower.

In all this hot-house culture the gardener strives only for the best. Nothing else would pay him, for he cannot enter into competition with the Southern-grown fruits and vegetables. Every square foot of soil is precious to him, and he must make it yield the most. Only the rich and well-to-do can afford to buy his choicest products, and they have to pay the high prices necessary to make the business a success.

Table luxuries are in great demand in the cities, and every expensive hotel, club, restaurant, and private family patronizes the first-class markets that deal in articles of a dainty nature out of their season. Weddings, receptions, and public banquets must be supplied with the choicest articles that can be had, and very frequently the cost is not considered at all in delivering the order. The prices paid at times are almost fabulous. Hot-house strawberries are sold in New York at from three to twelve dollars per quart, and choice hot-house grapes bring equally high prices out of the season at special times. Hot-house peaches often sell at twenty-four dollars per box containing only two dozen fruits. Pears and apricots retail for fifty and seventy-five cents apiece in January and February.

The same is true of all hot-house vegetables. Cucumbers frequently command one dollar apiece in the winter, asparagus one and two dollars per bunch, tomatoes fifty and sixty cents per pound, and mushrooms one and two dollars per pound. Game, meats, and fish out of season are no less favored by the wealthy classes of our cities, and the winter quotations for the choicest kinds are sometimes quite startling. Quail will sell from five to six dollars per dozen, canvas-back ducks from ten to twelve dollars per pair, woodcock, grouse, and partridges from two to three dollars per pair, diamond-back terrapin weighing from five to six pounds, from five to six dollars each. The



choice varieties of fish that come into market just before the season will find ready purchasers at exorbitant prices. Soft-shell crabs will go for seventy-five cents each, the first Hudson River shad for two to three dollars apiece, the earliest Restigouche salmon for sixty and seventy-five cents per pound, and the first brook trout for a dollar and a half to two dollars per pound.

The prices of meats, game, and fish have little to do with farming under glass, but they serve to complete the price-list of fancy food sold in our markets in the winter, and to show how modern epicures are willing to pay almost any sum for their favorite articles of diet either in or out of season. The question of feeding our cities with all the delicacies of bountiful nature is thus assuming new phases with each generation. New demands spring up under new conditions, and wherever there is a demand somebody will in time discover a method to supply it. Our hot-house fruits and vegetables increase in quantities each year; with greater facilities for raising them prices will come down, and the opportunities for using them be proportionately extended. A popular lecturer, in estimating the number of people who would inhabit this globe a thousand years hence, was asked by one in the audience how such a vast multitude could be fed. In reply to this question he is quoted as saying, "We know not what discoveries may be made to render the earth more fertile, or to increase its productive power, but long before that time enough of the sands of Cape Cod and New Jersey may have been converted into glass to place a roof over all the land devoted to growing crops, and beneath its shelter the farmer, in a climate of perpetual summer, may grow his crops in continuous succession, and, with the waters of the deep springs and the lakes under his control, may be free from dangers of flood and drought as well as from the frosts and snows."

Undoubtedly, long before the expiration of the thousand years, gardeners, farming under glass, will be engaged in supplying, not what are to-day considered the luxuries of life, but the very necessities. Hot-house fruits and vegetables may then be raised for the poor and needy as cheaply as the summer products are now grown on the truck-gardens in the suburbs of all our cities. Vast sections of land may be roofed over with glass, and a perpetual summer climate will make the plants and trees and vines flourish as in the tropics.

*George Ethelbert Walsh.*

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#### ORIGIN OF PENNSYLVANIAN SURNAMES.

WHILE American scholarship during recent years has been keeping abreast of that of Europe in almost every department, there is one field of investigation which is utterly unworked in this country and yet is of great interest and value. I refer to the study of family names. In Germany the labors of Heinze, Kleinpaul, and Foerste-mann are well known, and in England have appeared recently the works of Bardsley, Ferguson, Guppy, and Barber.

The United States offers peculiar interest in this field, owing to the changes undergone by foreign names in their new environment. Of course New England names, being merely the transplanting of English originals, offer only the interest of ordinary orthographical and orthoëpical variations; but even here there are many phenomena which would well repay investigation. The richest field, however, of this sort is offered by Dutch and German surnames, the former being found mainly in New York and the latter in Pennsylvania. It is with the latter that this paper has to do.

During the eighteenth century between fifty and one hundred thousand Germans and Swiss settled in the southern counties of Pennsylvania. Their descendants to-day number hundreds of thousands. What has been the fate of their names? We may assume, on a *priori* grounds, that scarcely one in a hundred has remained unchanged. When, how, on what principle, were these changes made? These questions suggest exceedingly interesting problems to the investigator.

At the beginning of the last century the law itself of Pennsylvania interfered, and all Germans who received a grant of public lands were required to anglicize their names. But of course the most potent influence at work was the natural objection to the inconvenience arising from having names which others could with difficulty spell or pronounce.

An interesting illustration of the way in which many names received an English form is seen in the "Pennsylvania Archives," Second Series, vol. xvii., which contains a list of the German and Swiss settlers in Pennsylvania during the eighteenth century, the names of the vessels in which they came, and the dates of their naturalization. Often there are two lists given, one called the "original list," which apparently was made by an English-speaking person, who took down the names as they were given to him orally, and who spelt them phonetically. These duplicate lists throw a great deal of light on the pronunciation of the names by the immigrants themselves. We find the same person's name spelled Kuntz and Coones, Kuhle and Keeley, Huber and Huffer, Gaul and Kool, Vogelin and Fagley, Grauce and Krautz, Froehlich and Frailick. Often there are some marvellous examples of phonetic spelling. Thus, Albrecht Graff is written Albrake Grove, Georg Heinrich Mertz is called Jurig Henrich March, and Georg Born is metamorphosed into Yerrick Burry. Thus even before the immigrant landed the impulse toward a change of name was given.

Again, when the Germans came to be naturalized many of them could not write their names, and the clerk of the court had to take them down according to his own phonetic methods. Of course the spelling in such cases differed with the accuracy of hearing of the writer.

Sometimes the change was gradual, and we may trace many intermediate steps between the original name and its present form. Thus, for Krehbiel we have Krehbill, Grebill, Grabill, and finally Graybill. So Krumbein gives us Krumbine, Grumbein, and Grumbine, and Kuehbortz gives Kieportz and Keeports. Often members of the same family spelled their names differently. In Lancaster there once lived two brothers, one named Carpenter, the other Zimmermann.

In some cases the changes were slight, owing to the similarity

between the English and the German, as in Baker (Becker), Miller (Mueller), Brown (Braun), Weaver (Weber), Beaver (Bieber), Pfeffer (Pepper); of course Schmidt became almost at once Smith. In other cases the differences are so great that it is difficult to discover the original German form, and it is only by searching public documents and church records that the truth is found. Who, for instance, could see any connection between Seldomridge and Seltenreich, or between Rhoades and Roth? Yet nothing is surer than that in many cases these names are one and the same. It is undoubtedly true that most Pennsylvania Germans of modern times have no conception of the changes that have taken place. The remark of a farmer who spelled his name Minich (with the guttural pronounced), "Oh, that Minnick is an Irishman; he spells his name with a *k*," illustrates the ignorance of the people in regard to their own names; for Minich and Minnick both come from the original Muench.

In the present discussion we must bear in mind that we are speaking of the names of those Germans who came to America before the Revolution, and who were subject to an entirely different set of influences from the German of recent times, who changes his name consciously and boldly into English. The names of the early Pennsylvania Germans were changed unconsciously and according to forces with which they had little to do. The difference between the two is like that between the *mots savants* and the *mots populaires* of French philology.

These German names almost all came from the Palatinate and Switzerland. Even to-day we can trace the Swiss origin of many, as, for instance, Urner (from Uri), Johns (Tschantz), Neagley (Naegeli), Bossler (Baseler). Some are of French Huguenot origin, which by combined German and English influence have often received a not very elegant or euphonious form: examples are Lemon (Le Mon), Bushong (Beauchamp), and Shunk (Jean); the original Fierre was changed to German Faehre, and later became anglicized into Ferree.

As in the Fatherland, so in America different districts are represented by different names, Lancaster County being especially rich in Landises, Neffs, Groffs, Bears, Minniehs, Diffenderfers, and Brubakers.

The number of different ways of spelling even the simplest names is often surprisingly large: thus, for the original Graaf we find to-day Graf, Graff, Groff, Groft, Graft, and Grove. So Baer gives us Bear, Bare, Bair. Of course the vagaries of English orthography are largely responsible for this. An interesting fact to note in this connection is the difference yet to be seen between the same names in town and country. The farmers of Pennsylvania are a conservative people, and even to-day, after nearly two hundred years of settlement in America, the people still speak their dialect. Naturally the cities were most subject to English influence, and it is there that we find the greatest changes in names. Take as an example of this the name Kuntz (with the later forms of Kuhns and Koons) in the town and environs of Allentown. In the town proper there are recorded in the directory twenty-two Koons, twelve Kuntz, and fourteen Kuhns; while in the smaller villages around Allentown we find sixty-two Kuhns, a few Kuntz, and no Koons.

There were three ways in which the change of names took place: first, by translation; second, by spelling German sounds according to English methods; and third, by analogy. The former is the most natural in cases where English equivalents exist for the German; hence for Zimmermann we have Carpenter; for Steinbrenner, Stoneburner; for Schumacher, Shoemaker; for Seidensticker, Silkknitter; for Lebegut, Livingood; for Fuchs, Fox; for Hoch, High; and so forth. Often only half the name is translated, while the other half is changed phonetically, as in Slaymaker (for Schleiermacher), Wanamaker (for Wannemacher), Lineaweaver (for Leineweber).

But the true field for the philologist is found in the second class, that of English spelling of German sounds.

We must note, however, that these sounds themselves often differed from High German, representing as they did the peculiar Pennsylvania German dialect, which is formed of a mixture of the dialects of the Upper Rhine and of North Switzerland, still further changed under English influence in the New World. While this is true of many names, there are some which still represent High German pronunciation.

The *a* in Pennsylvania German was pronounced broadly, like English *aw*, and this sound is represented in such names as Groff and Grove (from Graff), Swopp (Schwab), Ault (Alt), Aughey (Ache), and Rawn (Rahn). *E* was pronounced like English *a*, and this gives us the names Staley (Stehli), Gable (Gebel), Amwake (Amweg). *I*, pronounced *ee*, gives Reed (Rith), Sheeleigh (Schillig), also written Shelley. *U* in German has two sounds, one long and one short. The long sound is represented by *oo* in the names Hoon (Huhn), Fooks (Fuchs), Booker (Bucher), Hoober (Huber). The short sound, being unfamiliar to English ears, was lengthened, as Kootz (Kutz), Zook (Zug). Sometimes an *h* was added to indicate the lengthening of the vowel, as in Johns (Tschantz). *O* is usually retained, although sometimes spelled *oa*, as in Hoak (Hoch), Boats (Botz).

Of the diphthongs, *au* naturally is spelled *ow* or *ou*, as in Bowman (Bauman), Foust (Faust), Mowrer (Maurer).

More interesting and complicated than the above is the change in the diphthong *ei*. The High German pronunciation of this is represented by English *i* or *y*: hence such names as Hines (Heinz), Smyser (Schmeiser), Snyder (Schneider), Tice (Theiss), Rice (Reis), Knipe (Kneipe). In the names Heilman, Weiser, and Beiler the German spelling and sound are both retained. The Pennsylvania Germans, however, pronounced *ei* as English *a*, and thus we find the names Sailor (Seiler), Graty (Kreidig), Hailman (Heilman), Espensshade (Espenscheid).

The mixed vowels were simplified, *ö* becoming *e* in Derr (Doerr), Sener (Soehner), Kelker (Koellicker), Mellick (Moehlich), *ea* in Early (Oehrle), Beam (Boehm), and *a* in Hake (Hoeck). *Ue* is long and short in German. The former gives *ee*, as in Keeney (Kuehne), Keeley (Kuehle); the latter usually gives *i*, as in Bitner (Buettner), Kindig (Kuendig), Bixler (Buechsler), Hiss (Huess), Miller (Mueller). In Sheets (Schuetz), however, short *ue* is lengthened to *ee*.

In the following names the umlaut is ignored: Stover (Stoever), Shroder (Schroeder), Shober (Schoeber).

Of course the changes undergone by consonants are not so great as in the case of vowels, yet we have some interesting phenomena. *J* is naturally changed to *y*: hence Young (Jung), Yost (Johst). *Z* becomes *s* in many names, as Curts (Kurtz), Butts (Butz). *K* and *c*, and often *g*, are interchangeable, as in Coffman (Kauffman), Cline (Kline), Grider (Kreider). At the end of a word, *ig* usually becomes *y*, as in Leiby (Leibig), Leidy (Leidig). *T* is changed to *d* in Sides (Seitz), Road (Roth), Widmayer (Witmeyer).

*H* is omitted in Sener (Soehner), Cole (Kohl), Fraley (Froehlich), Leman (Lehman). *Pf* becomes simplified to *f* in Foutz (Pfautz), or to *p* in Kopp (Kopf). *B* was pronounced by the Pennsylvania Germans like *v*, and this gives rise to a large number of new names, among them being the following: Everly (Eberle), Hoover (Huber), Garver (Gerber),—also written Carver,—Lively (Leibly), Snively (Schnaebele), Beaver (Bieber).

The change of *ch* into *gh* has also brought in a large number of names, as in Light (Licht), Albright (Albrecht), Hambright (Hambrecht), Slaughter (Schlachter), and the numerous class of names in baugh (bach), as Harbaugh (Herbach), Brightenbaugh (Breitenbach). *Ch* usually becomes *k* in the suffix *maker*; probably this is largely due to translation. Of course *sch* is simplified to *sh* or *s* in the names Slagle (Schlegel), Slatter (Schlatter), Shriner (Schreiner).

One of the most interesting of all these changes is that of *er* to *ar*, thus illustrating a phenomenon common to all languages. As the Latin *mercantem* becomes French *marchand*, as the English Derby is pronounced Darby, Clerk Clark, and so forth, so the German Gerber becomes Garver, Herbach becomes Harbaugh, Werfel becomes Warfel, Merkley becomes Markley, and Hertzell becomes Hartzell. Similar to this is the change of Spengler to Spangler.

Interesting also is the tendency to introduce an extra syllable between certain consonants, as Minich for Muench, Sherrick for Sherck, Widener for Waidner, Keneagy for Gnege.

As in all language-changes, so here, analogy exerted more or less influence. When the simple spelling of foreign sounds did not produce an English-looking name, often a name which resembled the German in sound or appearance was substituted, as, for example, Rush for Roesch. This is probably the explanation of the inorganic *s* in Rhoades (for Roth), Richards (for Reichert). Probably the spelling *baugh* for *bach* may be more or less influenced by such names as Laughlin, Gough, or by American names of Dutch origin.

The above is only a sketch of a subject abounding in interest to philologists, as well as to those who bear names the origin of which they do not know. It is a subject deserving of a thorough investigation, and it is hoped that the present article may serve to draw attention to a field which is as yet absolutely untouched.\*

L. Oscar Kuhns.

\* The above discussion is not merely theoretical, but is based upon actual knowledge,—the results having been obtained by consultation of public documents, church records, and biographical and genealogical material in various forms.

## FATHER SEBASTIAN.

THE picture stood upon the mantel of the countess. It was only a simple pastel in an old-fashioned frame, just such a picture in value and execution as had often looked at Margaret from the windows of the dim curio-shops she loved to ransack in the Quartier Latin. And yet how unlike them! How mysterious its charm, how much more vaguely appealing than any face she had ever seen!

She stood before it one January twilight. A rosy haze through the trees on the Champs-Élysées and an amber flickering from the fire gave an entrancing magic to every feature,—the gray, mauve-shadowed eyes, the pensive mouth with the sense-provoking lift in the middle of the upper lip, the mist of bronze-colored hair upon the temples.

Margaret did not hear the countess enter and cross to her side.

"Petite Américaine, you do love my pastel," she said, softly, laying her hand upon the girl's shoulder; "I have watched you dreaming before it. Of what do you think?"

"I am wishing I could have known a woman with a face like that," was the thoughtful answer. "Perhaps she would have liked me, would have come to my little studio and sat for me. What a foolish dream, countess! The big, old-fashioned hat on her adorable head, the cut of that absurd little bodice, tell the story. No doubt she lived, laughed, loved in her little day many years before I was born."

"Poor Babette!" said the countess.

"Oh, you know who she was?" gasped the American girl: "Babette—and what else, dear countess?"

"Listen. Because you love the pastel, you shall read of it here in the hush of the twilight. I have written Babette's story. I heard it a few years ago from her own lips." She paused; a mist crossed her dark, bright eyes. "Poor Babette! One terrible moment must come to all in life. She had hers."

The countess moved to a corner and from the Louis Quatorze secretary took a roll of manuscript. It fluttered into Margaret's lap.

The sunset fires deepened, softened, died away in the room. The glitter and whirl of the Champs-Élysées, spreading in splendid panorama before the long windows, were by degrees veiled in shadow. A servant entered with a candelabrum where six winking lights made a semicircle. But, unaware of dusk and candle-light, Margaret read on, nothing heard in the quiet room but the whisper of the pages falling from her fingers.

And the story?

## I.

A long time ago, an April sun as soft as the sun of nowadays was prying between the great barrack-like walls of old Paris. It fell upon a garden, and where one might have been least expected,—at the back of a cul-de-sac, and having no door save that which led into the kitchen of a concierge.



The gravelled square was filled with flowering bushes, clay pots holding early violets, an improvised fountain, a few wooden seats. A girl leaned against the fountain, a yellow basin filled with freshly washed linen resting within the curve of her supple arm. She smiled in a sceptical way at the youth who, with arms crossed upon the fountain's brim, was looking at her.

He was perhaps twenty, pale, with deep, thoughtful eyes. His hollow cheek, his almost transparent hands, his black cassock, and the beret under his arm, proclaimed him at a glance what he was: a student for the priesthood, a boy on the edge of manhood, ascetic, scholarly, and glowing with high ideals.

"You must ever be as dear to me, Babette, as this right hand of mine," he was saying, in a voice of marvellous sweetness, a voice that in the years to come, though he knew it not, was to thrill the hearts of unquiet multitudes. "Do not think that learning and distance can ever make me forget the Babette I played with in this very garden since we were both children, you five, I ten. Do not think that, my little sister,—for you are like my sister to me."

"But why do you talk so much of God, Jules? I think a great deal about him at church and when I am going to confession, but at other times he seems so far away, quite beyond that blue sky,"—she lifted one babyish hand, smoking in the damp air from the steam of the wet clothes,—“beyond the stars and moon. I cannot think so much of heaven, Jules. It is right you should: you will be a priest."

A great, inspired tenderness came into the boy's eyes.

"But you want to be a good woman, Babette," he said, softly. "It will only make you more lovely and gentle if you sometimes think of holy things."

"Holy things are stupid," she pouted, and her mouth was like a crimson flower.

"Do not make me sad at heart this last day. Promise to forget what you have said."

"Forget my dreams?" cried the girl, peering into the oozing water at the bottom of the fountain, where the splendor of her white-and-gold beauty shone in a misty reflection of the blue sky. "Ah, no, no, my Jules! Listen. The Church and the poor are to be all to you. The world, lovers, beautiful clothes, they are what I long for. Do you hear me?" she said, with sudden passion. "They are what I pray for; and I will have them!"

"Babette!"

The call was piercing, and came from the lodge of the concierge. At the same moment the owner of it appeared in the door-way. She looked the concierge from chin to toe,—stout, short of breath, with a rolling walk, a white cloth wrapping her head, a broom of rushes in her hand.

"What, lazy one, still dallying with thy bowl of wet clothes? Gossiping with Jules, whilst thou thinkest the sun stands still for thee?" she shrieked, advancing; "or making a mirror of the fountain, perhaps, thou minx!"

Resentment and chagrin were on Babette's childish face as she placed the yellow basin on the ground.

"I was saying good-by to Jules. He goes to college to-day for years. The clothes can wait while I embrace him."

She swept impetuously past her mother, and held out her cheek for Jules to kiss.

"Do not forget me," she said, with wistful tenderness. "I have been naughty, and I have caused you pain this last day. Dear Jules, I am sorry."

He gazed at her in silence. It would be years before he looked on this sweet face again; and, oh, during the magical, long days of childhood what companions, what friends they had been! There was a tear in his large soft eyes as he took the rosary from his side and pressed it into her damp, chubby hands.

"My little sister, farewell. I will pray for you. God keep you innocent as you are now."

He kissed old Barbara's reluctant knuckles, as she stood in stormy silence, then crossed the yard into the shadowy kitchen, out by the other door, and Babette faintly heard his footsteps on the flight of steps leading to the street.

## II.

The same garden, save that the dolor of winter made all gray. Snow clogged the fountain, the swallows' cotes were empty, the hempen lines held clothes stiffened by ice into a semblance of anguished, pinioned bodies. But for these season-changes, there was nothing in the silent garden to tell that seven years had ambled down the monotonous perspective to the west and oblivion.

Tick, tick, tick, went the old pine-wood clock in Barbara's kitchen; the fire crackled on the hearth; a big house-cat, looking like a zebra-striped ball of fuzz, basked in the warmest corner; the smell of simmering *pot-au-feu* permeated the air; and close to the window-sill, where one hardy geranium flourished a scarlet blossom, sat old Barbara, her knitting-needles flashing like small electric bolts between her fingers.

Where was Babette?

Perhaps Barbara was waiting for her, for as the gate at the foot of the street steps clanged, she lowered the yarn stocking and looked toward the door. Then, with the light from the window full on her raised face, it was easy to see that Barbara, unlike the garden, had altered. The imperious brow had lines of pain; the eyes were stolid, not piercing; it seemed as if the sunken mouth were shut in everlasting silence and resignation.

As the notes of the brassy bell at the door filled the place with clamor, the big cat yawned with velvet ease and winked its phosphorescent eyes curiously. Custom made Barbara settle her cap and lift a great bunch of keys from the hook over her head as she arose, but when she opened her door she saw her visitor could not be in search of *chambres meublées*.

For a moment the old concierge stared at him, and all color left her face, as if Death had passed and laid his gray finger upon her.

"Jules," she said, tremblingly, when the tall young figure had lightly crossed the threshold: "Jules,—ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!"

"Father Sebastian now, Barbara," he said, unwinding the black scarf which had protected his lips and throat from the raw air. "You are as glad to see the priest as you were to see the boy, eh, dear friend?"

But Barbara stood like a stone.

"Have you no word of welcome, Barbara? I arrived in Paris yesterday from Algiers: the cholera raged there until two months ago. Ah, after years of exile in many lands, how warm and sweet the old place seems!" Holding out his hands, he looked tenderly around. "The same old cat, the same old clock, the same old Barbara, warm of heart, sharp of tongue."

"Nay, not the same, father, not the same," murmured the old woman between difficult sobs.

A shade of concern crossed the priest's pale face.

"Where is Babette?" he asked, hastily.

Ah, where, indeed?

For answer Barbara sat down before the fire and rocked to and fro in voiceless grief.

"Do not ask me," came at length, in a bitter tone, through the firelit hush. "To think of her cuts my heart like a sword."

"She is not here?" questioned Father Sebastian, crushing back the horrid fear his consciousness whispered to him. "She has married, perhaps? You did not like her choice——"

"Hush, oh, hush! My little one, who once when I was young and happy made me laugh with sweet pain when she held my breast too hard,—the vain, pretty thing, to whom—may the Virgin pardon me—I was never kind,—she has gone forever. *There!*"

Starting up, a terrible figure, which haggard age touched with tragedy, she flung out her arm toward the little window holding a picture of the gay street.

"She has gone to that wicked Paris for which you priests pray. She is among the lost."

### III.

Maurigny was resting in her boudoir. The night before she had sung in her heavenly voice, and danced madly before the applauding multitude filling the theatre; afterward she had supped far into the morning with some of the most brilliant wits of Paris; her breakfast at noon with the Duc de Chantres had just ended. She felt tired. Even Maurigny, the restless moth so fond of the flame, was a little weary of glitter and homage.

Her bronze hair over yellow pillows made contrasting yet sympathetic notes of color; her languid fingers were plunged in the cool petals of a heap of roses no whiter than her skin; a small scarlet slipper, half off, twirled at the tip of her toe. Maurigny's face was loveliest in thoughtful moments like these. But she did not seek them. She dreaded looking inward. When she was weak enough to reflect, the picture of an old garden rose before her as if patterned on the still

air: the roar of the boulevards could not silence the voice which once had prayed God to keep her innocent.

Maurigny rose petulantly, and half looped up her shining hair. She would go and drive. Better to bask in the sun than eat her heart in silence. Better——

But the door opened, and the unaccustomed figure of a priest stood on her threshold. One glance, and she stood still, her down-drooped lashes lying like the dusk-brown wings of butterflies on cheeks from which the rose had fled.

"I have found you at last," said the sweet voice of her old playmate. That was not changed, like his pain-lined face.

He did not move near her, nor seek to touch her, but Maurigny felt his burning gaze to the depths of her soul. What did the priest feel for her as she stood before him, this woman whose name in Paris was synonymous with sin? He could only marvel how the look of childhood still clung to her, as if but yesterday he had seen her with the bowl of wet clothes in her bare arms. He could only yearn over her, as the shepherd does over the lamb who in straying to cool waters and wild flowers drifts to the waiting whirlpool. She was his sister, his lamb. He must save her.

"Babette, speak to me."

The old name. She had not heard it for years. It had a curiously troubling sound.

"What can I say to you, father?" she asked, very softly, placing her hands behind her back, and lifting her gray eyes to his face. "You have heard of me. What they say is true, all of it. I am Maurigny, who once was Babette: that is enough."

"That is to-day, Babette," and Father Sebastian's voice was tremulous with prayer. "But to-morrow?"

"My to-morrows must all be the same now."

"I will help you to a new dawn."

Maurigny smiled. "It is too late."

The sunlight in a patch lay between them. Across the reflected glitter from the streets, which sometimes licked her yellow gown and sometimes retreated as if in fear, the young priest's voice came like a strain of sweet, disturbing music.

"What are you giving for this life, Babette? Your youth, your beautiful youth. The truth hidden within you,—you are blistering it, crucifying it. Conscience,—you are making it a stone. All these things you are flinging away. But will you give your soul?"

He went away soon after. That night Maurigny danced as brilliantly and sang as entrancingly as ever. Who that looked upon her would have thought her heart beat to the rhythm of one fateful phrase? "Will you give your soul?"

Still her life was altered in no way, though the priest, stung by a zeal and compassion which gave him no peace, sought her again and again. Hard, defiant, beating down the yearnings which rose from the remnant of good within her, Maurigny still strayed to the primrose path, tried to see only the flowers in her crown, not the poison on their petals. There were times when she longed until her soul was

sick for the innocence she had lost; there were others when a passionate resentment swayed her. Why had the priest come into her life with the look, the voice, that recalled her childhood? Until she saw him she had been content enough. What were the misty regrets which had troubled her only at intervals, compared to the burning disgust of her life which now seized her with the rigor of nostalgia?

And he had done this. He left her no peace. His voice was as the voice of God:

"Will you give your soul?"

She was in this mood when Father Sebastian saw her one May twilight. It was a fretful time. The Commune of 1848 was brewing: through Maurigny's open windows came the blatant voices of street orators preaching mutiny to listening throngs ripe for disorder: there was fever in the discontented air: Paris was like a plague-house.

Maurigny, at war with herself, tired of her friends, hating for the moment the man who had awakened her, sat alone in her quiet room, thinking. She thought much now.

The priest came like a shadow and stood before her. She fancied the tawny gloom sweeping in from the streets made his face so darkly worn.

"Oh, Babette, will you never repent?" he whispered, leaning over her, his hands clasped. "How I have prayed for you, my sister! Oh, how I have knelt the long night through before the white glory of Our Lady, and petitioned her to melt your heart and save you! Is it to be of no use, petite Babette? Are you to linger and die in sin? Oh, think of the days when we laughed under the blue sky and tried to hold the sunbeams in our baby fingers. I cannot let you go. I cannot weary, though you send me away seventy times seven."

Maurigny made no reply. Her cheeks were pressed against her palm, a hard light deepened in her shadowed eyes.

"There are crime and sorrow in the air of Paris these days. Human woe confronts the priests of God at every turn. But nothing inspires in me such terror as you do. 'There is Babette,' I say to myself: 'perhaps if I go to her to-day she may listen.' At night I awaken from a dream of our childish days when we knelt side by side in the old church at St-Sulpice. Dews of anguish start out on my brow when I think, 'If she should die to-night!' Babette, I am to save you! Some angel whispers it to me. I care not what I suffer, what it costs me, but at last, by whatever difficult path, I shall lead you back to the light. Will you pray with me now?"

But she threw her head sideways with a laugh of insolence.

"You think you have softened me?" she asked, rising and letting her contemptuous eyes sweep over his spare form and intense face. "Listen, then. I would not go back if I could. Condemn my life, call me what you will; I am content. Your stupid heaven, won by prayer and fasting, I snap my fingers at. As I live, I am willing to die. I would not go back if I could. Do you understand me at last?"

"Ah, Babette!" It was a cry she was never to forget.

"Go away from me. I don't want to see you any more, ever. I am tired of you," she said, as she might have spoken to a beggar.

"You do not move me to repentance: you only make me yawn. Send another priest, who has eloquence, who knows how to save souls, if it please you. But you, my poor Jules, are stupid—that's all."

The twilight was so heavy she did not see the heart-break in his eyes, but she knew it was there. As he moved to the door she stood with her hands clasped behind her head, in a challenging way.

"You are right. I am not great enough to save you." His tones quivered from humiliation. "Another priest will come. But I will trouble you no more. Good-by, Babette."

She laughed in angry scorn and said good-by.

When he was gone she flung out her arms with an inarticulate cry of torment and self-hatred. She had hurt him,—oh, how she had hurt him. But he had gone forever, and she would have peace.

That night she danced more gayly than ever.

#### IV.

Paris was in the grip of the Commune. The streets smelled like a battle-field. From behind closed doors and windows quiet citizens watched the red mobs in terror. Nothing was sacred to them. As children destroy paper houses, they set torch to palace and prison alike. Only a fortnight after Father Sebastian's farewell to Maurigny the insurrection reached its climax. The Communists in their insensate vandalism raged against heaven as well as all on earth, and the pillaging of churches was begun.

On a June night Father Sebastian, entering his house after a bitter hour spent with a condemned Communist, saw the flicker of many torches far away. The lights showed like red stars against a sky made heavy by smoke. On the moon-washed pavements the wavering gleams and rushing bodies of a great throng made a blotch of ever-moving shadow.

With sudden fear and a voiceless prayer, he stood still, his hand upon the knob of the door. He knew a Communist mob approached, and he feared—he knew not what. The hope that they paraded merely to vaunt their power departed from his heart when he heard the insurrectionist street-song flung in hoarse shriekings to the sky.

What were they to destroy to-night? The church of Ste.-Genevieve? The thought made his heart stand still. It was the only structure of value in this quiet street. His church, which daily he loved more! That to fall into the hands of the spoilers, its beauty blasted, its sacred vessels desecrated? A fire entered his blood and mounted to his brain. He sped across the white space and reached the top of the steps shut in by gates: these he securely locked, and waited inside.

Over him a figure of the Christ stood with benign, forgiving palms downspread. The silence from the solemn interior stole to him even through the closed doors behind him, like a caressing blessing, while in violent contrast came the tread of the mob, the mixed roar of voices, the raucous cries of the song which extolled murder.

Father Sebastian listened. Yes, they were coming to the church. Could he soften them? Could he turn them back in peace?



But when the smoking and orange-flamed torches filled the place below him with an infernal radiance and great moth-like shadows, he realized he had a drunken mob to deal with. They reeled before him fresh from the plunder of some wine-shop, waving empty bottles above their heads.

"Come down," they cried, "and we will let you keep your skin; but we must have the church. It will make a pretty fire."

He pleaded with them as he stood with outflung arms, an earnest, yearning figure. Oh, the marvellous voice and its awakening power! Some hesitated, vaguely touched. A few, terrorized by his picture of God's wrath, drew back, shedding maudlin tears. But the mass swept on relentlessly. Father Sebastian had fiends to deal with, and soon, with despair freezing his blood, he knew it truly.

"Come down, and we will let you go. Your locked gates cannot keep us out," they yelled: "we will batter them to the ground. We are five hundred, you are one. Will you come?"

"Brothers, in the name of your mothers, your little ones, spare this holy place of worship. For such sacrilege no penance can ever atone. Oh, fear the wrath of the Almighty God!" came the thrilling, insistent voice over the heads of the multitude.

"Will you come down? Will you open the gates?" was the relentless cry in answer.

"Ah, Jesus, touch their hearts! Prevent this crime against the host!" the priest prayed, in a loud voice torn by sobs.

"Will you come down?"

"No! Enter, and the curse of Heaven will follow you all your days."

They shattered his body with bullets. But as he died he saved the church of Ste.-Genevieve. His life-blood on the steps awed even his murderers.

He was found where he had fallen, his face seeming a part of the marble which pillowed it. His lips wore a smile. Before the altar where he had so often served, they laid him, letting white flowers hide the bullet-marks in the throat. The fame of his sacrifice went abroad, and Ste.-Genevieve could not hold the throngs who came to hear the requiem mass and look on the young martyr's face.

Among them was a mysterious woman, young, graceful, her face closely veiled. She went to the coffin's side and knelt down with close-shut eyes: she could not look upon the lips which never would plead with her again.

"Forgive, forgive!" her heart cried, as she crouched in unavailing agony. "I hurt you so, and sent you away—forever. You said you would lead me back, by whatever difficult path, and you have, by this saint's death. Oh, a bitter price to pay for the ransom of a soul,—a bitter price!"

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The story ended here.

Margaret continued gazing at the paper even after the last word. Something crowded into her throat and hurt her. There was a mist over her eyes, so that she could scarcely see the pastel looking down at her with the old, inscrutable gentleness.

"And now you know the story of Babette," said the countess that night at dinner.

Margaret was thoughtful.

"She is dead, of course? This is all so long ago."

"No, she lives to-day. Some time you shall see her, my dear."

That night a famous monk preached at the Madeleine, and the countess took Margaret to hear him. The American girl loved the gray, Attic temple: she was never weary of its starry candles, the shrines lining the sides, the floating chant and enwrapping incense.

This night the church was resplendent. They entered to a chorus of music which seemed fitting only to echo through the arches of heaven.

One of the plainly-clad women who served as vergers led them to seats near the altar. She was alert though bent, white hair showing under her netted cap, her eyes dim with age.

She nodded and smiled to the countess, and afterward stood in the aisle beside them. Margaret, her soul calmed by the peace, sat in a dream and scarcely looked at her. But when all knelt in prayer, and a chorus of famous voices from the choir sent a "Gloria" pealing to the great dome, the little woman standing beside Margaret sang it from first to last in a heavenly semitone, a penetrating, whispering voice threading every sweep of the song, the most difficult phrases, the most glorious heights: it was as if an ecstatic spirit repeated the anthem into Margaret's ear. And so through the whole service: the woman with meekly crossed hands sang all in the same bodiless, rapturous way, her ravished eyes upon the altar.

After the benediction Margaret saw the lined face turn again to the countess and grow almost young with a smile that vaguely stirred her heart, as if reviving a memory.

"Give her your violets," whispered the countess, as she took the woman's hands and spoke to her. "She is so fond of flowers, poor dear."

And Margaret did, even pinning the flowers herself in the folds of her little shawl to an accompaniment of the sweetest thanks.

"Oh, what a marvellous voice she has still!" the girl said, as they went down the crowded aisle toward the great doors framing a distant view of the glittering Place de la Concorde. "Its sweetness stays with me. She must have been some famous singer in her far-away youth, dear countess."

The countess looked wistful, sympathetic.

"You have seen Babette, my child."

*Kate Jordan.*

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### DEAD FLOWERS.

SEND not vain tears to seek a by-gone hour:  
No dew can kiss to life a last year's flower.

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

## THE DESERTS OF SOUTHEAST CALIFORNIA.

OF the one hundred and fifty-seven thousand square miles which compose the area of California about thirty-five thousand square miles are desert. These do not to any distinctive extent appear in the northern and central part of the State, though as you approach the Nevada line at all latitudes the country assumes more sterile characteristics; but when you cross the southern boundary of Mono County, an extreme eastern division of the State and about midway its length, you pass into a country which gradually assumes those qualities and appearances which constitute a desert the globe over.

From a point about thirty miles west of the forty-first parallel of longitude and upon the south line of Mono County, southerly two hundred miles to the base of the Sierra Madre range of mountains, east to the Nevada line and the Colorado River along the entire longitudinal distance, the country is all desert. For fifty miles inland following the bend of the ocean beach at and below Los Angeles there is a climate tempered by the sea-fogs and the cool salt breezes, but these cannot climb the slopes of the Sierra Madre, the San Bernardino, and the San Jacinto Mountains, so that thence to Arizona and south to the Mexican line there is aridity, a parched dryness and a dancing heat which oppresses all animal life when the sun is high and radiates and disappears soon after the sun has set, so that even the summer nights are cool, and in winter there is a freezing temperature.

The general aspect of this country is strange even to weirdness. It is not generally barren, but is covered by the most curious and remarkable vegetation. For a hundred miles you may ride through orchards of the torch cactus, its thick trunk supporting bare arms, jointed by like bare perpendicular branches, standing in rough nakedness and stillness. The yucca, whose central stalk bears an abundance of pendulous white flowers, shows the green blade-leaves of the palm family up all cañons; and the thorny mescal and the Spanish dagger, the intricate brush of greasewood, the scrubby mesquite, the white sage, and the innumerable grasses which in tufts and bunches checker here and there a broad sweep of bareness, all make up a flora as curious as it is wonderful. Even in regions of the maximum aridity, where the fierceness of the sun's rays is intolerable to life above the grade of a lizard, some defiant organisms of the vegetable kingdom will sustain themselves and cling to a reluctant existence.

It is a country, too, broken by numberless and strange mountains, which generally show a barrenness the valleys do not display; in some parts their sharp ridges and craggy peaks will line a broad valley in continuous chain for many miles; again they will stand at varying heights, isolated, high round cones or low broad lumps, leaping suddenly from the flat surface as though they were set there by some enormous hand like giant bee-hives.

The country shows everywhere evidences of the most turbulent

activities of fire occurring in past geological ages. Some of the plains are mere ashes, while the mountains and elevations are black lava. Igneous dikes plunge here and there through sandstone, and the acid granite caps country rock blown out into peaks piercing far in the pale heavens. Owing to these mountainous characteristics, the general altitude of the region is much higher than that on the coast side of the Sierra Madre and other ranges I have named; the average elevation of the plains of the desert is about two thousand feet above the sea; yet in strange contrast to this there are numerous sinks, some of them small and shelving perceptibly like a saucer, others vast and partaking of the characteristics of the general country, whose decline below the sea attains the depth of two hundred and sixty feet.

These sinks are all beds of lakes or rivers whose waters have been dried out. In them are deep deposits of the minerals which those waters held in solution. In that great lake-bed fifty miles or so west of the Colorado River and crossed by the Southern Pacific Railroad there is a wide blanket vein of salt, which is now being profitably mined and converted into the domestic article by works erected there. This shows that the old lake was of salt water, and theorists say that it was once a part of the Pacific Ocean, which pushed up there through the Gulf of California: a high ridge of sand, making a wide reef, broadened into a plain and drove back the waters of the gulf, leaving this great lake here to give its waters to the relentless skies and to spread its salt in a deep crust over its ample bottom.

But the salt-beds are not alone the saline deposits left upon the desert as the token of wide waters long since succumbed to the furious sun. In many of these sinks are deep incrustations of the borate of soda, manifest in many forms, from the clear transparent crystals of tincal, through infinite compounds with earthy substances, to the crude borax. Enormous liberation of boracic acid from the laboratory of old earth in this region is everywhere apparent; not only has it taken up the soda, but it has combined with the lime, and you find it nested in the clay-beds in the form of the fibrous and fleecy cotton-balls, or modifying the limestone in great reefs, rich in boracic acid, and, under the name of colemanite or pandermint, breaking through the hills and gulches for miles. The whole of Death Valley and the bed of the old Amargosa River is a repository of these substances; not alone the various combinations of boracic acid, but deep layers of sal soda, carbonate of soda, and the numerous forms of carbonic acid, ice-like lakes of the sulphate of magnesia, towering mountains of sulphur, as you find near Keeler in Inyo County, all present such a wonderful chemical repository as no other region on the earth possesses. It is a vast and inexhaustible storehouse of crude compounds of inestimable value to the world, which will carry the name of the California deserts into the farthest parts of the globe.

A most marvellous singularity is the colors which you will find glowing in many parts of the desert. These, of course, are all chemical; they are not colors of vegetation, but of the earth. The broad stretches of white salt over which in some difficult fashion you scramble for miles are contrasted by the dark high mountains which wall them;

these will bound off in steps declining from a hazy blue into a tinge of purple on to a dense black as the range moves from limestone into lava, while behind you is a mountain of pure white, like Monte Blanco on the south side of Furnace Creek Cañon in the Funeral Mountains, which is a vast elevation of crude borate of soda. But where the colors show complexity and splendor is upon the Calico Mountains, a remarkable group of hills which lie a few miles north of the Santa Fé Railroad and just east of the San Bernardino meridian. They do not borrow any of their chromatic glories from the atmosphere, for this is serene with a limpid clearness which admits of perfect visual penetration for miles. But the mountains are a mass and aggregation of colors; they are bare, almost without any foliage whatever; but the chemicals of green and blue copper, of yellow sulphur, of red hematite of iron, and of the various "ites" which are known to mineralogy, have by their blends and compounds, and through the agency of thermal waters, wrought and marked the rocks with curious dyes. John R. Spears, writing of these mountains years ago as he saw them in a good sunlight, said, "Every peak, every face, every ledge, every declivity, every gorge, every stratum, every rock, has a color of its own, and there are no two breadths of color exactly alike. They vary from marble white to lava black, from the palest green to the darkest carmine, from the faintest cream to royal purple: there is every tint and every brilliant and every dull body of color, and all mingled, contrasted, and blended, and all piled up in such magnificent masses as are beyond description."

The names, too, of the natural objects and localities which you find in this strange area of the earth's surface are such as would impress you with their peculiar appropriateness and at the same time indicate characteristic descriptions of the region. The Calico Mountains took their name from the wonderful variety of their colors, resembling the gaudy calico prints in the minds of the rugged citizens who christened them. I have already spoken of Death Valley, of Furnace Creek, and of the Funeral Mountains. The tourist through the country will become acquainted with such names as Mud Volcano, Iron Ore Hill, Borax Flat, Sand Hills, Slate Range, Ash Meadows, with an infinite variety of Dry Lakes and Dry Washes; while such refreshing names as Sweetwater, Resting Springs, and Hundred Palms tell only too eloquently of the relief these oases must have given their denominators after their wanderings among the districts which bear the other opposite and repulsive appellations.

Of the animal life which inhabits this desert region there is not a wide variety, nor is it characterized by excellence of grade. Of the human species, the all-conquering white is there, though in sparse numbers, pursuing some occupation of working some old mineral deposit from which he manages to eke out an existence, or prospecting the hills in permissible seasons with high hopes for big "finds." The stations along the railroads amount to little settlements where sometimes small industries are carried on. Thus, at Oro Grande, on the Santa Fé, is a group of limekilns, with the attendant number of boarding-houses, where the white female of the genus "landlady" finds a domain. The dark, jet-bearded visage of the Mexican is seen here and there, but

the greater population is composed of Indians. These are remnants of the Piute tribes which come from their reservation in Nevada, the Navajoes from over in Arizona, and the Mojaves, with a few Pechangos who are claimed by the reservation at San Jacinto. They are all quiet and peaceful, causing no disturbances of the general sort, though occasionally they will, as individuals, steal or commit murder.

The fauna is not extensive. In the mountains are a few lions which have about exterminated all the sheep which once ate the bunch-grass of the cañons; these lions and sheep are earnestly hunted by the Indians; there are badgers and foxes, gophers, rats, jack-rabbits and skunks, tarantulas, scorpions, and centipedes *ad libitum*; but the most numerous forms of life are lizards and serpents. Of these two latter a wonderful collection of species might be made: the serpents, almost without exception, are poisonous, but there are members of the lizard family which are not only not inimical to man, but are helpful; and many is the desert prospector whose swollen tongue has been softened by the moistening blood of the chuckwalla and whose life has been preserved by the flesh of its body.

But the question which arises in the mind of the practical American in his contemplation of these thousands of miles of desert is, "Can any considerable part of this waste territory ever be brought under the habitable control of man?" Assuredly yes. Probably few places upon the plane of the desert, which do not lie at too severe an angle, might not be brought, through pressure of population, under the dominion of the plough. All that is needed is human labor,—infinite quantities of human labor, no doubt, but nevertheless with this it can be conquered. The first great need is water; but even of this there is no telling but that it exists in abundance and needs but to be properly handled and preserved. The well-borings which have been made at Indio and at places along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad have opened geysers of artesian water, and there is a vast watershed which surrounds it, high mountains which catch winter snows and pour them down numberless streams into the plains, where they sink and disappear. That cañons could be walled into reservoirs and these waters stored, no engineer has ever doubted. With the cultivation of the soil and the growth of timber, the air would become moistened, allowing the currents of electricity to pass between the earth and the clouds, so that those destructive cloud-bursts which produce such havoc in the winter seasons would be prevented.

The soil, too, in most places is very fertile, even the decomposed lava, limestone, and granite being converted into areas ready to give strength to vegetation under the combined influence of moisture and the plough. It may be hundreds of years before the deserts become generally populated by the industrious human species; but that they can be reclaimed and brought into as perfect subjection as other parts of California there is no reason to doubt. For the present, however, and for a long time to come, they will continue to be interesting to the mineral prospector and to those persons who have a *penchant* for the wild, the stern, and the curious aspects and phases of nature. The country abounds in metal ores, though prospectors complain that the



fire action and volcanic upheavals have broken the veins in such a way that most districts are unprofitable to work; yet it remains a fact that the chief industry of this vast sweep of country to-day is mining.

*John E. Bennett.*

### SUE'S WEDDIN'.

"OH, Mis' Adams! Mis' Adams! 'Scuse me for callin' you, but if you don't mind waitin' till I put on my bonnet, we'll walk along together to the church. For o' course you're a-goin' to the weddin'?"

"I wouldn't miss this weddin' for a good deal, for I mos' feel 's if I'd made the match. Though, land knows, they ain't either of 'em showed much 'preciation of it, an' they 'ain't even as't me to the reception. Ain't it a nice day for marryin'? Happy is the bride, you know. Sue 'll have to look out for all the happiness she can, poor creetur! He ain't likely to add nothin' to it.—What? Oh, I ain't a-sayin' anythin' ag'inst him. She'll find out fast enough what she's got for a husband. But there, I ain't the one to be sayin' anythin' about my neighbors, even such no-count ones as Dick Cuthbert.

"Now, Belle Martin, you don't mean to say you're goin' to see Sue get married? Well, I call that real forgivin' of you. We all know how hard she tried to cut you out, an' now she's done it, an' you're a-goin'— My gracious! If she 'ain't gone an' turned back ag'in. An' her face! Mis' Adams, did you see her face? Did you see how red she got? Sue's got a lot to answer for, I tell you.

"You remember that time Dick was goin' with Belle, an' Sue was so awful sick her folks thought she was goin' into gallopin' consumption? I told Dick, one day, he'd oughter not be so fascinatin': one girl a-spendin' all her money on good clothes for him to look at, an' 'nother one a-dyin' 'cause he wouldn't look at her. Lord! you oughter seen the way he glared at me, as if he'd like to choke me, for all the world. He's got an awful temper, Dick has,—perfec'y awful! Jus' like his father had when he was livin'. They say he struck his wife, one night, right 'cross the face, for conterdictin' him, an' she lay on the floor near an hour senseless. I told Sue she'd better look out for Dick's temper, if she didn't want to get knocked down too. My, didn't her eyes snap! Well, she didn't get left any when tempers was gettin' passed round.

"I s'pose you know she an' Belle didn't speak for two months, last winter. I happen to know it was all about Dick. I told him he was between two fires. If he took Belle, poor sickly Sue 'd die right off. An' if he took Sue, the other might shoot 'em both. When Belle gets in one of her tantrums, there ain't no holdin' her. She's jus' as if she was downright crazy. Dick said somethin' 'bout meddlin', but I ain't likely to be put down by Dick Cuthbert's black looks, an' I jus' spoke my mind to him. Then the nex' thing I heard was, him an' Sue was engaged; an' I took the first chance of tellin' her she'd better not let him have too long a rope, or he'd be danglin' round Belle again.

"My land, ain't the church full! Considerin' how mean they are in entertainin', I thought there wouldn't be half as many. But I s'pose most of 'em come out of curios'ty. An' Dick an' Sue ain't either of 'em favorites. Good gracious, where 'd they get so many flowers? Borrowed 'em, I'll bet. 'Bought 'em,' you say? H'm! I don't s'pose you know when they're goin' to pay for 'em, 'do you?"

"Well, here they come at last. Why, Mis' Adams, do you see her dress? Yeller as saffron! 'Her mother's weddin'-dress'? Well, maybe so. Oh, you know it is? If that's so,—an' I'm sure you've run there of'en enough to know 'mos' everythin' that was goin' on——

"She does look peaked an' sick, don't she, comin' up the aisle so slow? I shouldn't wonder if she went off sudden, in less 'n a year, an' Dick might get a chance to marry Belle Martin after all. 'Hush'? What for? Why, Mis' Adams, you don't think she heard what I said, do you? 'She turned so white'? Yeller, if anythin'. She's about the color of her dress, anyhow. But she didn't hear. She thinks so much of herself, she'd never believe but Dick's jus' dyin' of love for her. She's much as said so, when I told her Dick was rich in girls if he hadn't much else.

"Yes, till death us do part. Sounds solemn, too, don't it? They both look solemn enough. I'll bet Dick's sorry already that he didn't take the other one. Ain't that like a man? Land! The longer I live the more I despise the most of 'em I see.

"We'd better set right here till some of the crowd gets out, hadn't we?—What's the matter outside? Can you see, Mis' Adams? What 'd he say?—Fainted! Who 'd he say? Sue? Well, she looked 's if she might, didn't she? I tell you, Dick's got a nice job on his hands. Likely to have a sickly wife to take care of for the rest of her life. I'll bet he's sorry enough. What? Did you hear that, Mis' Adams? Dead! Do you believe it? Dead! Sue! An' only jus' married! Oh, let's get out 's fast as we can.

"Well, I'm glad of one thing. I was always fond of Sue an' frien'ly. An' no one can say I didn't do all I could to help her get the husband she wanted. I'm thankful I didn't ever make mischief between 'em. Poor Sue!

"An' now you mark my words. I bet Dick 'll marry Belle Martin's fast as he can. He won't do no more mournin' than he can help. That's exactly like a man."

*Minna C. Hale.*

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## POETRY.

ONE spot of green, watered by hidden streams,  
 Makes summer in the desert where it gleams;  
 And mortals, gazing on thy heavenly face,  
 Forget the woes of earth and share thy dreams.

*Florence Earle Coates.*

## IN THE MANUSCRIPT-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

IN the bewildering maze of the British Museum, where many miles of shelves and cases are filled with world's treasures, there is one little room that attracts a greater number of visitors than any other. The crowds that throng about the cases in this room are composed of persons of curiously diverse characteristics. It is a centre of interest for scholars and literary people, and yet seems as attractive to the least learned of the visitors. This is the room which contains the department of autographs and manuscripts, and the treasures within it are perhaps the most humanly interesting in the whole museum.

Here are all manner of writings by the hands of the world's great men of many ages and countries. There are personal letters of kings and popes, queens, ministers, and courtiers, whose names in history, in story, and in song seem not to stand for real men and women, but rather for legendary beings; and these letters reveal in some homely phrase or bit of simple sentiment a touch of human nature which seems to make them more akin to those who curiously scan the documents to-day. Here one may come, as it seems, to actual acquaintance with the most notable of the characters in Shakespeare's historical dramas, and get a new reading, in the quaint original, of passages in his works. Here are charters and state papers that tell volumes of history in a few lines; letters of the great religious reformers, of statesmen, generals, poets, and composers. These autograph documents, many of them letters from husband to wife or lover to sweetheart, show famous personages in a very different light from that in which they are commonly seen in the pages of history.

There is one letter of George Washington's, written when he was yet a colonel in the service of King George III. It is dated at Fort Cumberland, August 28, 1758, where he was then camped, in command of the English troops engaged in operations against the French, and is addressed to Brigadier-General H. Bouquet. He complains of the inactivity, of which "we are all of us most heartily tired and sick," and says, "I could wish most sincerely that our rout was fixed, that we might be in motion."

There are autographs of almost all the English sovereigns who have reigned in the last five hundred years. The signatures of the kings who figure in Shakespeare's dramas, together with those of many of the dukes, earls, and other nobles who tread the stage with them, are to be seen, and in many instances in documents that recall some of the most striking parts of the plays. "Richard Gloucester," afterward Richard III., "Harre Bokyngham," the ill-fated Buckingham, and "R. Edwardus Quintus," are all on one slip of vellum, cut from a volume of state papers of the date 1483.

All the leading characters of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." are represented by autograph letters. There is a letter from Henry to

"myne awne good Cardinall," written in March, 1518, when Wolsey was at the summit of his greatness and in highest favor with the fickle king. "Surly you have so substancyally orderyd our maters bothe of this syde the see and byonde," wrote the king, "that in myne oppynion lityll or no thyng can be addyd." He signs himself "your lovyng master, Henry R." Close beside this is a pathetic letter, written by Cardinal Wolsey after his disgrace, dated March 9, 1530, to Stephen, afterward Bishop of Winchester, but intended for the king's eye, in which he says, "I trust yt wole now please his Majeste to shewe hys pety, compassyon, and bowntuose goodnes towards me without sufferyng me any leynger to lye langwyshyng and consumyng away throwth thys myn extreme sorowe and hevynes." The letter is subscribed, "with the rude hand of your dayly bedysman, T. Cardinalis Ebor."

There is an affectionate motherly letter from the wronged Queen Katherine to her daughter, the Princess Mary, expressing pleasure at the daughter's success in her studies, and telling her that "it shal be a grete comfort to me to see you kepe your Latten and fayer writing and all." It is signed "Your loving mother, Katherina the qwene." Beside this is a letter from Anne Boleyn to Cardinal Wolsey concerning her coming marriage to Henry VIII., thanking the cardinal "for the grete Payn and travell that your grace doth take in stewdyng by your wysdome and gret dyligens how to bryng to pas honerably the gretyst welth that is possible to come to any creatour lyvyng," and promising "that after this matter is brought to pas you shall fynd me, as I am bownd in the meane tyme, to owe you my servyse, and then looke what thyng in this world I can inmagen to do you pleasor in, you shall fynd me the gladdyst woman in the world to do yt."

There are two notable letters written by Oliver Cromwell, which show the great commoner in different lights. One is to Lord Fairfax, announcing the capture of Wexford, and in it he says, "The Lord shewes us great merceye heere, indeed Hee, Hee only, gave this strong town of Wexford into our handes." The other letter is to his "lovinge wife," in which, after speaking affectionately of several members of his family, he beseeches her to "minde poore Bettie of the Lords late great merceye," and continues, "Oh, I desire her not only to seeke the Lord in her necessitie, but in deed and in truth to turne to the Lord and to keepe close to him." The handwriting is small, clear, and regular.

A curious pair of documents are counter-proclamations by Lady Jane Grey and Queen Mary, both announcing their succession to the throne of England. The one by Lady Jane Grey is dated from the Tower of London, and requires allegiance against the "fayned and untrew clayme of the Lady Marye, bastard daughter of our great uncle Henry th'eight." It is signed "Jane, the Quene." Mary's proclamation denounces "the ladie Jane, a quene of a new and pretie Invencion." There are other, pathetic letters by Lady Jane, written from her prison in the Tower, all of which she signs "Jane, the Quene."

The one letter of Elizabeth in the room is in French, and was written wholly by herself, in long, thin, sprawling characters. There

are also letters of a more or less private nature written by Charles I., by his son, Charles II., by Mary Queen of Scots, by the Pretender, by all the Georges and Williams, and by most of the other English kings.

Of letters by famous persons other than royal, having reference to important historical events, there is a wondrous wealth. There is the original letter written by Archbishop Cranmer to Cromwell, Wolsey's faithful servant, thanking him for obtaining the king's permission that the Bible should be publicly sold and read throughout the realm. Letters written by Martin Luther, John Calvin, and Melancthon are also to be seen and read. There are personal epistles by Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas More, Michael Angelo, Albrecht Dürer, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Bacon, Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Molière, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, Goldsmith, Sterne, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Garrick, Kemble, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Hood, Lytton, and very many other famous men. All the letters afford in some way a revelation regarding the authors, and literary students visit the department day after day to read and reread them.

The collection of literary relics, as distinct from simple letters by famous authors, is especially interesting. There is the original agreement by which "John Milton, gentleman," sold the copyright of "a Poem intituled *Paradise Lost*" to Samuel Symmons, printer, for the sum of five pounds. This, however, was not the total amount he got for the poem. He received eighteen pounds from the sale of subsequent editions, making his pay twenty-three pounds. One of the three or four existing signatures of Shakespeare is also to be seen here. It is attached to a mortgage deed, and is written "Wm. SHAKSPA." Milton's Bible, containing family records in his handwriting, is in a case near by. There is a volume of the original draught of Pope's translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, in his own handwriting, written for the most part on the backs of letters addressed to himself. Other notable treasures are the original manuscripts of Burns's song "Here's a health to them that's awa," and of Gray's "Elegy," some manuscript music by Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven, and poems by Goethe and Schiller.

Of great generals and admirals, like Wellington and Nelson, documents associated with their most notable achievements are exhibited. Here are shown the last letter written by Nelson, dated on board the *Victory*, on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar, addressed to his wife, and a letter by Wellington concerning the arrangements for the Peninsular campaign. Of the great statesmen, such as Pitt, Fox, Burke, Warren Hastings, Clive, Walpole, Hampden, and Churchill, autograph letters connected in some way with their greatest work are to be seen.

The collection of historical documents, charters, and the like is very valuable, reaching back to the time of Alfred the Great. All that remains of the *Magna Charta*, which was burned with many other documents in a fire in the museum in 1731, is preserved in a special case, to be seen only by special permission. It is the most precious of England's national heirlooms. The bull of Pope Leo X., conferring on Henry VIII. the title of "Defender of the Faith," a title Queen

Victoria still holds, was almost destroyed by the same fire, but some of it yet remains.

Leaving the cases containing special letters of great men for those in which are preserved miscellaneous manuscripts, the visitor is simply dazzled by the extent and value of the collection. The department contains more than nine thousand volumes of manuscripts written in Oriental languages, and each one is either a rare work in itself or representative of a particular type. There are more than a hundred ancient Greek, Coptic, and Latin papyri, and forty thousand other volumes of various kinds. While most of these are interesting only to the scholar, many of the Oriental exhibits have a peculiar interest for the merely curious visitor. One Pali manuscript is engraved in beautiful characters on twenty-five leaves of silver. Another is written on lacquered palm-leaves with inlaid letters of mother-of-pearl. Another is on a sheet of gold, and others are on ivory. The favorite material for this class of manuscripts is palm-leaves, and some of the volumes consist of several hundred such leaves bound in covers of ivory.

*D. C. Macdonald.*

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### INNOCUOUS VANITY.

**A**S gold is never put into circulation without some alloy, so perhaps for this world's use some alloy is needed in the gold of character. The only question is, what alloy, and how much. I shall try to answer the question as to kind, and leave to individual discretion the question as to quantity.

A great actor once said that all men have vanity, but some conceal it more successfully than others. If vanity be a universal trait, we may take it as that alloy which is necessary to our active and circulating usefulness.

It is decried by all moralists, preached against in all pulpits, and everywhere believed to be as undesirable as it is universal. Nevertheless, in youth at least, a certain degree of it may be necessary.

Vanity is like the kindly cloud which shelters us from the all-piercing and too brilliant sun of truth. For it may be doubted whether any of us can bear the truth unveiled. The melancholy Dane who had revealed to him unqualified truth, both as regards this life and the next, was not by that revelation incited to action. Hamlet found the truth withering, not stimulating; it paralyzed rather than nerved. And it may be so with all truth. Most of us are ordinary people; but happily most of us do not find this out, at least not in our first youth.

Suppose Tom Jones should discover that he is a very ordinary young man, and that in no probability will life hold for him anything exceptional. How would that unqualified truth affect him? Would he be stimulated thereby to a high and noble aim? Hardly. The chances are that he would say to himself, "What's the use, then, of my putting forth efforts for a result so small? Better let things go,"—



this being always a clever device of the enemy to induce us to let ourselves go. And observe, it is his vanity which saves Tom. Without being able to specify in what his excellence or capacity consists, he nevertheless believes that he *has* excellence and capacity, and cheerfully does his very best. Perhaps, in his heart, he goes so far as to think himself superior to Brown and Smith; but this does no harm. He simply tries harder and makes the most of himself and of his work. And, as a result of vanity, we have Jones at forty an estimable citizen, disenchanted, it may be, realizing the truth, perhaps, but leading his commonplace life cheerfully and contentedly, or with that fine courage, the courage of patience.

For not in our first youth do we learn the invaluable lesson that the prize of life is life, that the reward of activity is an increased power to do.

Then, too, in daily intercourse, how much vanity helps a man! He does not think himself an Adonis, yet he feels sure that he can hold his own with the best of us. So he thinks of his manners, attends to his dress, considers his speech. For one man who makes himself agreeable solely out of consideration for others, which is, of course, the essence of courtesy, there are at least a dozen who do so because they are unwilling to fall below their own self-ideal; unwilling to be thought lacking in the knowledge of social forms.

And there are times when this provisional vanity even keeps watch in the place of principle, and acts as servant to conscience. The complaint is kept back, the murmur checked, the hardship endured, because vanity will not let us seem to be less hardy than others.

And when there are so many things to be struggled against it is somewhat comforting to know there is something which is rather an imperfection than a fault, an imperfection which may be left to Time's correcting. For, in all wholesome natures, this youthful vanity is little more than part and parcel of youth itself. It has its province and its sphere, and should not be hardly dealt with nor hastily condemned. If capable of realizing life at all, the time comes when life is realized and Self stands out in approximately true proportions. But in the mean time efforts have been put forth, admirable habits formed, character built up. And much of the effort achieved is due to that quality we all blush for,—vanity.

"Vanity," said a charming man of the world in a past generation,—"I tell you, vanity, quite as much as love, makes the world go round."

*Ellen Duwall.*

### ONE WOMAN.

SHE had lived such a miserable life,  
As undesired daughter, unloved wife,  
That when Death claimed her as his love and bride,  
She hesitated, fearing lest he lied.

*Theodosia Pickering.*

## THE PHANTOM KANGAROO.

"WELL have to give the place up, mate."

This was Jim's remark when we had sat staring at each other for some minutes across the little leathern bag which had contained our modest stock of gold, but now lay limp and empty on the slab that served for our table. I nodded a rather sulky assent, but, as nothing occurred to me to suggest, I stopped at that. Jim remained silent for a minute or two, looking frowningly at the visible emblem of our six weeks' failure at the Temora diggings, and then suddenly brought his huge fist down on the slab in a way that nearly demolished it. "Blessed if I don't think as we'd better have a try at it, mate," he exclaimed.

"A try at what, Jim?" I asked, looking curiously into Jim's face, where the great black eyes gleamed out from the bush of thick black hair that gave my comrade something of the look of a fairly good-tempered lion.

"Kangaroo Gully," he answered, promptly, and with a singular emphasis.

"All right, Jim: if you think there's a show there, I'm on. It looks as if we were about panned out here, anyway."

Jim looked at me. "Never hear tell of Kangaroo Gully afore, mate?" he asked, significantly.

"No," I said, "but that's no odds, Jim; I'll take your word for that, and more too."

Jim stared at me as if I were something of a natural curiosity for a minute before he replied. "Well," he said, "I do suppose it were afore your time, mate, but all the same it beats me as ye haven't ever heard tell of the gully. Why,"—and here he lowered his voice into a gruff whisper,—“why, that's wheer Bradley's party was murdered in '73."

"Ah," I said, "I fancy I have heard something about it. A bad job, wasn't it?"

"Bad? I should rayther say it were bad, mate," he replied, with emphasis. "Not as that sinnifies much now. It's the kangaroo that's the devil of the business,—the kangaroo, mate."

"The kangaroo, Jim? What's that? I don't seem to feel like being much scared of the biggest kangaroo that ever wagged a tail," I said, with a laugh.

But Jim was serious enough. "No, but that's jest it," he said, solemnly shaking his head. "He don't wag no tail, nor nothin'." His voice took a tone so mysterious that in spite of myself I cast an involuntary glance over my shoulder as he spoke.

"Not?" I said.

"No. Jest hops, an' hops, an' hops, and never a scrape o' foot or a move o' tail, ever since that night."

I looked at Jim. He evidently believed it. For a moment his

earnestness impressed me, I admit, but it passed off quickly, as I thought to myself that my education had in one way at all events given me, even on a gold-field, an advantage over my big companion. "Well," I said, "Jim, if it's as bad as all that, what's the use of going there?"

"Use?" Jim echoed, indignantly. "Use? Why, ain't it well knowed as Bradley an' party was jest pitchforkin' the stuff in out o' that gully afore? an' not a soul ain't shook a pan theer from that day to this."

"For fear of the kangaroo?" I asked.

"You bet, mate," Jim replied, slowly; "and I ain't surprised, neither. I seen it myself once."

"And yet you're game to try it now?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "you look here, mate. I 'ain't got no call to say as I like it, but no more I don't like goin' without tucker. That don't suit my complaint nohow, mate. We 'ain't had no luck here,—not a hair; an' theer ain't no gold left in the bag,—not a grain. That's about how it is, mate: so if so be you're game to face it, I am. There!"

"Done along with you, old man," I replied, slapping my hand into Jim's great palm. "We'll see what this kangaroo's made of. As you say, he can hardly be so bad as no tucker."

And that was how it happened that Jim and I left Bowalla Flat and made tracks across country for the old workings at Bulla-Bulla, near which was the ill-omened gully where Bradley and party had met with a violent death some twelve months or more previously.

We started after dark. It was a long tramp, and we were pretty heavily loaded, so that we were tired out by the time we reached the Bulla-Bulla Creek. It had once been a busy gold-field, but now was utterly deserted, and there is no more solitary place on earth than a deserted gold-field. As we picked our way in the first gray light of the morning among the deserted workings, the view was one that was not calculated to raise the spirits. It was for all the world like the ghost of a dead gold-field. The gully, originally a wide one, was seamed and scarred with a thousand holes and as many heaps of white clay, that looked cold and gray and ghostly in the white light of the dawn.

"Come along, mate," exclaimed Jim, hastily: "this place is enough to give a fellow the shakes, let alone the kangaroo." I thought Jim was just about right.

The sun was rising over the wooded range as we turned into the little gully that had gained so bad a reputation. Kangaroo Gully was one of those deeper hollows that abound in that part of Victoria, and, at least by way of contrast to the larger gully we had just left, it was picturesque. On either side the forest-covered range descended to within less than a hundred yards of the little creek which ran tinkling over its bed of shining quartz pebbles, that gleamed white through the dense cover of ferns and shrubs that lined its banks. At the upper end the range closed in upon the gully, and here the forest had evidently been burned years ago, for the gaunt trunks of the tall dead

gum-trees stood bare and white, stretching their ragged branches, as if in protest against the fate that had overtaken them.

"There," said Jim, pointing to the bare spot on the hill-side, where a ruinous heap that might once have been a hut could still be made out. "There, that was the hut, and it's just behind there——" He stopped, and, with a strong touch of dramatic feeling, left me to conjecture the rest. There was something weird and suggestive about the spot: taken along with the tale of midnight bloodshed, I hardly wondered that even a harmless kangaroo had created a scare among a population so little cultivated, and therefore so much inclined to superstition, as the average digger. "At any rate," I thought, "twelve months or more must have disposed of the kangaroo, and if there's any gold left in the gully we shall have no reason to complain of the story that preserved it."

Jim had already fixed on a site for our hut on the edge of the forest, and in a few minutes we had collected the rough materials of which to build it. We worked hard, and in a couple of hours had put together a hut sufficiently good for our temporary wants. By the time this was completed, we, or at any rate I, felt as if we had earned a rest; and as soon as we had secured the inevitable pannikin of tea—the unfailing resource of the Australian digger—we proceeded to take it.

When I awoke, the sun was already low in the western sky and the long shadows were beginning to steal across our gully from the wooded range on the west. It was too late to begin work, but not too late to satisfy my curiosity by examining the spot which had gained so bad a reputation. It was an unusually small gully, and the work done by Bradley's party had evidently all been done at the upper end, close to the spot where their hut had stood on the first slope of the range. The workings had been very shallow, not more than two or three feet, and already they were much overgrown. I examined them curiously. Jim had evidently been right: no work had been done here since the tragedy. In one shallow hole lay the rusty remains of a tin dish, and in another the broken handle of a pickaxe, and both were nearly hidden by the new growth of ferns, grass, and flowers that surrounded them. I stepped across the little stream and a few yards up the slope to the spot where the remains of the hut were still visible. There was nothing about the place to suggest a tragedy. A few rough rafters, the remains of rude framework, and a confused heap of the withered brown leaves of the tree-fern which had formed the roof and sides of the hut, through which the new vegetation was already forcing its way: that was all. No evidences of a conflict; no signs of bloodshed; nothing more than might be seen in a hundred deserted gullies and on the slopes of hundreds of lonely ranges. As for the kangaroo, of course there was no sign of him.

The sun had gone down behind the range before I got back to the hut, where Jim was already preparing supper. He didn't seem inclined to talk, answering me in monosyllables or by a nod, while every minute or two I could see his eye wander uneasily to the slope, of which we commanded a view from the open entrance of our hut. We didn't sit

up long after supper, as we had no provision for a light, and besides we meant to begin work at daybreak. Jim continued silent, and, as I thought, uneasy, as it gradually grew darker: at last he wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down in the back part of the hut, where he soon went to sleep. I sat for some time on the stump of one of the small trees we had cut down, watching the darkening sky and the forest growing blacker and more gloomy as the shadows deepened. There was not a sound, except the soft gurgle of the little stream over the stones in its bed, and now and then the melancholy cry of a solitary owl in the forest. At last I began to grow sleepy too, and followed Jim's example. I cannot tell what woke me, but I know that I suddenly found myself wide awake. I started, and sat up. There was plenty of light now. It stole silently into the hut in a white stream. The wooded range lay gray and misty before me, glistening here and there with a shimmer of brightness on its metallic leaves, its one bare spot bathed in a strange livid whiteness: the moon had risen. Jim was asleep, for I could hear his heavy breathing in the hut. I rose softly and stepped to the entrance. The moon had overtopped the trees on the eastern range, and its half-disk was rising slowly in the sky, steeping the little gully and the bare hill-side alike in the gray radiance of the waning moonlight.

Suddenly something moved on the opposite slope. I could form no idea what it was,—I only knew that it moved; and with that knowledge there flashed upon my memory the story of the kangaroo. For a moment my heart seemed to stand still, and I could feel a strange stirring in my hair that was not produced by the soft night breeze. It was only for a moment, and then I shook it off and forced myself to look steadily at the place where the grayer brightness marked the bare spot on the slope where the hut had stood. My first impression had been correct: there was something moving. It was not in sight, but the undergrowth of tall ferns and sapling gums moved and swayed, till I could fancy I heard them rustle in the silence. Now that I had begun to watch, I could not take my eyes from the spot. Each moving leaf and swaying shrub had a fascination for me as I gazed. At last—at last I saw it. Gray, and ghostly, and weird, the thing came on. Yes, it was the kangaroo! Its head above the undergrowth, but most of its body hidden, it moved in short silent jumps that were somehow strangely unnatural and ghastly. I watched it, and Jim's words came back to me with a new force: "Jest hops, an' hop', and hops; he don't wag no tail, nor nothin'." Had I been less excited I could have smiled at the exactness of the description.

It came on through the brushwood till it reached the edge of the bare patch, and then it paused. It looked round slowly and cautiously, as if it was suspicious. Then it put down its head and seemed to peer about in the dim gray light. I started involuntarily. There was something in that motion which I understood: the kangaroo was looking for something. Slowly he peered about in the dim moonlight; hop by hop he approached the ruined hut.

I had never taken my eyes off him for a moment; I had not missed a single movement he had made. He had his back turned to

me now, as I crept cautiously out of the hut and moved towards him in the gray light. It was not more than a hundred yards, and the ground was open. I crept to the head of the little gully; I crept up the bare slope towards the ruined hut. I could feel my limbs tremble as I went: I could feel my hair rise and stir as I got nearer and nearer, and yet, as if I had been under a spell, I crept on and on. I had lost him behind the ruin, but as I came closer I could see the tall gray outline of his form again. He was peering about him still, and now he had stopped. From where I crouched I could only see his head, and make out that he was moving uneasily with his feet. What was he doing? I was within twenty yards of him, but the ruin was between us, and I could not make out. One thing I had grown certain of, however: he was no phantom, after all. He moved quietly, indeed, but now that I was close I could hear him move. It was a real animal; though why it was there and what it wanted was as great a mystery as ever.

Why I did it I hardly know, but I pulled the revolver from my belt and rose slowly from the stooping position I had been in. Now I could see him better. He was bending forward and scraping at the ground: in the dim half-light he seemed to be scraping with his fore-paws. As I moved to get a better view, I put my foot upon a dry stick, which snapped with a quick report. He started, and made a jump forward, and at the same moment I raised the revolver and fired. With the report there came a new sound. It was a yell that had something strangely human in the tone with which it rang through the still night as the tall figure of the phantom kangaroo rolled over on the ground.

That yell seemed to paralyze me for the moment, and it was only the sound of Jim's loud shout, as he rushed out of our hut, that brought me to myself. I answered Jim's shout, though I don't know how, and in less than half a minute he was at my side. Pistol-shots were things Jim could understand,—very different affairs from phantom kangaroos,—and in an instant he was beside the prostrate figure of the poor animal, which by some strange repulsion I had been unable to examine.

"Why, mate," he exclaimed, "'tain't a kangaroo, after all. It's only a skin; and I'll be hanged if 't isn't a man, or somethin' like a man, inside of it."

"A man!" I yelled. "Good God, Jim, have I killed him?"

"Dunno about that, mate," he answered, coolly; "leastways I think not; though if so be as you 'ad, it 'ad on'y 'ave sarved him right."

"What was he scraping for, do you think, Jim?" I asked, in a tremulous voice.

"Scrapin', was he?" said Jim. "I dunno, but we'll see in the mornin'."

Between us we carried him back to our hut and laid him down to wait for daylight. He never recovered consciousness, and just as the first gray light crept up the eastern sky he ceased to breathe. When it grew light we examined him, but we could find no wound. I had



missed him, after all. It must have been the shock that killed him. Poor wretch, he was hardly human: thin to the verge of starvation, with but a few vestiges of his clothing left under the kangaroo skin, with shaggy hair, and a face which even death could not restore to the semblance of reason. The phantom kangaroo had evidently been a maniac.

Yet there had surely been some method in his madness. We examined the spot where I had seen him scratching with his feeble nails, and when we had dug down some eighteen inches we came on the remains of what had been a bag and a heap of dust and nuggets that weighed nearly two hundred ounces. Whose they had been, and how they came there, remains as much a mystery to-day as the story of the poor phantom kangaroo who sleeps in an unmarked grave where we laid him beside the ruined hut at the top of Kangaroo Gully.

*Owen Hall.*

### A DILEMMA OF THE DAY.

THERE was once an altruist who had an important engagement in a distant town. Accordingly, he went to the railway station to buy his ticket: passengers were not allowed to pay on the train.

This man possessed an athletic and sharp-eyed conscience, which he took along with him because he never could succeed in leaving it behind.

Arrived at the station, he found several other people waiting to buy tickets: so he took his place at the end of the line. When he got to the window he was just about to ask for a ticket to —, when he glanced over his shoulder and saw another man waiting. Preferring others to himself, the altruist stepped aside, and the other man bought his ticket. The altruist was again about to buy his, when he observed a woman waiting, and again made way.

After her came a number of men, women, and children, who crowded so closely together that the altruist could not get into line again and had to go to the foot. Even here fresh people were constantly coming in at the door, and he made way for each of them, and held their bundles while they went up to buy their tickets, so that night came before he had gotten his own at all.

"But there is just time now," said the altruist. So he made a dash for the ticket-window; but his conscience caught him by the collar.

"How selfish!" it said, severely. "You are going to take the last chance: there is another man who wants it." So the other man bought his ticket, and the window was closed for the night.

"I'll manage better to-morrow," said the altruist. So the next day he came early and headed the line. But just as the ticket-window was opened the man behind him said, "Just let me get ahead, won't you? I'm in a hurry." So the altruist made way.

This day and many succeeding were just like the first, only more

so: the altruist, preferring each other person to himself, got no nearer the ticket-window, and people got into the habit of expecting him to hold their bundles, and even to run errands for them.

"When shall I get my own ticket, at this rate?" he exclaimed.

"Don't say 'I' and 'my own,'" said his conscience. "Don't think of yourself at all. Think of other people. You are helping them by making way for them and holding their bundles, and that ought to satisfy you."

"But even if I didn't want to go to — it is my duty to go," pleaded the altruist.

"Don't talk cant," said the conscience.

"Besides, I promised to go, and I have never been in the habit of breaking my word."

"Haven't you often been told that talk about truth is disguised egotism, and that your first duty is to other people?" It quoted these sentiments because it didn't really believe them, but only liked to torment its victim. "I don't deny it is your duty, however, and I hope you will be punished for not doing it."

"How can I do both?" said the altruist, fretfully, "unless I hire a special train? and you know I have given away nearly all my money."

"That's your lookout," said the conscience, coldly. "You have no ingenuity."

The altruist felt like knocking the conscience down, but his arms were full of bundles, and he was taking care of two children and a bird-cage for a woman who was counting her change. As soon as he got rid of them, some one asked him to go and get an umbrella for him that he had forgotten.

Still the altruist continued to frequent the railway station day after day, in hopes of getting in at the tail end of the line; but there never was any end, because new people were continually coming in at the door. One day he observed that the new-comers looked like the children of those who had been there the very first day. This made him thoughtful. "I suppose in course of time their children will want to buy tickets," he said to himself; "and how shall I ever——"

He became desperate, and, throwing altruism to the winds, he made a dash for the window, bought his ticket, and boarded the train. It was just moving, and he hoped he had gotten away from his conscience, but it came and took a seat beside him.

"The man next behind you would have caught the train if it hadn't been for you," it remarked.

"You're wrong for once," said the altruist. "The man behind me only wanted to ask a question, which the clerk answered while he gave me my ticket, and no time was lost."

"Well," said the conscience, who always got the last word, "I consider it quite as mean—meaner—to tempt other people to do wrong than to do it yourself. Each of these hundreds of people was selfish when he allowed you to give up to him. Their characters have deteriorated, and you are responsible—who else?"

*Helen F. Lovett.*

## THE CONTRIBUTOR HIS OWN EDITOR.

NOTHING would suit the average writer better than to do his own editing, so far as the acceptance of and payment for manuscripts go. This, in the present imperfect state of mundane affairs, is not quite feasible; but the editing of a MS. involves several considerations prior to accepting it, and to these the writer might with perfect propriety attend, to his own advantage no less than to the editor's. All that concerns his subject-matter and his handling of it, his thoughts and their translation into language, to the minutest details, are eminently his affair. So are petty externals, such as punctuation and paragraphing and penmanship: yet two of these three are not wholly physical, for they help to make or mar the expression of whatever ideas he may have to convey. These also are his affair: whose else should they be? Yet he too frequently leaves patches and slices of them to somebody else: he is not adequately his own editor.

An English conductor of something—he does not say what—divides contributors into good and bad: the bad, he intimates, have more faults than merits, but the good contributors are faultless. I fear this is an arbitrary classification. We are most of us tarred with the same stick, though in unequal degrees: to err is human, and the best writers (or all but the very best) sometimes write badly. Perhaps they are in too much of a hurry; or sometimes they are so full of their matter that they can't stop to think about style, or even the simplest rules of rhetoric. I remember the work of a certain author of some repute and recognized ability. He (or she, if you prefer: there is no sex in literature) was unacquainted with the semicolon; his commas generally stood where they had no excuse for being, and were omitted where they were needed. There are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and he had not learned to form more than half of them: his *e* and *l* were interchangeable, his *s*'s were always capitals, his *y* was an undotted *j*, and so on. His idea of a climax was like this: "She writhed in agony, pain, and discomfort." When he wished to be emphatic, he would pile up adjectives, nouns, or verbs, as it might be: having said the thing once, he would say it again, in words that were not as good a fit as those already employed. He thought he could deepen the impression and rouse his readers' earnest sympathy by ending every fourth sentence with a shriek, thus: "She was lovely!" or, "He sat still!" This is the sort of thing, in a MS. which has otherwise too much merit to be cast aside, that makes editors sad.

I remember another production, by an author whose books, like the razors in the ballad or Mr. Tupper's poetry in the past, "do sell," and, like A. Ward's bank-note engravers, "make money, and good money too." The editor had to spend two days of painful seclusion over this work of untamed genius, and the proof-reader afterwards about as much, cutting out superlatives and dashes and exclamation-points and what not, and trying to thrash the thing into rational and

reputable shape. Alas, these ornaments of the world of letters were above doing their own editing.

Much is pardoned to genius, or even to established reputation irrespective of genius or of anything like it; but the same leeway, on business principles, can hardly be allowed to the beginner, nor yet to literary stars of the tenth magnitude. Balzac (or was it Victor Hugo?) might write on the backs of old envelopes or other scraps of paper: the author of "Marcella" is said to correct five or six successive proofs, involving multiplied expense and sad delay to the publisher. These eccentricities may be admissible, for the result was or is safe to be of sufficient value to leave a margin of profit to the pockets of those who print as well as the minds of those who read. But the case of the novice, or of the every-day writer of moderate success, is different. Few persons are pining to see more of his (or her) lucubrations: nobody is likely to be aware of irreparable loss if he (or she) is never heard from again. His (or her) very best work is—sometimes, not always—just about good enough to print and pay for: any discount put on it, in any way, by "authorial" negligence is apt to be dangerous if not fatal. The press is not going to wait long for Miss Clarinda Backstreet's corrections—they are not as important as Mrs. Ward's; nor—what is more to our present purpose—is it worth while to burn extra gas in the office and sit up past bedtime in order to eke out the deficiencies of Mr. Jeremiah Pogan's education and cerebral activities. It is not necessary to write on gilt-edged paper nor to tie it with blue ribbon—these elegances are beside the mark; but Mr. Pogan and his kind will always find it of advantage to edit their compositions with considerable care.

But this, alas, is what Mr. Pogan is seldom willing to do. Genius, he says, must soar free and unrestrained. It cannot be hampered by such beggarly externals as legibility, such crawling carnalities as punctuation, or even grammar. Dean Stanley had no head for mathematics; Shakespeare spelt his name in more ways than it had letters; Byron and Thackeray wrote what they pleased. Mr. Pogan wants the same liberty: he must follow his vein unchecked.—Certainly, if he has a real gold-mine. When he can turn out such work as Thackeray and Byron produced we will cheerfully trim his orthography to meet modern requirements, and condone his lack of mathematics, Latin, and many other things which the rest of us find it well to know. But meantime nobody has the heart to tell him that he is *not* a genius, nor near it; that his soarings are like those of Darius Green with his flying-machine; that such talent as he may claim can be of little use till he learns to ride his Pegasus instead of being ridden by it; that few, if any, can do good work in literature, or in anything else, without self-restraint, self-discipline, self-guidance; that, in short, if he desires to appear in type he must become to a large extent his own critic, that is, his own editor.

Mr. Pogan—and his name is legion—will not believe this. He prefers to follow his own light and airy path, and to bewail the brutal restrictions which repress true literature, the savagely narrow conventionalities which stifle the poetic spirit. Since he is not a mythical

personage—his name is really legion—I will answer some of his questions with a minuteness which to the instructed must appear tediously alphabetic.

He has a soul "above buttons," above business, and in one sense above letters; but he lives in a world where these things have to be recognized, and among fellow-creatures whose souls are more prosaically constructed. His, he perhaps thinks, is made up of poetry and sunlight; but these are light material: common sense is better for working purposes. He is indifferent to vulgar details; but the rest of us can't afford to be so—nor can he. "Why," he exclaims, "should a manuscript be 'unavailable' if written on both sides?" Because printers, always and everywhere, so far as heard from, use only one side of a leaf. If you want to know why this is so, ask them, or, better, exercise what Mr. Nye called your "think-works" for a moment: a very little cerebral expenditure should be sufficient. "What does it matter if a MS. is rolled instead of folded?" Try to read such a one,—somebody's else. You will have to roll it the other way, and flatten it out under the dictionary overnight, or perhaps for a week; and after that you will know. "Why do you require legibility? Are not my thoughts worth the labor of deciphering?" No, sir; they are not. You will have to be a very great man before anybody except your nearest relatives, dearest friends, or humblest employés is likely to find it worth while to decipher your scrawl. One who can't write legibly has no business to write at all. "But if my hand be tolerably legible, such as answers in a letter to a friend, so that the text can be made out with care, isn't this enough?" No; because the editor's eye has to travel rapidly over the pages, catching the drift and picking out the points (if any), so as to determine whether the thing is worth reading through or not: in most cases it is not. Exercise the care yourself, and don't put your proper work on other people. "Why should slight errors, as of spelling, punctuation, verbiage, etc., injure an article?" Because they give it so far an air of illiteracy, and raise a presumption against the writer's mental furnishment for the work he has undertaken. "But can't the editor correct these things and give a MS. the revision he considers necessary?" He could if it were worth his while, and if he had nothing else to do. But a day contains only twenty-four hours: suppose he has one hundred MSS. to examine, from couplets to novels; how many of them can he rewrite, and how many of them are likely to be worth careful revision? "But surely the printer can make any needed corrections." Why should the printer know what you don't know? He isn't paid for that: he has his province and his rights. One who aims to instruct or entertain the community should not leave other people to finish his work and fill up his gaps, but get what he has to say into the shape in which it ought to appear. If from any deficiency of education he is unable to do this, he should renew his youth so far as to take a course in rhetoric, or possibly in yet more elementary studies. How can one expect to practise a trade or profession of which he has not mastered the rudiments?

Even among writers who deserve a better fate than the return of their work with the wholly unsatisfying circular which the mailing

clerk adds on such occasions, there are many who are guilty on some heads of the indictment above drawn, yet who would indignantly repel the charge of lack of culture or mental competency. Beloved brethren and sisters, we have to judge you by your deeds; how else? If you habitually use unfitting or feeble words, what is a poor editor to infer but that your thought is not clear or your style undeveloped? If you put your commas where they evidently do not express your idea, does not that look as if your early teachers had neglected their duty? For instance, if you write, "I see Jane," that has a totally different meaning from "I see, Jane." These petty and unregarded commas may make or mar the most eloquent passage; and sometimes it is difficult to guess what it is you wish to say. If you seem to glory (I had almost said, wallow) in unrestrained emotion, and render your sentences ridiculous by outrageous profusion of the abominable exclamation-point, does not that indicate, to say the least, a crude and untrained taste? If you know better, why do you misrepresent yourselves by indulgence in these and a hundred other petty vices of the pen? Negligence, to put it roughly, is as bad as ignorance, in its results at any rate. Morally it is worse; and what is a writer without an intellectual conscience in things large and small? In any view, it has the advantage over ignorance only in being more easily corrigible.

In China every scrap of paper with written characters, we are told, is sacred. There is a happy mean between that undue reverence for letters and the slovenly carelessness so common, so almost universal, among us. It is unwise to mail even a letter of business or friendship without reading it over: it is scarcely modest to expect pay and praise for what has been indited at random and revised with reckless haste or not at all. Mr. Howells, Mr. James, and a few other masters, exercise the literary conscience in every sentence they write; but their admirable example is little heeded. When one has mounted some rounds of the ladder he is apt to feel that he can rely on his repute and on the force of his ideas, without taking the trouble to get his matter into the best shape, to select his expressions, to revise, prune, and file; he can "just dash it off" hap-hazard, and leave the result to Providence and the printer. And the beginner wants to begin at the top, with the same privileges. It is an age of haste: most of us are so anxious to "get there" that we neglect the preliminary requirements, the rules of the road. Is it any wonder that we so often trip, and tumble, and fail to arrive?

The schools of journalism might be of much use—since journalism is a highway to literature—if they would attend to the rudiments. Here as elsewhere it is probably taken for granted that these have already been attended to—which they usually have not. Even if the pupils are post-graduates, the teacher needs to treat them as freshmen or "preps," and insist on grovelling preliminaries. "Form each letter accurately: the letters make up the words. Select the exact word you want: the words compose the sentences. Arrange your words with an aim at clearness, force, and grace: avoid monotony: don't disregard euphony. Marshal your sentences into paragraphs; rationally, not at random. Mind your p's and q's, your commas and periods: use common sense in the smallest detail. If you haven't a delicate sense



of the niceties of language, get it, if it takes ten years: if you mean to be a writer, you want to write as well as it is in you to do.—Don't say 'infer' here: the writer implies, the reader infers. Cross out four of these five *and*'s: they weaken your work. Reserve most of these exclamation-points and dashes for future use: you may have real occasion for them hereafter. Be sparing of hyphens: afternoon and semicircle are no longer regarded as compound words. Put 'only' where it belongs, next to what it modifies. 'Every one' is not a single word, like 'anybody.' Why? Because such is the usage. Oh, yes, we want originality, if you can compass it, but in ideas, not in these matters. Better keep the rules in mind, and conform to them."

A course like this might be of value (I speak advisedly) to the large majority of those who write with the hope of publication; yet it could hardly be offered beyond the grammar schools or the lowest class in college, because all of us, from the sophomore stage up, claim to have learned these things long ago. We may have learned them, but we do not practise them. We mostly leave them to the detested blue pencil. It would save many heartburnings, and bring some dollars to the till, if we would bear them in mind, and so far do our own editing.

There are other ways in which every man may be his own editor. In fact, one of the chief accomplishments consists of putting oneself in another's place (mentally, not *vi et armis*); and, just as a good editor must perforce be something of a writer, so a writer ought at least to have some conception of editorial functions, and be able to exercise them on his own efforts, whether the easy oozings or the most labored and monumental productions of his brain. No man, of course, is the best judge of these: he cannot be, normally, because they lie too close to his bosom, and he is inevitably partial; still, any of us can try to see straight in this direction as in others, and gain a good deal by continual trying. Self-love need not be wholly blind. What can any of us hope to be without standards, without the faculty of comparison,—nay, without self-acquaintance and some approach to a rational self-estimate? Each of us should know something of his strength and weakness, of his virtues and demerits, of what he can do and what he can't. Why, when the composing fit is on us, should the judging power fly away? Why should it remain absent or idle for weeks or years, as concerns what we have composed? Is it that the effort of producing exhausts the mind, so that it is helpless to weigh and measure the outcome? True, the writer, great or small, cannot justly say more than this: "The thing is mine, and therefore my opinion cannot be final; but *I think* it is thus and thus." Even so, his thinking may and should be not wholly an unreasonable thought.

"That is precisely what I do," cries Mr. Pogan. "I can and do judge the children of my brain. Did I not tell you that my poem on Armenia was the best thing I had ever done, and that my article on our political prospects was masterly?"—You did, more or less esteemed contributor; but what was the use of telling us? You should say all that to yourself; or rather, even to yourself you should try to say something nearer the truth. An editor is annealed and frozen by his dire profession; he cannot be swept away by the tide of your

enthusiasm; he may not cherish partialities or prejudices; he is a weighing-machine. You are not like that, my Pogan, nor would you consent to become so.

"I trust not," Pogan replies. "But you are not to suppose, in your hidebound official conceit, that the intellect can fall below its duties because the heart is still warm with the fires of youth and poesy. It would be simply impossible for me to sink into such a mess of mis-judgment as we constantly get from the critics." And he goes on to remind us how one of the seventeenth century announced that Mr. John Milton had in youth done some pretty things and shown fair promise, "but his fame has gone out like the snuff of a candle, and his memory will ever stink," because he approved the execution of Charles I.; how a rural journalist found "Hohenlinden" not up to the standard of the Blamarty *Intelligencer*; how "the Quarterly, so savage and tartarly," scarified if it did not slay John Keats; with many similar tragic examples. Well, if certain professed guides have written themselves down asses, is that any reason why we should do the like? Is not the fact rather a monition toward modesty and scrupulous care in forming—not to say pronouncing—judgments; and if on the poetry or prose of others, *a fortiori* on our own? There are enough donkeys in the world, and enough nobler animals who occasionally masquerade (reversing the fable) in asses' skins: why should we needlessly increase the number? Why, to venture on a single illustration, should writers of repute, as well as sundry of disrepute or no repute, offer in the highest quarters screeds as to which the truth, if it could be extracted (as happily it cannot) with red-hot pincers from the reluctant editorial breast, must be thus formulated? "Sir or Madam, we are not *The Vulgarian* nor *The Weekly Stewpan*, nor yet *The Infant's Delight*. This piece of yours is extravagant and silly; this other is cheap and characterless; this one, again, is indecent and immoral. With your years, experience, and known or presumed brains, you should be in better business."

To do one's own editing implies some acquaintance with the publications to which one seeks admission; enough at least to avoid sending pictures to such as do not illustrate, and serials where they are not used, and "complete novels" which would more than fill a number, not to speak of epics and plays and tales of twenty thousand words, which as a rule are marketable nowhere but by the famous. Why should not one give himself a chance, and work on lines and in ways which afford some possibility of success?

Many other hints might be given to those who are willing to help themselves along by doing some of their own editing; but they are all included or implied in a few simple rules. Don't "go it blind"; stop to think, and don't be content, as most of us are apt to be, with merely thinking (*i.e.*, fancying) that you think; use common sense. That is a faculty which most possess in some degree, and in which writers cannot with courtesy be supposed deficient. Though precious and indispensable, and nowhere more than in their business, its use is often neglected. We have all got it, but, like Artemus Ward's giant mind, it is not always about us.

Frederic M. Bird.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Lovice.* By The  
Duchess.

The passing of the inimitable Duchess, whose light-heartedness and bubbling enthusiasm have diverted a generation of readers, is an international calamity. There is no one to take her place in all the ranks of letters, none who can adequately fulfil her unique gift of making the very lightest of all light literature attractive even to those who scorn it. Turn away from too much of Hazlitt, or Macaulay, or even Milton, and you need a mental sedative. This The Duchess knew how to mix with matchless skill, and her taking off will be saddening news to her countless friends wherever the mother-tongue is read.

The final book by The Duchess is *Lovice*, which, like nearly all the rest of her novels, is now published by the J. B. Lippincott Company in fitting guise. It is a tale of faithless love that waits upon fortune, and recounts the social adventures of Captain Lambert. He and Lovice Devereux are just engaged as the plot opens, and the match is looked upon a bit askance by Lady Rosemary, Lovice's sister, because she doubts that the captain has a heart. The reader must find out by the pleasurable method of perusing the book whether he has or not; but his course in life is defined by the fortune of his uncle, whose heir he is. Sir John Lambert has his own views, however, and it looks as though he meant to marry. This alarms the captain, and he trims his sails toward a lady with more wealth than Lovice, but far less beauty. How shall he break with Lovice? This he does by a clever device; and she, not to be left in the lurch, pretends to have engaged herself to her true lover, a much better fellow than the captain, who adores her. How it all comes out those interested must discover, and we venture to predict that no reader can lay down the book until the final page is read.

And, alas! it is in truth a final page. The Duchess has seldom written a more breezy tale, and it was fitting that she should close at her best; but there is a resource left her hosts of friends,—namely, to begin anew the long list of her works and find how really, consistently good in their own limited way they are.

*When the Century  
was New.* By  
Charles Conrad Ab-  
bott, M.D.

When an author who loves the "earth and the fulness thereof" as does Dr. Charles C. Abbott turns his pen to fiction, the result is a real and homely tale such as no native authors, saving perhaps Miss Wilkins and one or two others, can achieve. And Dr. Abbott, prose-laureate of birds and open fields, knows better the ways of the olden times than of to-day. His nature is suffused with sentiment, and his taste craves the picturesque. The things of the hour tease him to irritation, and in this mood he loses his happy poise. Hence it is that his latest novel, called aptly "When the Century was

New," is a picture of manners in old Jersey before the present era began. Of his own belongings the doctor writes best,—of Crosswicks Creek, which flows by his threshold, of Bear Swamp, and of the near-by homesteads. These form the ground upon which the story proceeds, and through the mists of a century we are led into the primitive neighborhood of Trenton and the upper Delaware when the patrician Quakers held gentle sway and the Indians were much more than a tradition.

The lady of this charming story is Margaret Forsythe of Hutton Hall, a grand dame who owned many acres, which she farmed with masculine skill. Her niece Ethel was her sole companion, and they saw few visitors, for the neighbors were not of their own class and others seldom came. There was one Fretwell Farnsworth who had landed in Philadelphia as a man of means, but without social connections, who pretended to accept the doctrines of the Friends, but did not join the meeting, and he made several visits to Hutton Hall on a mysterious errand. Some documents were missing from an old chest when he left, and around these centres the plot, which hinges upon a murder, and implicates several of the early characters of the neighborhood, notably Philip Flint and Mark Watson. Ethel's love-story is most winning, and the entire tale, historic, legendary, sentimental, and tragic, is a distinct success from a pen which has dipped into all these elements separately and now harmonizes them into a composite of lasting charm.

The book is handsomely made, and will take high rank among Dr. Abbott's long list of works published by the Lippincotts.

**The Evolution of  
the Constitution of  
the United States.  
By Sydney George  
Fisher.**

It is significant of the wider spread of patriotism among us that subjects of a purely national nature should at the present moment be uppermost. The noble men and women who helped to form the social and governmental fabric, and the historic sites and events of the nation, have been leading topics for a long period. Hence it follows that the Constitution upon which all else rests now finds adequate treatment by several thinkers of varying opinion. A recent treatise on the subject which has had much attention at home and abroad claims for Holland the distinction of having planted the germ of our Constitution, of which Mr. Gladstone justly asserts that it "is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

Now comes forward a saner and much more acceptable view, from Mr. Sydney George Fisher, whose recent work entitled *The Makers of Pennsylvania*—Lippincott—has resulted in bringing him the highest commendation from authorities on every issue touched by his subject. Mr. Fisher's latest book is entitled *The Evolution of the Constitution of the United States*. Its object is to show that this great human instrument of law is "a development of progressive history, and not an isolated document struck off at a given time or an imitation of English or Dutch forms of government." The author's most eminent characteristic, after his literary gifts, is sound common sense joined to a deep knowledge of his subject, and, using these elements of research and deduction, he lays before his readers facts which seem to leave no doubt of the justness of his conclusions. "If," says he, "I find on American soil the footprints of a man

and wish to discover whence he came, I surely ought not to assume at once that he is a foreigner and take the next steamer to England or Holland to see if I can find footprints over there that are like his." Mr. Fisher finds some good reasons for the industry of scholars who take the reverse of this course. It is far more fascinating to grope among foreign archives, and it is a tendency only too common to attribute all our best possessions to foreign sources. Moreover, the search for facts among home records is exhausting and difficult. But the author of this admirable volume is invincibly equipped for his work, and he has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that "it is to the colonial period we must look for the immediate and most evident sources of the national Constitution, and that the national Constitution when framed in 1787, instead of being a contrast to the British Constitution and 'struck off at a given time,' was, even when judged as a purely American production, more than a hundred years old."

In so brief a notice we can do no more than give assertions; but in the comprehensive volume itself the facts are supported by documents and arguments unanswerable. Altogether this is a notable addition to Americana, and it has been worthily treated by its publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Company.

**The Ape, The Idiot,  
and Other People.**  
By W. C. Morrow.

The sheer power, artistic reserve, and knowledge of human motives stored up in these startling stories published by the Lippincotts would furnish forth a legion of the shallow tale-tellers who gain an ephemeral repute. The author seizes the essentials of every episode which he narrates and burns them into his pages with an indelible pen. Time and place seem annihilated, and you are confronted solely by great human problems of emotion, passion, suffering, or insanity. All this is done with such literary propriety and power, such grasp of detail and decisive selection, that the result is a series of tales which must inevitably take a high place in the letters of our day.

Perhaps none of the fourteen stories would better stand a type of all than that called *The Monster-Maker*.

This gives the fate of a weak man who consults a mysterious surgeon at a crisis in his life, offering him five thousand dollars—all he possesses—to do some secret thing which he whispers in the doctor's ear. His appeal is to be killed. The surgeon hesitates, but after much contention finally seems to consent. He really drugs the victim, and hastens to try an experiment he has long burned to perform. He cuts off the head of the subject and inserts a silver tube through which to feed the now brainless trunk. For a long time he secretly tests the characteristics of this, but at last his wife suspects that a grim deed is in preparation, and reveals her suspicions to the authorities. The police climb up to the roof above the doctor's laboratory and hear below the aimless movements of some huge sprawling body. In endeavoring to gain further information this object is set free. The doctor's wife runs in terror from her room and is crushed to death in its hold.

How the story terminates it is not now necessary to say. It suffices that the gruesome original power shall be conveyed to the reader in its raw condition, and we have given the mere skeleton, like a mammoth's remains, of what in its original setting is one of the most singular and forcible short stories we have encountered in a long experience.

The story which has suggested the admirable title for Mr. Morrow's volume, *The Ape, The Idiot, and Other People*, is a peculiarly grotesque fancy, dealing with a circus ape which escapes and discovers an idiot asylum, where it falls in with an inmate and starts with him on an aimless journey across-country. These two reach a Chinese graveyard, after some laughable adventures afield, just as a Chinese funeral has deposited little Wang Tai under the sod. They dig him up in time to save his tiny life, and so amble back to the town whence he came. Our brief outline gives no relish of the ridiculously funny original, but we can only hope that it may induce many a reader in search of real literature to secure the book itself in its attractive uniform of red and gold.

The stories in the order of the table of contents are as follows, and it is only with a severe exercise of resolution that we refrain from outlining others: The Resurrection of Little Wang Tai, The Hero of the Plague, His Unconquerable Enemy, The Permanent Stiletto, Over an Absinthe-Bottle, The Inmate of the Dungeon, A Game of Honor, Treacherous Velasco, An Uncommon View of It, A Story Told by the Sea, The Monster-Maker, An Original Revenge, Two Singular Men, and The Faithful Amulet.



**A Text-Book of  
Genito-Urinary  
Surgery. By J.  
William White,  
M.D., and Edward  
Martin, M.D.**

Practitioners in medicine and students alike will welcome this new and exhaustive volume on *Genito-Urinary Surgery* by Dr. J. William White and Dr. Edward Martin, each in his special range a master of the subject. Dr. White is the Professor of Clinical Surgery in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Martin serves the same institution as Clinical Professor of Genito-

#### Urinary Diseases.

The work embodies all that is known to date in the branch of surgery of which it treats, and, as the field is practically unfilled by any recent treatise, Drs. White and Martin have done a distinct service for the profession in thus enabling its members, often remote from centres of medical learning, to enjoy the fruits of their ripe experience. Many sample cases are cited, and an abundance of half-tone photographs of great excellence is introduced to illustrate further what the text clearly describes.

In presenting their work for the consideration of fellow-surgeons, the authors state that they have avoided moot questions and tedious speculations and adhered to actual practice and results. They have made the divisions dealing with symptomatology and diagnosis unusually full, and have described manipulations and operations with luminous detail which will be invaluable to those who are new to the practice of Genito-Urinary Surgery.

The White and Martin Genito-Urinary Surgery will inevitably take its place as a standard and add one more to the comprehensive library of medical books which represent at once the Lippincott house and the great Philadelphia surgeons.





## HOW JAMES EXTINGUISHED A FIRE.

**T**RUTH recently published a racy item about the cross-roads temperance orator who, in the course of his remarks, said, "Now, what was it the rich man in hades called for? Was it whiskey? No! Was it brandy? No! Was it rum? No! It was water, water! Now, what does that show?"

The reply came, "Shows where you teetotal fellows go to!"

The orator did not specify what kind of water his friend shouted for, but it is presumed to have been the same as that referred to in the following:



A Milwaukee paper not long since printed an amusing item about a servant who happened to be alone in the house when a fire broke out in the basement. He had the presence of mind to understand that a small fire could often be quenched with a little water. Better yet, his master had a fresh stock of Londonderry, charged to a turn with carbonic acid gas. Without stopping to measure the cost, James began hurling lithia grenades at the fire; as the bottles broke, large volumes of gas escaped, and, to his surprise, almost instantly extinguished the flame.

This was a singular experience for James, who had only seen this particular water used to "squelch" the fire in the ardent spirits, or to remove that heaviness in the stomach in the morning, for which it was a favorite with his master, and even now he is not able to tell what it is in the water that puts out a fire more quickly than plain, wet water.

This reminds us that there are others. The most renowned chemists have been searching, for a decade, after the mysteries of that water. They have boiled it, submitted it to the microscope, the spectroscope, and the X-rays, in the vain attempt to learn just why the analyses they make do not prove when they come to the test.

By this we mean to say that while this famous spring easily supplies millions of bottles annually of a water which is regarded as remarkably potent for many of our ailments, no chemist has produced a bottle worth dispensing. A fortune awaits him who can reproduce this great gift of nature, but, like the mythical bag of gold in the rainbow, it seems just out of reach. Alchemy can reduce a diamond to vapor and tell its precise elements, but it cannot reconstruct it. This is equally true of a crystal drop of Londonderry water. To go a step farther, neither can a physician explain all the mysteries that lurk in this particular water.

Nothing in the history of mineral waters has so stirred up the medical faculty. There seems to be a subtle something in it which is



beyond the reach of chemists, that adapts it exactly to the use of man in the cure of rheumatism, and in this mystery dwells its fascination. It is the most common thing imaginable to meet in one's daily rounds men of business who can relate many instances where it has done very strange cures.

Not long since the writer met a business man on the street, who related that he had decided to go to Hot Springs for a chronic rheumatism. He took Londonderry

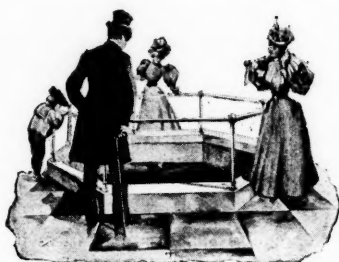
Lithia, by the advice of a doctor, and in a fortnight was entirely cured.

It is, and should be, a source of satisfaction to the doctors that they can suggest a simple and at the same time effective remedy for this most perplexing and almost universal malady. It is also a delight to the patient to be ordered to use such a palatable medicine. This fact explains in part the unparalleled success of the water. The patient will take it faithfully, and, after once beginning, being sure to note a relief from pain in a short time, pursues the treatment with religious zeal.

The writer called upon one of the best known physicians for some theory by which to explain some of these rapid cures. The doctor, while admitting that there was no remedy known to the profession which gave promise of any considerable success, would not venture an opinion upon the working curative force in this celebrated water. "Nature's ways are so subtle," said the informant, "that it were mockery to try to fathom them. I ask a chemist to analyze that water and bring me the same thing compounded in his laboratory. I try it—bosh! I get no such results as I get from the original. Why? Simply because the chemist is deceived. He gets a few ingredients, but there are some added in the great laboratory of nature which he knows not how to detect. Here, then, I look for the explanation of the peculiar power of this water. Without knowing what it is that dances and shoots through the body with the speed of lightning, it would still be possible to know the elements in this water and not be able to say which was the antidote. But as no one either knows the disease in its essence or the precise methods of the Londonderry Lithia Water, it may be as well to simply admit the fact, and spend one's time reasoning upon a more promising subject."

The doctor doubtless spoke by the card, and we therefore take up a few points which may be of interest to the reader. We do so voluntarily, because there are many people in all the walks of life who never stop to ask questions. They accept everything as a matter of fact, and never wonder why it is so. For instance, there are hundreds of thousands who know the flavor and the power of Londonderry Lithia to control disease, who never gave a thought to anything connected with it. They drink it because they like it, or because it is good for them. They never ask why it is good for them; "the doctor

said so," and that ended it. There is another class who always wish to know more about matters that come to their attention. Many who use spring waters go to the springs, because formerly that was the only way by which to obtain the different waters in their original strength and purity. This habit has developed so many hotels and sanitariums in the immediate vicinity of springs, that an unexpected danger has arisen in the contamination of the soil, which is to a greater or less extent inevitable, and hence a suggestion of the danger that water, reaching the springs through this soil, may not be pure. The art of bottling water so that it may not lose any of its value medicinally or take on any impurity in the process is the outgrowth of the same study



LONDONDERRY SPRING.

and watchful care that have refused to listen to any propositions for the erection of any hotel, boarding-house, or private residence within a radius of nearly a mile of the Londonderry Lithia Springs. So this latter class may not go to the Londonderry Springs to drink the water, but the Spring may go to them, carrying in its original purity all its marvellous richness in the peculiar element found to exist alone in its native soil. They are too busy to watch the water as it bubbles from its niche in the solid rock, to wander through the maze of delicate machinery employed in rushing the water into bottles, into wrappers, into cases, and into cars, at the rate of from two to five car-loads per day, but they can pause for a moment and reflect upon what has been written in the foregoing, and follow the writer a step further.

A century is a long time, yet for nearly two centuries the good people in the old town of Londonderry have depended upon this water to cure most of their ailments. Uncle Avery and his faithful wife have lived for seventy-five years within sight of the Spring, and no one can pass a pleasanter hour than in listening to their legends and stories of the old "Birch Tree," for this was the name of the old spring during the days when fighting General Stark was wont to drink from it to cure his rheumatism, and later, when it became a favorite of Horace Greeley, who passed a part of his youth in the old town of Londonderry.

The story of this particular premier, this monarch of all the table waters, that ministers to good health while it quenches thirst (and puts out fires), that adds a charm, while it removes the sting from the cup that cheers, that is smiled upon at the feast, and greeted in the chamber of ill health, that does good so pleasantly and so mysteriously, that has, in short, become a household favorite in many lands, and a hospital favorite throughout the world, because of its power to drive out uric acid, is not to be told in this short article.

There are scientific facts worthy of mention, with opinions from many of the ablest physicians, but these are all obtainable of the company whose good fortune it is to own this delightful water. Their address is Nashua, N.H.

**IF SHIPS WERE A MILE LONG.**—The Austrian naval architect, Mr. C. A. Gagstatter, has defined the limitation of the rule that the longer a vessel the better she is for speed and carrying capacity. If a steamer could be built a mile long and about sixty feet wide, with ample motive power, she could undoubtedly attain fabulous speed. Only one-thirtieth part of her length would have to overcome the water's inertia, while the rest of the vessel would experience only surface-friction. But such a vessel, he knows, involves a dangerous, yielding, unsolid structure, exposed to enormous strains, and is liable to be broken in two. He consequently fixes the limit of length at nine widths.

**INDEFINITE.**—Doctor.—“Well, did you take the medicine I left?”

Patient.—“No, doctor.”

Doctor.—“Why didn't you?”

Patient.—“Well, doctor, you said for me to take one of the pills five times a day, and, as you left a boxful, I didn't know which pill you meant.”—*Washington Times*.

**THE ONLY COLONIZATION THE ENGLISH.**—Colonization and territorial extension are burdens, not gains. Great civilized states cannot avoid these burdens. They are the penalty of greatness because they are the duties of it. No state can successfully undertake to extend its jurisdiction unless its internal vitality is high, so that it has surplus energy to dispose of. Russia, as already mentioned, is a state which has taken upon itself tasks of this kind beyond its strength, and for which it is in no way competent. Italy offers at this moment the strongest instance of a state which is imperilling its domestic welfare for a colonial policy which is beyond its strength, is undertaken arbitrarily, and has no proper motive. Germany has taken up a colonial policy with great eagerness, apparently from a notion that it is one of the attributes of a great state. To maintain it she must add a great navy to her great military establishment, and increase the burdens of a population which is poor and heavily taxed, and which has not in its territory any great natural resources from which to draw the strength to bear its burdens.

Spain is exhausting her last strength to keep Cuba, which can never repay the cost unless it is treated on the old colonial plan as a subject province to be exploited for the benefit of the mother-country. If that is done, however, the only consequence will be another rebellion and greater expenditure. England, as a penalty of her greatness, finds herself in all parts of the world face to face with the necessity of maintaining her jurisdiction, and of extending it in order to maintain it. When she does so, she finds herself only extending law and order for the benefit of everybody. It is only in circumstances like hers that the burdens have any compensation.—*Forum*.

**STRICTLY BUSINESS.**—Hustling Commercial Traveller.—“Miss Carrie, I have been around a good deal, and I'm a good judge of girls. I'm ready to marry and settle down, and I've picked you out for a wife. Does it go?”

Handsome Young Milliner.—“It doesn't go, Mr. Swimmalick.”

Commercial Traveller.—“All right, Miss Carrie. What can I show you in ribbons to-day? I've got the golwhoppinest lot you ever saw.”—*Chicago Tribune*.



*Cleveland's Baking Powder*  
does the work, just right, every time

It is a wonder that periodicals are not oftener cheated. Any thief can copy a piece out of some old magazine or forgotten book and send it on its travels with small chance of detection. The only way to insure against this would be to employ an editor who had read all that was ever printed and remembered all he had read—and he is not born yet.

In LIPPINCOTT'S for December, 1896, appeared a brief article on "The Land of Taffy," signed by D. C. Macdonald. We have just learned that this had been taken from the *Brooklyn Eagle* for February 12, 1893, having been written by Miss Laura Burt and Samuel Freedman. Due credit is hereby given to the real authors, and apologies offered to those concerned. Another paper bearing Macdonald's signature had been incorporated with the present issue before the above fraud was detected, and could not be removed: we can only hope that it may prove to be his own.

**A GOOD JOB.**—If you could get a cent for the first day's work from your new employer and have that amount doubled every day (two cents for the second day, four for the third, etc.), you would be receiving \$5,000,000 per day at the end of the first month.

**MISPLACED CHIVALRY.**—The beauteous creature was in tears, and consequently the young man's blood boiled with indignation. Wouldn't beauty in distress make any impressionable youth's blood boil? Well, rather.

A great big hulk of a man had stopped her on the public street. He had addressed a few words to her at first, and as she tried to hurry past him without answering, he had roughly caught her by the arm.

"Le' me go!" she had cried, but the big brute had merely laughed and then said something to her in a low tone, at which she had burst into tears.

Clearly it was a case for intervention by any courageous gallant. Her tears were evidence that she had been grossly insulted, and her attempt to free herself from the big bully's grasp was additional proof that she stood in need of succor.

"Now, that'll do!" said the young man, warningly, in a loud and resolute tone.

The big brute stopped shaking the girl, and looked at the young man in surprise, while the girl's astonishment was made evident by the way she opened her eyes and stared.

"She can hardly believe that she has a champion, poor thing," said the young man to himself, and his bosom swelled with pride until the buttons on his coat threatened to give way.

"Who yer talkin' to?" asked the big brute, after he had partially recovered from his surprise.

"You," replied the young man, promptly, more determined than ever to make a bold stand and a good impression. "I cannot stand idly by and see you insult and bully a friendless girl,—one who in every way is your superior. For every pang your disgraceful conduct has caused her I—"

"Climb his frame, Bill!" suddenly interrupted the girl. "Don't stand no gas from a spindle-shanked dude what interferes with things that don't concern him, or I'll wade into him myself and teach him that I kin handle me own quarrels. Swipe him, quick!"—*Chicago Post*.



*The Strength of the Nation*

**JOHANN  
HOFF'S  
MALT EXTRACT**

**MAKES FLESH  
AND BLOOD**

EISNER & MENDELSON CO. AGENTS NEW YORK.

NOT SO PRESUMPTUOUS.—Friend (to young author).—"Isn't that gentleman who just passed us the publisher of your book, Jack?"

Young Author (reverently and low).—"Yes."

Friend.—"Why didn't you bow to him?"

Young Author (earnestly).—"Tom, I wouldn't dare to. It's not down in the contract."—*Harlem Life*.

REGINALD'S WATERLOO.—A weak-looking, overdressed woman sat in a Detroit street-car the other day, and with her a badly-dressed and badly-spoiled boy of about four years, who seemed inclined to do nothing but squirm and wriggle and do everything his weak-willed mother told him not to do. It was muddy, and the boy's feet were covered with slime and mud from the street.

"You must sit down, Reginald," said his mother. "You'll get mud on the dress of the lady next to you."

But Reginald declined to sit still, and his mother said,—

"Reginald, do you hear me?"

"'Course I do."

"Then why don't you mind?"

"Don't want to."

Then he began to squirm more vigorously than before.

"Reginald, why don't you mind mamma?"

"'Cause I don't want to."

"Is that the way to talk to mamma?"

"It's the way I talk."

"Mamma is ashamed of you. Don't you see that you are getting mud all over that lady's dress?"

"Don't care if I am."

"You naughty, naughty boy! Now sit down and behave yourself."

"Won't!"

"Won't, hey?"

The speaker was the lady into whose lap Reginald had deliberately and defiantly planted one of his muddy feet. She was a vigorous, spirited-looking woman about forty years of age.

"Won't, hey?" she asked again, as she grabbed the dazed Reginald by his velvet collar and laid him out across her lap.

"Won't, hey?" she asked for the third time, as she brought her good right hand down again and again with telling force on the awe-stricken youngster.

"I'll let you know what you will and what you won't do!" she said, jerking Master Reginald to a sitting position and plumping him down on the car-seat.

"Now you sit there, and don't you budge. You hear me! If your ma can't make you mind, I kin. Now, you stay right where you're put!"

And he did, both he and his mother seeming to be too badly dazed to make any objection to a proceeding that delighted the hearts of all the other occupants of the car.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A FUTURE DIPLOMAT.—Mother.—"Charlie, you said you'd been to Sunday-school."

Charlie (with a far-away look).—"Yes'm."

Mother.—"How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?"

Charlie.—"I—I carried home the Sunday-school paper, an' the outside is all about Jonah and the whale."—*Tit-Bits*.

# 33d Annual Statement of the TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1897.

**PAID-UP CAPITAL, - - \$1,000,000.00**

## ASSETS.

Real Estate.....	\$1,953,756.09
Cash on Hand and in Bank.....	1,462,133.26
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, Real Estate.....	5,377,156.02
Interest Accrued, but not Due.....	203,121.89
Loans on Collateral Security.....	714,150.00
Loans on this Company's Policies.....	936,342.31
Deferred Life Premiums.....	291,935.47
Premiums Due and Unreported on Life Policies.....	255,503.67
State, County, and Municipal Bonds.....	3,361,078.92
Railroad Stocks and Bonds.....	3,767,171.00
Bank Stocks.....	1,084,986.00
Miscellaneous Stocks and Bonds.....	1,489,370.00
<b>Total Assets.....</b>	<b>\$20,896,684.63</b>

## LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department.....	\$15,561,585.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department.....	1,311,974.40
Present Value of Matured Instalment Policies.....	354,570.00
Special Reserve for Contingent Liabilities.....	286,651.98
Losses Unadjusted and not Due, and all other Liabilities.....	405,478.89
<b>Total Liabilities.....</b>	<b>\$17,920,260.27</b>
<b>Surplus to Policy-holders.....</b>	<b>\$2,976,424.36</b>

## STATISTICS TO DATE.

### Life Department.

Number Life Policies Written.....	90,479
Life Insurance in Force.....	\$85,243,267.00
New Life Insurance written in 1896.....	11,941,012.00
Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof, as required by law.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896.....	1,228,077.90
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.....	11,914,765.18

### Accident Department.

Number Accident Policies Written.....	2,338,186
Number Accident Claims Paid in 1896.....	14,163
Whole Number Accident Claims Paid.....	292,379
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896.....	\$ 1,373,936.96
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.....	19,828,189.13
Returned to Policy-holders in 1896.....	\$ 2,602,014.86
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.....	31,742,954.31

JOHN E. MORRIS, Acting Secretary.

GEORGE ELLIS, Actuary.

EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.

J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster. SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Counsel.

**HIS DOMESTIC TROUBLE.**—A colored witness in the superior court last week stated that he was unable to testify as to a certain occurrence because he had a "domestic trouble" just about that time.

"What was that domestic trouble?" asked the examining attorney.

"Well, to tell the truth, boss," said the witness, "I was in the penitentiary for stealin' a cow."—*Brunswick Times*.

**A BATTLE IN THE SEA.**—Did you ever see bluefish charge a school of menhaden at sea? That is something worth seeing. The bluefish throw their lines forward until they almost surround the menhaden, and then attack them flank and rear. The menhaden fairly make the water boil in their efforts to escape, while all around the enemy is at them tearing relentlessly.

Into all this commotion comes a great shark. It's a picnic for the shark, a school of menhaden all herded up for its benefit. It swims leisurely into the midst of them, opens its mouth, and takes in half a dozen menhaden at a gulp. It swims around and bites out half a dozen more from the school. It gorges itself without effort.

But the menhaden are not nearly as much disturbed by the presence of the monster swimming about among them as they are by the charging bluefish. The shark takes half a dozen fish or more at a bite, while the bluefish only bites a piece out of a single fish, but there is only one shark, while there may be thousands of bluefish, plunging and tearing incessantly and killing and maiming at every stroke.

The shark's a brute, but under such circumstances the menhaden has less of fear than it has of contempt for him.—*New York Sun*.

**HELD UP.**—"I understand you were held up last night."

She blushed, but admitted that there was some foundation for the story.

"Charley was teaching me to ride the bicycle," she explained, "but I didn't know any one saw us."—*Chicago Post*.

**HIS ABSENCE ACCOUNTED FOR.**—"Does Shacknasty Johnson live near here?" inquired a traveller who was journeying across the Oklahoma prairie.

"Nope," replied the man addressed, a gray-whiskered old fellow, in response to the stranger's hail.

"Well, do you know where he can be found?"

"Nope."

"Dear me! I must have lost my way. Can you tell me where William Hoon, familiarly known as 'Old Grizzly,' lives, then?"

"I reckon so."

"Where is he?"

"Right here; I'm Hoon."

"Indeed! Why, they told me at the settlement that Johnson lived within gunshot of you."

"He did. That's the reason he ain't here now."—*Puck*.

**THE SEDUCTIVE BARGAIN.**—"Don't you find so many house-plants a great deal of trouble, Mrs. Simpkins?"

"Yes; but I had to buy them because jardinières are so cheap."—*Chicago Record*.

PERFECTION  
IN  
BREWING  
IS  
REACHED  
IN  
AMERICA

## HAD BEEN SICK.

I met him sturdily trudging along, his color good, his clear eyes having that tranquil steadiness which speaks of strength and great reserve power. "I thought you were flat on your back," I said. "I was," he answered, "but as soon as the crisis came, I began to take **PABST MALT EXTRACT,** THE "BEST" TONIC.

"It put new life into me, brought back color, appetite, strength and health. It's marvelous for building one up after sickness. It gives vim and bounce, I tell you."

"I have taken time to give **PABST MALT EXTRACT,** The "Best" Tonic, a proper examination, and am pleased to inform you that I think it is the cleanest, chemically the purest and in sickness the best I ever used."

**JOHN T. SIMPSON, M. D.,**  
President International Medical Parliament, Paris.



**MILWAUKEE BEER  
IS FAMOUS  
PABST HAS  
MADE IT SO**

POCAHONTAS

BINNER-CHI

THE "Chinese era" begins B.C. 2697 with the accession of the Emperor Yao, who first devised a calendar for the Chinese, dividing the year into three hundred and sixty-five days, with an extra day every fourth year.

IN BROOKLYN.—This little fellow inadvertently mentioned his mother's illness, and an investigation followed:

Teacher: Georgie's mother got no catching illness. She got a girl.

Very respectfully,  
His AUNT.

Here is a protest against the system of teaching children to write before learning to read:

Teacher: I dink you are a fool, you want my boy to read when he don't no no aiferbits. Please teach him some.

Mrs. Casey speaks for herself:

Teacher: Plaze excousie Mickey he want to see the Barnums. MRS. CASEY.

There are few parents who want their children to have measles:

Dear Teacher: Please excuse Fritz for staying home he had der measels to oblige his father. J. B.

Grammar was too much for this boy:

Miss: Frank could not come these three wks, because he had the amonia and information of the vowels. MRS. SMITH.

This mother should never have been a mother. There are hosts like her:

Teacher: If Louis is bad, please lick him till his eyes are blue. He is very stubborn. He has a great deal of the mule in him—he takes after his father. MRS. P.

One might expect this to be a daily excuse in Brooklyn schools:

Teacher: Please excuse Henry for not coming in school, as he died from the car run over on Tuesday. By doing so, you will greatly oblige his loving mother.

Here is a slap at the W. C. T. U., which is trying to educate the young:

Miss: My boy tells me that when I trinks beer der overcoat from my stummack gets too thick. Please be so kind and don't intervere in my family affairs. MRS. C.

Here is a misguided woman, too practical to take to accomplishments, but I like her breezy style:

Miss Brown: You must stop teach my Lizzie fisical torture, she needs yet readin' and figors mit sums more as that, if I want her to do jumping I kin make her jump.

MRS. CANAVOWSKI.

Will some one kindly explain this relationship?—

Miss Blank: Please excuse my Paul for bein' absent he is yet sick with dipterry and der doctors don't tink he will discover to oblige his loving aunt Mrs. ——. I am his mother's sister from her first husband.

NOT A RAG.—The prominent citizen was rather proud of his standing in the community. "And do you know," he said, "when I first came to this town I had hardly a rag to my back."

The man who was not so prominent shrugged his shoulders.

"When I first came to this town," he said, "I actually didn't have a rag to my back."

"You're joking," said the prominent citizen.

"Not at all," replied the citizen who was not so prominent, seriously. "I was born here."—*Chicago Post*.



## Which costs most,

a sick baby, or a package of **Pearline**?

Without the **Pearline**, there's always the prospect of sickness, and perhaps worse, for your baby or for any other baby. It comes from nursing

bottles that are imperfectly washed. This is a source of infant trouble that can't be watched too closely. **Pearline** will set your mind at rest.

Nothing washes them so thoroughly as **Pearline**. One of the largest makers of nursing bottles sends out circulars with his goods, recommending **Pearline** for washing. He is wise, for milk in any form cannot adhere to anything, if washed with **Pearline**. 520

**Millions NOW USE Pearline**

### Definitions.

Life is the assertive continuity of atomic contiguity.

Health is exemplified perpetual motion in molecular changes in full accord.

Disease is the immaterial modification of our atomic integrity.

Death is the paramount subversion of molecular accord.

Respectfully submitted,

*Yours very truly,*

R. B. Leach.

"Moody's Magazine of Medicine."

"Spell 'abandon,'" said the teacher, and when the leader of the class successfully wrestled with it, she thought to take a fall out of him by insisting upon a definition. The boy attempted and failed, and there was seeming great joy thereat, until the teacher, in duty bound, gave the dictionary meaning, saying it was to "forsake." "What is it now?" said the boy: "it looks as if the definition was as hard as the word."

It is a good thing Mr. Leach was not requested to define life insurance. For if "life is the assertive continuity of atomic contiguity," then insurance should be the establishment of equitable reciprocity among persistent contributors to a fund diminishing the injury inflicted by "the paramount subversion of molecular accord."

Dear me! Let it go at that, only it is a fair travesty upon the plans of some companies and the method of their presentation. Nothing is easier to understand than true life insurance.

*Apply for information to*

**The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company,**

921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**A DIFFERENCE IN TERMS.**—"Is it true that the O'Tooles and Mackillums no longer speak?"

"Yes. Mrs. O'Toole had a brush with her neighbor."

"I heard that it was a broom."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**THEY KNEW.**—In all ordinary writing it is accounted an advantage for the writer to know something of the matter he writes about.

Formerly novelists submitted themselves to this requirement. As a preparation for the Esmond novels, Thackeray studied the English life of Queen Anne's time as diligently as if he had been preparing to write a history of that epoch, as indeed he at one time thought of doing. Dickens, when he was about to write "A Tale of Two Cities," got a wagon-load of books from Carlisle's library and mastered the details of the French Revolution and the Terror.

In the same way Bret Harte knew all about the mining camps, their people, their life, their rude laws, and all the rest of it, before he began writing that masterly series of stories that have given him lasting fame.

The woman who writes as Charles Egbert Craddock knows the inner fastnesses of her Tennessee mountains and has penetrated the ultimate secret of their picturesquely turbulent life. Mary Wilkins puts into her stories of New England life and character the results of a thorough familiarity with what she writes about. The author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" recorded in that work simply what he had seen in childhood and what he knew with an intimacy impossible to any mere student from without. With Rudyard Kipling and others who have made a lasting impression on our time the case is the same.

All these were slaves to a tradition. They bowed to the theory which governs editorial writers, historians, and other drudges of literature, that a man ought to know something about a subject before writing of it for the instruction of others.—*New York World.*

**MOUSTACHES.**—The home of the moustache is in Spain. After the Moors first invaded the country the Christian and Moslem population became so mixed that it was difficult to say which were Moors and which were Spaniards.

The Spaniards then hit upon a means by which they could at once distinguish their brethren. They did not shave their lip any longer, and they allowed a tuft of hair to grow below the mouth, so that their beards formed the rude outline of a cross.

Thus the moustache became a symbol of liberty and fraternity.—*London Tit-Bits.*

**HOW A SUN BURNED UP.**—In December, 1891, the astronomers beheld the most wonderful sight that has ever greeted mortal eyes. They were watching the queer antics of a star of the ninth magnitude, when all at once it flamed up like a smouldering brush-pile to which new fuel has just been added. Within forty-eight hours its brilliancy increased sixteen-fold, and then the star slowly disappeared from view. The astronomers believe that what they saw was a sun "burning up." The final flash which they saw probably left the doomed orb twenty, or even fifty, years ago. It is a well-known fact that there are stars removed from us by distances so great that they might have been wiped out of existence one hundred years ago, and the light still be coming to us through space.—*St. Louis Republic.*

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The double body forced draught carries off the heat of the wide, white flame it helps to produce, keeping the lamp almost cold, and giving many times the brilliancy of any other cycle lamp.

ONLY THAT AND NOTHING MORE.—Attorney.—“It is stated, sir, that you berated this plaintiff and then assailed him with a dangerous missile.”

Defendant.—“Oi didn’t do not’n av th’ koind. Oi called ’im a lyin’ pup, an’ hit ’im wid a brick. Dhat was all.”—*Cleveland Leader*.

A BOGUS TOWN.—Here is the real estate man’s story:

“Talk about swindles! The best one I ever came across was down in the State, at a town called Bingham, or something like that. The town isn’t any good, and never will be; but, just the same, a fellow has been selling subdivision lots. He got hold of a run-down farm lying at the edge of the town, and cut it up into lots. Then at one corner of the tract he built up a toy residence addition to the town. He laid out a little roadway about two feet wide and stuck up little trees along each side of it. On this road he put some houses, each a foot high. He put in a factory building that was nearly three feet high, and laid water-pipes about the size of pipe-stems. He had the whole thing photographed, and after the photographer had touched up the picture it indicated a beautiful driveway at least sixty feet wide, with big houses on either side of it. He took these photographs with him when he went on the road to sell the lots.

“He would say, ‘Now, here is a picture of one corner of the subdivision. I have already built twenty houses out there. We have water-pipes laid, and the street is gravelled. Your lot is less than six hundred feet from the corner of the factory building here.’ You see, he wanted to protect himself in case he was arrested for fraud. The photograph was genuine, and it was true, as he said, that water-pipes were laid and houses built. Of course he did not take the trouble to explain that the houses were no larger than bird-cages and the street not much wider than a plough furrow. Well, he traded four of these lots to a farmer for a drove of young cattle. When that farmer went over to look at the lots, he was the maddest man on earth. He had the real estate man arrested for perpetrating a fraud, and I believe they’re fighting it out now. The man who sold the lots insists that he told the truth, and backed up his statements with a photograph.”—*Chicago Record*.

WHAT HE WOULD LIKE.—She blushed prettily as she told the sister of her best young man that she thought she would buy a birthday present for him.

“You know him better than I do,” she said, “so I came to you for advice.”

“Yes?” said the sister, inquiringly.

“Oh, yes, indeed. What would you advise me to get?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” replied the sister, carelessly. “I could only advise you in general terms. From what I know of him, however, he will appreciate something that can be easily pawned better than something that cannot.”—*Chicago Post*.

IN THE SANCTUM.—“Gallagher!”

The office-boy entered and stood before the great editor, awaiting his commands.

“Go down to the saloon in the basement and tell the foreign correspondents to hurry with their copy. I want to go home early to-night.”

The usual number of battles were described in the next morning’s paper.—*Truth*.

# After the Bath

with COPCO Soap the baby feels fresh and delightful. The nurse is contented in the knowledge that

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TRADE MARK.

is best for washing the baby and best for washing the baby's dainty belongings. The most satisfactory soap to-day is COPCO and it costs but 5 cents the cake.

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has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

**TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.**

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

**THE DRAFT.**—"Dear sir," wrote the editor, "you owe us four dollars. We will draw on you at sight."

Accordingly he loaded his trusty pistol with grape and shrapnel and confidently posted the missive he had indited.—*Detroit Tribune*.

**RÖNTGEN MARVELS ECLIPSED.**—It may be rash to pronounce that anything is beyond the photographer's art. But the communication just made to the Paris Académie de Médecine by Dr. Baraduc is so astonishing that if he had made it before Dr. Röntgen had rendered his discovery public, very few people would have been inclined even to inquire into the matter. Indeed, Dr. Baraduc affirms he has succeeded in photographing thought, and he has shown numerous photographs in proof of his assertion.

His usual method of proceeding is simple enough. The person whose thought is to be photographed enters a dark room, places his hand on a photographic plate, and thinks intently of the object the image of which he wishes to see produced. It is stated by those who have examined Dr. Baraduc's photographs that most of them are very cloudy, but that a few are comparatively distinct, representing the features of persons and the outlines of things. Dr. Baraduc goes further, and declares that it is possible to produce a photographic image at a great distance.

In his communication to the Académie de Médecine he relates that Dr. Istrate, when he was going to Campana, declared he would appear on a photographic plate of his friend, M. Hasden, at Bucharest. On the 4th of August, 1893, M. Hasden, at Bucharest, went to bed with a photographic plate at his feet and another at his head. Dr. Istrate went to sleep at Campana, at a distance of about three hundred kilometres from Bucharest, but before closing his eyes he willed with all his might that his image should appear on the photographic plate of his friend. According to Dr. Baraduc, that marvel was accomplished. Journalists who have examined the photograph in question state that it consists of a kind of luminous spot on the photographic plate, in the midst of which can be traced the profile of a man.—*Paris Despatch to London Standard*.

**SUFFICIENT EXERTION.**—Miss Vernon.—"Of course you play golf, Mr. Wilkins?"

Mr. Wilkins.—"No; I only dress for golf. The trouble of putting on my suit is exercise enough for me."—*Vanity*.

**WHERE SHE HAD SEEN HIM.**—Dr. Hook, a celebrated Yorkshire vicar, afterward Dean of Chichester, was not a handsome man. An old acquaintance says of him, "The boy, Walter Farquhar Hook, might almost have been described as one of those on whom Nature is said to have tried her 'prentice hand." He was very fond of commenting on his own ugliness, and repeated, with great amusement, some of the left-handed compliments he had received.

On one occasion the good vicar saw a little girl looking attentively into his face.

"Well, my dear," said he, "I don't think you've seen me before."

"Oh, yes, I have."

"Where?"

"I saw you the other day climbing up a pole, and I gave you a bun."—*Pearson's Weekly*.